

DAVIDGUMOUR



RATTLE THAT LOCK

New Album September 18th 2015

CD • CD/DVD • CD/Blu-ray • Vinyl • Digital

Produced by David Gilmour and Phil Manzanera

www.davidgilmour.com

amazon.co.uk

Free Super Saver Delivery and Unlimited One-Day Delivery with Amazon Prime are available. Terms



CONTENTS

LONDON - MEMPHIS - WEST 8TH ST, NYC

A STATE OF THE STA

OCTOBER 2015

Issue 263

FEATURES

40 JOHN MAYALL

He's been into the blues since the early 1940s, and they've been in his blood ever since, playing with everyone from John Lee Hooker to Eric Clapton. Bob Mehr speaks to the legend.

46 SHIRLEY

COLLINS As she finishes her first new album since 1978, the queen of English folk music takes Mike Barnes through the strange landscape of her recorded work.

52 SONIC YOUTH

Thurston Moore looks back on 1985, the year of the US noise invasion. Plus Dinosaur Jr, Hüsker Dü, Minutemen, Scratch Acid and more remember their annus sonantis.

62 DAVID

GILMOUR Tom Doyle is invited round to the home of David, and wife and lyricist Polly, to discuss the Pink Floyd guitarist's intuitive, slow-lane approach to his first solo album in nine years.

COVER STORY

70 PATTI SMITH

To celebrate the 40th anniversary of *Horses*, Martin Aston speaks to its inspirational author about the challenges and impact of that lifechanging LP, while Lenny Kaye writes about the making of a masterpiece and John Cale remembers his "season in hell" as the album's producer.

"I don't argue with Polly over lyrics. She will never bullshit."

DAVID GILMOUR EXPLAINS HIS WORKING RELATIONSHIP WITH POLLY SAMSON, P62



MOJO

REGULARS

- 9 ALL BACK TO MY PLACE
 Dave Davies, Peaches and Simon Day's creation
 Brian Pern groove on Zappa, Prince and Osibisa.
- 11 THEORIES, RANTS, ETC Parry and thrust. Attack and defence.
- 38 REAL GONE Dieter Moebius, Cilla Black, John Taylor, Susumu Yokota, Lynn Anderson and Billy Sherrill are among those we say farewell to.
- **126 ASK FRED** Where is Dylan's record label?
- **130** HELLO GOODBYE It's the alpha and omega of Fish and Marillion.

WHAT GOES ON!



- 18 SAVAGES Studio-hopping in Britain, Europe and North America, the post-punk four distil their second album. Plus, recordings reports from Swans, Sleaford Mods and more.
- **XURT VILE** The rising psych-pop creative dynamo throws down a house-shaking selection of his favourite Mindblowers.
- 24 CHARLES AZNAVOUR The last Bohemian talks struggle, liberation and being, "from the night-time".
- 28 TEST DEPT In the mid '80s, south London's metal-bangers supported fellow workers in the miners strike and in East Bloc Poland. Our Eyewitness recalls freaked-out male voice choirs, sinister workings of the secret police and Lady Di.

MOJO FILTER

- NEW ALBUMS Julia Holter's magical pop moment, New Order's ecstatic flight, Keith Richards' sharp-dressed swagger, Low's potent harmonies, The Libertines' bittersweet chemistry.
- **102 REISSUES** Creation Records'age of innocence, Grateful Dead's monster sarcophagus, Faces on vinyl.
- **114** BOOKS Paul McCartney speaks to Paul Du Noyer. Plus, Ruts, Hollies, and Sun Ra.
- **116 LIVES** The Nos Alive Fesival in Lisbon, Suicide at the Barbican London.









Harry Tennant

Harry is a freelance illustrator, currently working from his studio in Hackney. Avid printmaker, he regularly exhibits his screenprints across London. He graduated from Falmouth Uni in 2012 with a 1st in illustration and illustrates this month's lead LP, p87. (www. harrytennant.co.uk)



Lenny Kaye

Nuggetarian Lenny has always moved easily between making music and writing about it (see p70). He's just completed production of a Jessi Colter album that features improvisations on the Psalms, and is working on a book that spotlights legendary rock'n'roll scenes, Lightning Striking, for Faber, due in 2017. (www.lennykaye.com)



to Los Angeles to confer with John
Mayall at the bluesman's home of
collectables. History of the blues
and beyond is a living thing for
Mayall, notes Mehr (see
p40), whose biography
of The Replacements,
Trouble Boys, is
published this winter.

DAVID BOVIE

[FIVE YEARS 1969-1973]



LIMITED EDITION BOX SET

6 original studio albums

2 classic live albums

New 2 disc compilation featuring a previously unreleased mono edit of 'All The Madmen' and the highly sought after original mono version of the 'Holy Holy' single

2003 remix of the Ziggy Stardust album by original producer Ken Scott

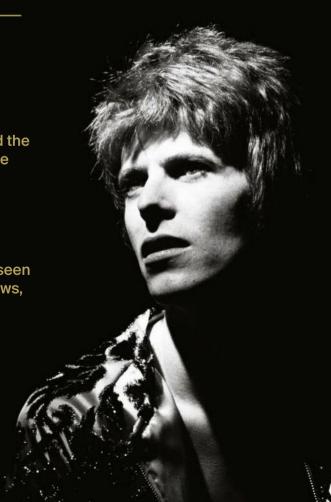
Hardback book featuring memorabilia, rarely seen photos, handwritten lyrics, original press reviews, essays from the original album producers and much more

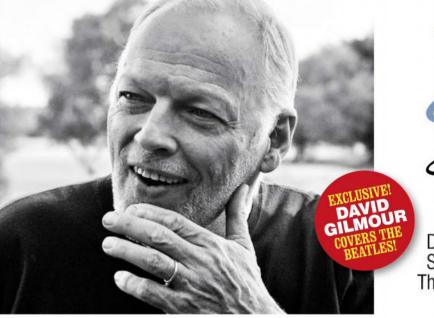
This Limited Edition box set is available on CD & 180g audiophile vinyl

25 SEPTEMBER 2015









SUMOUR & FRIENDS

PLUS TRACKS BY

David Crosby & Graham Nash, The Orb, Steven Wilson, Ben Watt, Robert Wyatt, The Pretty Things, Phil Manzanera & more



1 DAVID CROSBY & **GRAHAM NASH**

Don't Dig Here

"David's a very adept guy in the studio," says David Crosby of recording with Gilmour. Both Crosby and Graham Nash guested on David's last album, On An Island, and later played with him live. They're back for more on Rattle That Lock, adding their harmonies to the beauteous A Boat Lies Waiting. This lush tune from 2004's self-titled double album deals with ecological issues that Crosby and Nash have championed.

Available on: iTunes.com



2 ULVER Everybody's Been Burned

After Cros's appearance on Track 1, we delve further into his history with this glorious cover of a classic tune by his pre-CSNY outfit, The Byrds. Swedish experimental collective Ulver's take is such that you would be forgiven for thinking it was Gilmour's reading of the tune. Ulver's admiration for late period Floyd was demonstrated when, in 2009, they contributed a unique version of Another Brick In The Wall (Part 1) on MOJO's The Wall Rebuilt compilation. Available on: Childhood's End



3 PHIL MANZANERA Sacred Days

CK FEATURES DG!

"I was a grovelling teenage Pink Floyd fan," admits guitarist Phil Manzanera. A key part of the team that helped Gilmour assemble On An Island, the Roxy Music man reprises his coproducer role on Rattle That Lock and plays on many of the tracks. His latest solo LP, The Sound Of Blue, is wondrous, but this track - with Gilmour on guitar and Robert Wyatt on drums - hails from 6PM, his aptly titled sixth solo set.

Available on: Expression Records Ltd



4 DAVID & JOE GILMOUR

Here. There And Everywhere "I really wish I had been in The

Beatles," says Gilmour. "[They] taught me how to play guitar, I learnt everything. The bass parts, the lead, the rhythm, everything. They were fantastic." That love is manifested on a wonderfully harmony-filled cover of the 1966 Revolver original that he recorded in his studio with his son Joe. Boasting a warm, sweeping arrangement, the track also includes a beautifully crafted solo so typical of the man's understated elegance.



Åkt Dit

Often compared to early Floyd, Swedish outfit Dungen also recall the adventurism of Robert Wyatt's former band, The Soft Machine. Formed in Stockholm in 1999, they've perfected a rolling, jazz-flecked, prog-psych '70s groove across seven fine albums, the latest of which, Allas Sak, contains this fine tune sung, as ever, in their native tongue. The enveloping textures typify the warmth that lives in Dungen's music, a fine Softs-like saxophone solo driving the tune to its end.

Available on: iTunes.com



10 RICHARD BARBIERI

Nevada

During eight years spent in Japan from 1974-82, it wasn't obvious that keyboard player Richard Barbieri counted Pink Floyd's The Dark Side Of The Moon among his desert discs. Listen back to some of the textures he created back in those days, however, and the Floyd influence emerges. Equally, too, is the work of Brian Eno. Barbieri's more recent work with Porcupine Tree has confirmed his progressive attitude, as has his solo work. The beauteous and gliding Nevada underlines as much.

Available on: Things Buried



11 BJ COLE The Interloper

guitar player, Enfield-born BJ Cole has left his mark on innumerable albums ranging from Elton John's Madman Across The Water to Björk's Post. His dobro resonator was pressed into service by Gilmour on Then I Close My Eyes from On An Island, but Cole continues to make his own impressive solo records, rich in ambience and texture. The Interloper - recorded back in 2004 - offers a glimpse of his tasteful, lyrical style, as

The world's greatest living steel

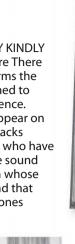
well as the mischief in his playing. Available on: Trouble In Paradise



Moon Quake 6

Providing the link between electronic dance music and Pink Floyd's more ambient textures, it was almost inevitable that The Orb would end up working with David Gilmour. Indeed, Alex Paterson and Gilmour enlisted producer Youth for 2010's Metallic Spheres, an uplifting, complex affair of two pieces both exceeding 20 minutes each. The Orb's own career has continued, including the recently released Moonbuilding 2703 AD from which Moon Quake 6 is taken. It suggests a party in space - and we're all invited.

OME TWO YEARS AGO, DAVID GILMOUR VERY KINDLY sent MOJO a cover version of The Beatles' Here There And Everywhere. Previously unreleased, it forms the cornerstone of this collection of music designed to celebrate the Pink Floyd leader's life, work and influence. Indeed, a number of David's closest collaborators appear on this compilation and he also features on six of the tracks included here. Also included are a number of artists who have acknowledged their debt to Gilmour and his unique sound and approach to melody. The result is a compilation whose sonic palette is broad and sweeping. We recommend that for maximum enjoyment you listen to it on headphones and quite possibly with the lights down low...





5 DAVID COURTNEY When Your Life Is Your Own

K FEATURES DG!

By the mid '70s songwriter/producer David Courtney was on a hot streak having masterminded the career of Leo Sayer and worked with Roger Daltrey and Adam Faith. His 1975 solo album, First Day, was a lavish affair reflecting his love of Dylan and Bowie - the influence of the latter evident on this epic. Gilmour hot-footed it to the studio from Wembley after a Pink Floyd show to add his contribution to this wistful excursion.

Available on: Anthology 2CD (SJPCD464)



6 BEN WATT The Levels

TRACK FEATURES DG!

A chance meeting in London led to former Everything But The Girl guitarist/songwriter Ben Watt being invited to Gilmour's studio to hear some demos. At the time Watt was working on his second LP. Hendra. and invited Gilmour to add pedal guitar to this reflective track. Footage of the two filmed in Gilmour's Brighton studio reveals further the warmth and ease of the duo's fine collaboration.

Available on: Hendra



7 STEVEN WILSON

Lazarus

"I'd rather hear David Gilmour play one note and break my heart than hear Joe Satriani play 300 and not touch me at all," said British songwriter/producer Steve Wilson in a recent interview. His opinion reflects his increasingly emotive approach to music during the past three decades. Building on Pink Floyd's Anglican sound, Lazarus is a fine example of elegant, modern day progressive rock.

Available on: Transience LP



8 ROBERT WYATT Forest

CK FEATURES DG!

AND GILMOUR & FRIENDS

"In the studio I felt like a rabbit in the headlights but David was very graceful about it," says Robert Wyatt of his appearance on Then I Close My Eves from Gilmour's On An Island, on which he plays cornet. Wyatt resumes cornet duties on Rattle That Lock's The Girl In The Yellow Dress. The pair's friendship is also evident on this finely-crafted tune from Robert's magnificent 2003 album, Cuckooland which features Gilmour's guitar.

Available on: Cuckooland



13 OZRIC TENTACLES Changa Masala

Formed at the 1983 Stonehenge Free Festival, Ozric Tentacles have carved a singular path in British music for the last three decades, creating music on their own terms and expanding their sonic palette endlessly. More Gonginfluenced than by Pink Floyd, there is something in this jubilant tune that recalls the more scrambled and synth-driven moments on Dark Side. Equally, the textures and vocals are wildly reminiscent of a certain je ne sais Orb-ness. The result is both enthralling and utterly uplifting.

Available on: Technicians Of The Sacred

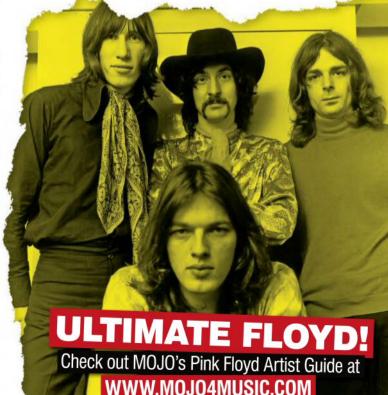


14 THE PRETTY THINGS **Old Man Going**

The Pretty Things made the Stones look lame," said David Gilmour a few years ago. Back in 1998, he joined the British R&B stalwarts at Abbey Road to guest on a performance of their famed 1968 rock opera, S.F. Sorrow, which had been produced by Norman 'Hurricane' Smith, who'd worked on Floyd's The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn. Old Man Going captures Gilmour digging into the grinding riff to fine effect, ending this bespoke set.

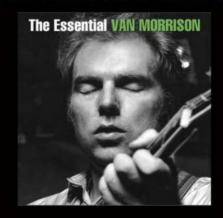
Available on: Resurrection -S.F. Sorrow Live At Abbev Road







MANY ALBUMS NOW AVAILABLE DIGITALLY FOR THE FIRST TIME



THE BRAND NEW 37-TRACK CAREER-SPANNING COLLECTION

INCLUDES ALL VAN'S SOLO AND THEM CLASSICS

OUT 28™ AUGUST











Dave Davies

KINK (AND SOLO) KONSPIRATOR

What music are you currently grooving to?

My son **Russ Davies** has a band called Cinnamon Chasers, and we've been writing music together. So I've been a bit bogged down listening to my own and Russ's music. But I listen to a lot of classical music when I'm not working; I love **Haydn** and **Elgar**.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

If I was forced at gunpoint to pick just one, I'd have to say *The Band* by **The Band**. The feeling in some of it blinds me; it's really beautiful. But there are a lot of **Kinks** albums that I would choose, and **Frank Zappa**'s *We're Only In It For The Money* would come a close second.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

The first record I ever bought was Ballad Of A Teenage Queen by **Johnny Cash** from Les Aldrich, in Muswell Hill. I used to love B-sides, and it has one of the best ever made, a song called Big River.

Which musician, other than yourself, have you ever wanted to be?

Starting out I wanted to be **Eddie Cochran**. He has a lot of pathos and bitterness, but a lot of humour, and I related to that. Or **Chuck Berry**, he was cool, but he had a humour that carried him to another dimension.

What do you sing in the shower? Mario Lanza. I always thought he was fantastic, as a boy listening to his voice it was really special. But I don't sing in the shower too much, I'm too busy talking to myself.

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

I remember that we used to have a song called Tequila, by **The Champs**. It's just so cheerful and uplifting.

And your Sunday morning record? Maybe Bach or someone like that, something more sedate and inspirational. I like when you feel peaceful, and at one with the world.

Dave plays London's Islington Assembly Hall on December 18

CILIBRATE OM FLACE

IN WHICH THE STARS REVEAL THE SONIC DELIGHTS GUARANTEED TO GET THEM GOING...

Peaches

INVETERATE PROVOKER, LINNDRUM BUFF

What music are you currently grooving to?

This song by **Champagne Cherub** called Coconutz. She's
16, it's a very simple kind of
sassy rap. And I'm still
obsessed with **Little Dragon**'s *Ritual Union*, I just love how
intimate it sounds. Even
though it's electronic music,
it's not at all cold, and her
voice is just so emotional without being really loud.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

Prince, Purple Rain. Incredible from start to finish. I love especially the LinnDrum on that, and the lyrics, and the energy. It still has that angst, it just makes you feel everything.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

Bad Girls by Donna Summer. I probably went with my dad to buy it somewhere like downtown in Toronto in one of those big A&M record shops with the big

signs

that don't even exist any more. I remember getting **Laurie Anderson**, O Superman, there

Which musician, other than yourself, have you ever wanted to be?

Prince. Nobody can play a guitar solo in heels and sing a high note all at the same time like he can. I consider myself kind of a superhero on-stage, but he's just like the ultimate stage superhero, in the way that it's, like, beyond gender, you know what I mean?

What do you sing in the shower?

Usually **Diamanda Galas**. She has this incredible range, and she did this album called *The Singer* in the '90s, which is classic blues songs, and so it's like a challenge for me, to see if I can actually sing them.

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

Cakes Da Killa, just so much fun, and Nicki Minaj's The Pinkprint. There's some great songs on that album. Just the sheer attitude and conviction.

And your Sunday morning record?

To Bring You My Love, by P.J. Harvey. I heard her and I was just like, "Yes, that's it", you

know?

F & F G





NOW PLAYING

- If you menaced him with a Chicago typewriter, Dave Davies just has to have The Band's 1969 LP *The Band* as his all-time keeper. And rightly so!
- Peaches likes
 Donna Summer's 1979
 Moroder and Bellotteproduced album Bad
 Girls, resplendent in
 its neon/Rabelaisian
 cover art.
- At this very moment, Brian Pern or is that Simon Day? is tripping the light fantastic to Tame Impala's new album Currents

Brian Pern

'INVENTOR OF WORLD MUSIC'

What music are you currently grooving to?

The new Tame Impala album, an old Stacy Keach spoken word album [Eric Salzman's The Nude Paper Sermon, Nonesuch, 1969], the reissue of Sticky Fingers – a great album – the DJ Koze mix album, and a The 2 Bears ambient album.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

What's Going On by Marvin Gaye. The themes are immortal and his voice is astounding. It does go on a bit though!

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

Fiddlestick Boogie by **Lloyd** [sic], I also bought Saturday Night Special by **Lynyrd Skynyrd**. I bought them in Woolworths in Kensington with my pocket money.

Which musician have you ever wanted to be?

I have never wanted to be anyone other than myself – but if you pushed me, I'd have to say **Mike Batt** or **Jah Woosh**.

What do you sing in the shower?

All kinds. I have to sing up as my shower is very powerful, we have a pump direct from the



river, but I like to sing some Joni Mitchell, Kate Bush, Bonnie Tyler, The Rubettes and sometimes nursery rhymes, also Gregorian chant.

What is your favourite Saturday night record? A bit of Sham 69 or Angelic Upstarts. Slade and perhaps some early Who as well,

Osibisa and Third World too. I tend not to go out any more on Saturdays but these songs get me fired up for the housework.

And your Sunday morning record?

Tiny Children by The Teardrop Explodes, or Burnin' Summer by Ronnie Lane. I might put some Tommy Steele or Buddy Holly on sometimes as well. There are a few female vocalists I enjoy such as Alison Moyet, Sade and Nana Mouskouri. One of my all-time favourites is Wondrous Place by Billy Fury which goes very well with my beetroot juice.

An Evening With Brian Pern – Only Live For Only One Night Only is at London's Lyric on October 19

bella union



www.bellaunion.com



Father John Misty
Love You, Honeybear



The Guardian

out now on CD LP & DL



PINS Wild Nights



out now on CD LP & DI



Ezra Furman Perpetual Motion People



The Guardian

out now on CD LP & DI



Landshapes Heyoon



Time Out

out now on CD LP & DL



Mercury Rev
The Light In You

18.09.2015



02.10.2015

on CD 2LP & DL

Endeavour House 189 Shaftesbury Avenue London WC2H 8JG Tel: 020 7437 9011 E-mail:mojo@bauermedia.co.uk Website: mojo4music.com

> Editor-in-Chief & **Associate Publisher** Phil Alexander

Deputy Editor

Senior Editor

Danny Eccleston

Art Editor

Mark Wagstaff **Reviews Editor**

Jenny Bulley

Associate Editor (Production) Geoff Brown

> **Deputy Art Editor** Russell Moorcroft

Associate Editor (News)

Picture Editor Matt Turner

Picture Researcher Ian Whent

Contributing Editors

Sylvie Simmons, Keith Cameron

Contributing Editor (US) Ben Edmonds 313 897 2053

For mojo4music.com contact

Danny Eccleston

Thanks for their help with this issue:

Tavi Bromell, Keith Cameron, Fred Dellar, Del Gentleman, Pat Gilbert, Paul Stokes, Keefe Wagstaff

Among this month's

contributors:
Martin Aston, Joe Banks,
Mike Barnes, Mark Blake,
Glyn Brown, Tavi Bromwell, John Bungey, Keith Cameron, Andrew Carden, Stevie Chick, Andy Cowan, Ian Crichton, Fred Dellar, Tom Doyle, Daryl Easlea, Priya Elan, Andy Fyfe, George Garner, Pat Gilbert, David Hutcheon, Chris Ingham, Jim Irvin, Colin Irwin, Lenny Kaye, David Katz, James McMahon, James McNair, Bob Mehr, Ben Myers, Chris Nelson, Mark Paytress, Andrew Perry, Jon Savage, Victoria Segal, David Sheppard, Victoria Segai, David Sneppard, Michael Simmons, Sylvie Simmons, Mat Snow, Phil Sutcliffe, Jeff Tamarkin, Ben Thompson, Paul Trynka, Kieron Tyler, Charles Waring, Brian Wheeler, Roy Wilkinson, Lois Wilson, Anna Wood, Stephen Worthy

Among this month's photographers: Cover: Lynn Goldsmith/Cobis; (inset) Tom Oldham. Graziano Arici, Richard Bellia, Ed Colver, Piper Ferguson, Simon Fernandez, Paul Groovy, Mick Hutson, Lenny Kaye, Hugo Macedo, David Montgomery, Naomi Petersen, Charles Peterson, George Pickow, Chuck Pulin, Ebet Roberts, Frank Stefanko, Ann Summa, Justin Thom

MOJO Subscription Hotline

cess from outside the UK +44 (0)1858 438884

THEORIES, RANTS, ETC.

MOJO welcomes letters for publication. Write to us at: Mojo Mail, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8IG, E-mail: mojo@bauermedia.co.uk

"WE WALKED UP THE STAIRS, OUT OF THE

studio, into the future," writes guitarist Lenny Kaye in this issue, describing the exhilaration of finishing the recording of *Horses*. Four decades on, the album Patti Smith and her group cut at Electric Lady Studios has lost none of its primal power and romantic intent. It remains a landmark release, the band's tight-butloose approach combining with Patti's poetic lyricism to point the way toward a host of musical possibilities. Yet, at its core, *Horses* restates the importance of rock'n'roll as a defining art-form. That's where its eternal genius lies: in the idea that music can open your mind, your heart and, quite possibly, your very soul. In that respect, as Patti says, it really is a case of mission accomplished...

PHIL ALEXANDER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Hopes for the future

It was revealing that Keith Richards felt he, and presumably the rest of the group, could have "done more for Brian Jones". A fitting thing to do now would be to rubber-stamp the release on CD of the Stones' first two British LPs. To emphasise how ridiculous this situation is, imagine not being able to purchase Are You Experienced and Axis: Bold As Love. Christmas 2015 out of the question, Keith? Sean Perrott, Walthamstow

It's a freak show

The Ruth Copeland feature was a great read. It seems, though, there is some confusion about Sly Stone's baboon. I recall watching Bobby Womack in a documentary telling a different story, although the outcome was the same. I don't remember what the programme was called, but thanks to the power of the internet I found what looks like a transcript. "I used to go over to Sly's place just for entertainment value. It was crazy... He even had a zoo. A fucking soul zoo. He had this monkey. Every time I went over this monkey would clamber down and bash his pit bull over the head before jumping back on the fence. It drove the dog wild. Only this one time Sly greased the fence and the monkey slid back down. The dog tore the monkey's chest out, right in front of us. It was always like that at Sly's. It was like the fall of Rome with afros." You can't make this stuff up, apparently. Lee Oliver, via e-mail

He was only playing

The mind boggles. I really enjoyed MOJO 261's 50 Greatest Songs Of The Who feature, agreeing with many of the choices, including Baba O'Riley as top choice. However, it seems that MOJO has fallen into the trap so often seen on Who compilation albums: putting the song Boris The Spider on the list (and at number 22 to boot!). Have I missed something? True, it is mildly amusing, but does this justify its inclusion? I cannot understand why, anyway, anyhow or anywhere. Entwistle wrote far better songs to put on the list, such as, My Wife, Whiskey Man, or Trick Of The Light, but these don't even get a mention. Can anyone enlighten me on where I fail in recognising the apparent greatness of Boris? Actually, I should write 'we' because I have over the years accrued a considerable group of Boris-doubters. Stacy Chambless, via e-mail

Pure and simple

G'Day! I was absolutely stoked to see Larry's Rebels song It's Not True on your My Generation CD with MOJO 261. These guys ruled the beat scene in Auckland in the mid '60s. However, their recorded output never quite matched their live shows which were outstanding (I believe Larry is still going strong in NZ). Follow the lead now to the La De Das, with Kevin Borich on lead guitar, who had two classic garage nuggets with How Is The Air Up There and On Top Of The World. These guys were also an amazing live act and have a couple of CD's floating around which are well worth the effort of tracking down (Kevin is still releasing cool music out of Queensland, Australia.) Keep up the good work. Brett Freer, Whangarei, New Zealand

One of the greatest shows ever

Greatly enjoyed the Charlie Watts article in MOJO 261. It took me back to Richmond when, after my friends trad band won a Boosey & Hawkes competition we moved the jazz club to the Athletic Ground. This left a Station Hotel vacancy, taken >

by the Stones. They were a bit rough, but full of life. Great music days. I saw people as varied as Howlin' Wolf and Sandy Brown. In time they followed us to the Athletic Ground; Sunday, when we had Friday. Tastes change and Ellington small group jazz was not fashionable. Before the Stones made a record they had more people attend than we had if we had Humph! However, this was the early years of Richmond Jazz Festival and the jazz club provided security. Meant I slept in the beer tent and so forth. The first year the Stones played during the festival they played the club house, while Aker Bilk was on the big stage. At the end of the set Mick asked everybody to leave in an orderly manner and the public were as good as gold.

Interesting comments from Charlie about other drummers. I enjoyed seeing Phil Seamen in King's Road pubs, and when Cream formed, though I'd seen all three in action, for me Ginger was the star. I can still annoy my friends by saying that I don't think I ever paid more than half-a-crown to see the Stones. Long may they prosper.

John Clark, Portishead (the place not the group)

Who are you?

A fascinating and super informative interview with Charlie Watts in MOJO 261, but one with a possible error. When Watts is speaking about owning drums from the sets of some strong inspirations, he's quoted as saying one of those players is Carl Palmer. I'd venture to guess that what the Rolling Stone really said was Earl Palmer. I'll make my case.

In 1992 Watts's jazz band played the Palace nightclub in Hollywood. I invited my drummer pal Earl Palmer to the show. Palmer had been the go-to session man in New Orleans in the '50s, recording with Roy Brown, Fats Domino, Little Richard and all the other greats at Cosimo Matassa's studio there, and gone on to an incredible career in Los Angeles with the Wrecking Crew studio team and beyond.

As Earl Palmer was watching the band that night in '92, he leaned over to me to ask where Charlie Watts was. I told Earl it was him on drums, to which he replied, "No it's not. Watts is black." A bit confused, I explained that Charlie Watts is white. Palmer said, "Îsn't he the drummer on the Tonight Show?" He thought we'd come to see Jeff 'Tain' Watts, who is indeed black.

But Charlie Watts's band that night was burning, and after the show drummer extraordinaire Jim Keltner took us backstage to say hello to Charlie Watts. When Watts saw Earl across the dressing him like finally finding a long-lost brother. Turns out when The Rolling Stones were spending a lot of time in Los Angeles during the '70s, Keltner would but always missing him by just a few moments. So Charlie Watts and Earl Palmer had never met until

Rolling Stones had performed on the 1964 TV show Live At The Hollywood Palace, hosted that night by Dean Martin). Watts and Palmer started a long friendship that evening in Hollywood, which lasted right up to Earl Palmer's passing in 2008. So I'm betting that it's Earl Palmer, not Carl Palmer, that Charlie Watts cited in your wonderful story. Bill Bentley, Studio City, California

That's powerful stuff

After 261 issues of the best rock magazine in the world, I wonder if one day somebody at your office will pay tribute to a band that still exists, after 45 years on the road, with over 30 albums, three worldwide top hits, a truly great DVD, a beautiful book with one of the most poignant biographies including tragedy, scandals, suffering and determination. A band with two complete opposite front men and both dead; a band that shared the stages of the most prestigious festivals in rock history like Monterey and Woodstock; a band with a sound that nobody could beat, mixing a fantastic boogie sound in the psychedelic California of the late '60s; a band with so many gold records. Maybe you've never heard of them. Canned Heat were unique for a lot of reasons, and not a word, never. Keep up the good work.

Walter De Paduwa, via e-mail

A big favour

MOJO 260 was a great issue but I must applaud Phil Alexander's File Under feature on the underappreciated but hugely talented Spooky Tooth. They were the hardest working band of the day and have a huge cult following in Germany to this day. Their rousing nine-minute opus Evil Woman is a certifiable heavy metal classic and in New Jersey's finest Gary Wright they had genuine songwriting genius who also took time to befriend and play keyboard with George Harrison as well as on Without You by Nilsson. A feature on Gary sometime in MOJO would be greatly welcome.

Steve Griffin, County Wicklow, Ireland

Erratum

In MOJO 262 we published an interview with Bernard Sumner that referred to Peter Hook's purchase of the Haçienda name. A question in the interview incorrectly implied that Peter bought the name in 2007, the year that New Order ended. That was wrong: Peter Hook actually bought the name in 1997, and then revived it in 2004 with the Haçienda CD. We can also clarify that it was not Peter Hook's decision to write off loans that had been made to Haçienda: the accountants Ernst & Young advised that the loans should be written off, and the advice was accepted by mutual



Head of Creative & Brand Solutions Head of Marketplace Simon Kilby Head of Brands Remy Kirk Group Brand Director Rob Walsh Music Manager Joel Hopkins Film Account Director Liz Harriott Creative Solutions Manager Senior Creative Solutions Executives Keith Hillman, Lily Richardson Regional Advertising Katherine Brown Classified Sales Executive Mitchell Coulte Classified Sales Manager Karen Gardiner Inserts Manager **Production Manager** Andrew Stafford Ad Production Manager Creative Solutions Senior Producer Creative Solutions Art Director Jon Cresswe

Chief Executive Paul Keenan

Managing Director Lifestyle

& Advertising Abby Carvosso

Publishing Director

Liz Martin Managing Editor MOJO CD and Honours Creative Director Dave Henderson Senior Events Producer Business Analyst Natalie Talbot Head of Marketing Simon Doggett Marketing Manager Direct Marketing Manager Samantha Nasser Marketing Executive Alex Penge Head of Communications Jess Blake Circulation & Trade Marketing Manager Gareth Viggers

Printing: Polestar Bicester. MOJO (ISSN 1351-0193) is published 12 times a year by Bauer Consumer Media Ltd. Registered office: 1 Lincoln Court, Lincoln Road, Registered office: 1 Lincoln Court, Lincoln Road, Peterborough PE1 2RF Airfreight and mailing in the USA by agent named Air Business Ltd. (/o Worldnet Shipping Inc., 156-15, 146th Avenue, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA. Periodicals postage paid at Jamaica, NY 11431. US Postmaster: Send address changes to MOJO, Air Business Ltd. (/o Worldnet Shipping Inc., 156-15, 146th Avenue, 2nd Floor, Jamaica, NY 11434, USA To ensure that you dop' miss an issue.

To ensure that you don't miss an issue, visit www.greatmagazines.co.uk for the best subscriptions offers. For subscription or back issue queries, please contact CDS Global on Bauer@subscription.co.uk Phone from the UK on 01858 43 8884. Phone from overseas on +44 (0) 1858 43 8884 For enquires on overseas newstand sales e.g., all David Clark interpretations of the control of the control

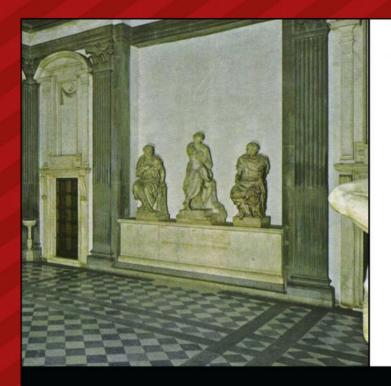
e-mail David. Clark@seymour.co.uk

All material published is copyright of Bauer
Consumer Media Ltd. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without the prior permission of the publisher. MOJO accepts no responsibility for any unsolicited material.

To find out more about where to buy MOJO, contact Frontline Ltd, at Midgate House, Midg Peterborough PE1 1TN. Te1: 01733 555161.

COMPLANTS: Bauer Consumer Media Limitedis; a member of the Independent Press Standards Organisation (www.ipas.co.uk) and endeavours to respond to and resolve your concerns quickly, Our Editarial Complaints Policy (including full details of how to contact us about editorial complaints and IPSO's contact details; can be found at www. bauermedia.complaints.co.uk. Our email address for editorial complaints cever depth the Editorial omplaints Policy is complaints ### Bauermedia.co.uk



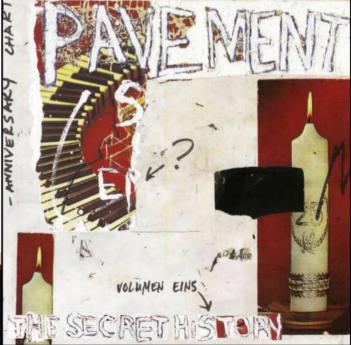




DUCKTAILS ST. CATHERINE

GEORGIA GEORGIA





LA PRIEST INJI

PAVEMENT
THE SECRET HISTORY Vol 1

HAVE YOU IN MY WILDERNESS
LATE SUMMER 2015



WHAT GOES

IF YOU WANT BLOOD Guitarists Depp and Aerosmith's Joe Perry are Cooper's callies in the project, while guest

Alice Cooper calls on Macca, Johnny Depp, Brian Johnson and others to salute his old boozing gang The Hollywood Vampires.

o one here gets out alive," Jim Morrison mused on The Doors'
Five To One, one of the cover versions to be found on a self-titled in memoriam tribute by The Hollywood Vampires, a coven of hoary rock legends and their acquaintances under the directional aegis of Alice Cooper – who remains living proof that a few did manage to survive.

But others never returned from the brink of excess: not just Morrison but Jimi Hendrix, Keith Moon, Harry Nilsson, John Bonham. Others, more by tragic accident than design, just died too young: Marc Bolan, John Lennon, Steve Marriott, Randy California. Their songs, or those that their bands performed, are joined by two Cooper/Vampire originals, Raise The Dead and All My Dead Drunk Friends, inspired by the original Hollywood Vampires drinking club that congregated at Los Angeles' Rainbow Bar & Grill circa 1968-1974.

"The name was mine," Cooper recalls. "I used to say, It's not the blood of the vein, it's the blood of the vine! Whoever was in town was there most every night; myself, Harry Nilsson, Bernie Taupin, Keith Moon – who'd turn up dressed as Hitler or a French maid. Hendrix was there in the early days. John Lennon would drop in, Ringo and Mickey Dolenz too. To join, you just had to out-drink everyone."

The Hollywood Vampires band came to life in 2011 while Cooper was in London filming horror-com Dark Shadows with Johnny Depp. "We decided one night to play the 100 Club. It was so great to be a bar band again. After, we talked about it: Why not do this again, but to honour all our dead, drunk friends?"

Fangs for the memory: Anne Murray with Hollywood Vampires (from left) John Lennon, Harry Nilsson, Alice Cooper and Mickey Dolenz. the Troubadour, Los Angeles, November 21. 1973; (below, from left) '70s Alice in Vampires shirt; original club sign; Alice with fellow bloodsucker Joe Perry; the new album; Perry and Johnny Depp lurk in the darkness.

Guitarists Depp and Aerosmith's Joe Perry are Cooper's core allies in the project, while guest Vampires include Joe Walsh, AC/DC's Brian Johnson and Zak Starkey on Whole Lotta Love, while Robby Krieger, Dave Grohl and Perry Farrell pep up Nilsson medley One/Jump Into The Fire. When Paul McCartney heard Cold Turkey was honouring Lennon, he turned up, and set about tackling Badfinger's Come And Get It – presumably in honour of the band's late frontmen Tom Evans and Pete Ham.

"We never asked!" says Cooper.
"In walked Paul, who I've known
for 35 years, but this is different to
being friends socially, suddenly it's
like royalty."

For all the elements of celebration, isn't there a dark undertow too? "Bernie [Taupin] and I knew how to drink," reflects Alice. "We were more responsible, we weren't falling down stairs. I just drank to get a golden buzz going. But there were guys who could get into moods. You had to watch out for Harry [Nilsson], he could get really gone... you'd worry about Moonie. He was a daredevil. You had to be careful what you mentioned or he'd take you up on it.

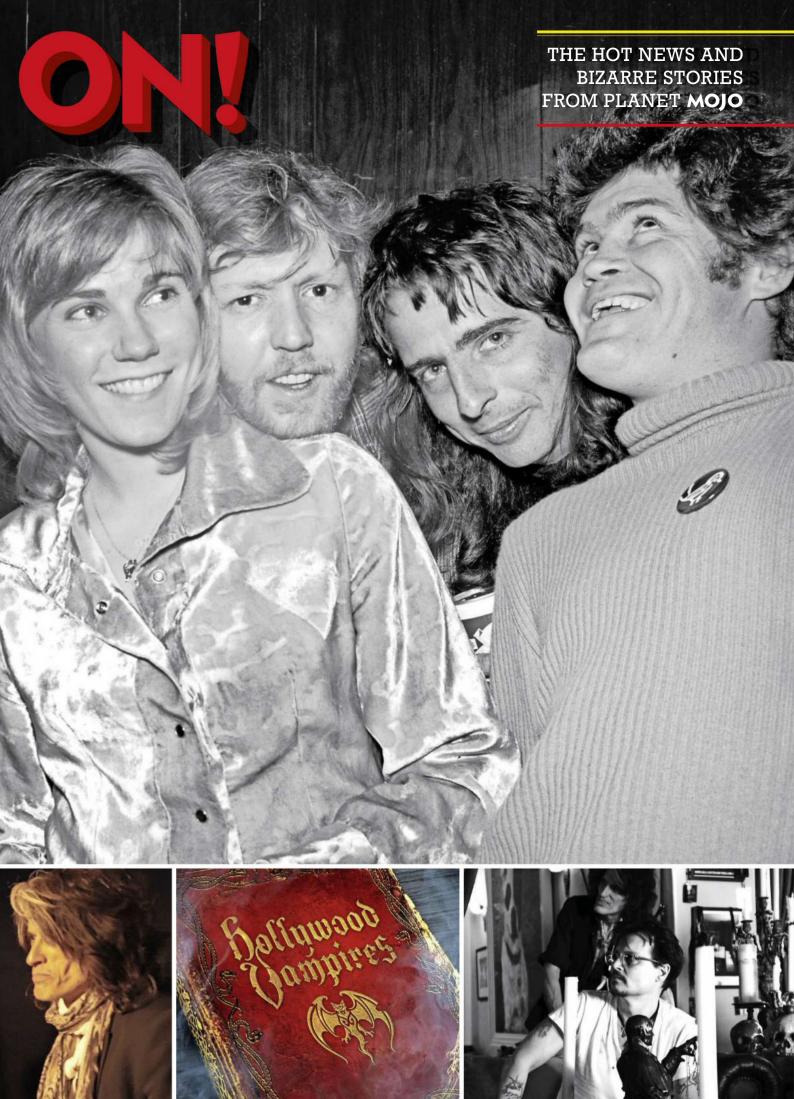
"Sure, some people had to be carried out [of the club]," he continues. "But you're still talking about a bunch of guys who had so much camaraderie. It was like a frat party for rock'n'rollers, it was our time off. And we were all at the top of our game. Nobody thought anyone would die."

Martin Aston









REPORT

Poet Jock Scot was entertainments manager to The Clash, Libertines and Ian Dury – a new film tells how.

dinburgh-raised poet, flâneur and bon vivant Jock Scot hasn't done that much in ■ the public eye – just two trenchant and hilarious albums released in 1997 and 2006, a series of mid-'90s short films for MTV and, oddly, some fleeting miming with Rip Rig + Panic on BBC TV comedy The Young Ones in 1982.

But he has lived a life in music far richer than this suggests, and an impending film – Jock Scot: Services To Rock And Roll - will examine his enigma with testimony from admirers including Shane MacGowan, John Cooper Clarke, Peter Doherty, Suggs, Neneh Cherry, British Sea Power, Jock's ex-partner Anna Chancellor and others. Also contributing is his friend and collaborator Davy Henderson, ex- of The Fire Engines and The Nectarine No.9, who calls Scot, "a naturally charismatic, gifted orator with a great sense and appreciation of the absurd."

A rich-toned, born raconteur, Jock's watching the racing when MOJO calls for a word. "The film, it's just me yapping about my years in rock'n'roll and the people that

> did you spill my pint you prot

"I WAS POLITE, **CHARMING** AND WITTY THERE TO KEEP **SPIRITS** HIGH."

from left) with old pal Shane MacGowan and unidentified child; lan Dury; Jock today.

mind being the subject of a film at all, I'm not shy."

Lack of reluctance has been the secret of his success. Scot was working on a building site when his life in music began in 1977: the occasion was hitching from Scotland to Newcastle on a whim, fresh from a football game and still wearing his muddy kit, to see Ian Dury And The Blockheads. After he talked his way backstage, Dury declared "We've got to have you on the firm," and engaged him as free roving roadie/vibesman. A role as handler/gaffer/spiritual advisor at Stiff Records resulted, at the time the fullblooded indie signed Madness, followed by a similarly loose arrangement with The Clash during the London Calling period. "My opinion was valued," notes Jock.

"I wasn't very good as a roadie," he concedes. "I never quite managed it when they changed the wiring system. But you know when people are in bands, gigging around, they need have someone to chat to. I was polite, charming and witty, there to alleviate the boredom and keep spirits high. The best way to do that was have a drink or have a huge spliff and, you know, to maybe just go for a wander locally and say come on, we're only here once, let's see what this town has to offer."

Later still he'd encounter – and sometimes read poetry with - groups including Blondie, Taj Mahal, Belle And Sebastian and The Libertines.

Film-maker Rubbish was moved to get it on film after the two met at now-defunct Soho drinker The Colony Room. Two weeks before filming began last year, however, Scot was diagnosed with terminal cancer. "The diagnosis really did effect Jock's mood and the sensitivity of the interviews," says Rubbish. "But it also fired us all on to make the film."

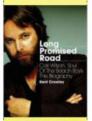
Though his time is limited, Scot plans another album with help from Henderson and British Sea Power. His 1997 debut, My Personal Culloden, is also reissued this month (see review p107). "It's all, get it while it's hot, because I won't be here next year," he says with lightly worn gallows humour. "I think I did quite well with the limited talent and the effort I put in. And we are getting some late interest, in the twilight of my autumn." Ian Harrison





SEPTEMBER 5

It's been a long time coming, but the Faces will reform for a "short set" at the Rock'N' Horsepower prostate cancer charity event at Hurtwood Park Polo Club, Ewhurst, Surrey. "It's about time we got together for a jam. aid Rod Stewart (above): "Ronnie Lane and Ian McLagan will be dearly missed but we'll raise a glass to them added Kenney Jones



SEPTEMBER 19

Coming soon after the Brian biopic Love & Mercy, surf scribe Kent Crowley publishes his biography of the youngest Wilson brother and the voice of Good Vibrations and God Only Road: Carl Wilson. Soul Of The Beach Boys Jawbone). Brian Wilson and Mike Love publish new mem their lives in The Beach Boys next year



SEPTEMBER 25

The Esoteric label's Reactive imprint releases Tangerine Dream's The Official Bootleg Series Vol One. Featuring the Edgar Froese (above)/Chris Franke/Peter Baumann line-up, the fourdisc set will feature a December 1974 recording from Reims Cathedral - a show that led to a ban on gigs in churches by the Vatican and another from the Mannheim Mozarthalle from October 1976. Officially approved and annotated, it's the first in a series of archival treats.



the best new music from independent labels



£9.99 CD out 28 August Yo La Tengo Stuff Like That There

0

0



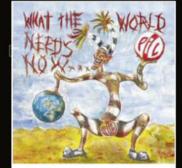
£9.99
CD out 28 August
Destroyer
Poison Season



\$9.99
CD out 28 August
Beach House
Depression Cherry



£9.99
CD out 11 September
Nerina Pallot
The Sound And The Fury



£9.99
CD out 4 September
Public Image Ltd
What The World Needs Now

IK7

0



£9.99 CD out 4 September John Mayall Find A Way To Care



£9.99
CD out 18 September
Mercury Rev
The Light In You



\$9.99
CD out 18 September
Darwin Deez
Double Down



XL

SIL

!K7

SITE

0

XL

SIL

CU: R

£9.99
CD out 18 September
Various Artists
Daptone Gold 2





SAVAGES

London, New York, Paris, Copenhagen: the neo post-punkists prepare album two.

In June, Savages voice Jehnny Beth joined The xx's Romy Madley Croft and Stella Mozgawa from Warpaint to play Jamie xx's Loud Places live on US TV. Less than a week earlier, she'd shared a stage with Suicide – and Bobby Gillespie – at the electro-punk veterans' show at London's Barbican. And in March, she sang Ziggy Stardust, Space Oddity and other famous songs of the Thin White Duke at the Paris opening of the David Bowie Is exhibition. Now, though, it's her own band's music that requires Beth's focused attention.

Savages' second album, the follow-up to 2013's Silence Yourself, is being readied for release early next year. The process began when the group – Beth plus guitarist Gemma Thompson, bassist Ayse Hassan and drummer Fay Milton – finished a two-year tour in Mexico in April 2014, and went to ground in London's Primrose Hill in a now-demolished studio/rehearsal space. "I think we pretty much went into writing straight away," says Beth, who's in Paris working on projects for her Pop Noire label. "We were looking for somewhere we could be completely isolated from other bands and music, where we could go, just the four of us, and have a secret place."

After discussions in Paris with Beth's long-term creative partner Johnny Hostile, the group decided they needed to

Waiting for a sign: Savages think again (back row from left) Jehnny Beth, Ayse Hassan, Fay Milton, Gemma Thompson with producer Johnny Hostile; (inset right)

perform the songs live before recording them, and duly went to New York in January, playing venues including the Mercury Lounge and the Saint Vitus Bar. After going into London's RAK studios for three weeks with Johnny Hostile, they elected to have the record mixed by the

Danish electronic producer Trentemøller in Copenhagen.

"We were kind of looking the wrong way, thinking of old school mixers and rock'n'roll stars," says Beth. "Then Johnny Hostile said, because he became very good friends touring with Trentemøller last year, 'What about asking Anders to mix your record?' He'd never mixed a rock record before, it was such an out of the box idea – we were, at the beginning, not very up for it, and I have to say, even Anders was [not]. It was a first experience for all of us, but we're really happy with it."

She promises heaviness and intensity in the final result, and a record that will appeal to existing fans as well as, she hopes, attracting new ones.

"It's about survival, it's about love, it's about choice, it's pretty much a humanist record," she explains. "It's touching on some kind of very basic human feelings and discovery of the self... it's quite breathless. If it talks about love, it would try to go see all the states of it, you know. I think you can feel some anxiety in there, or revolt, or anger, or hope. It's quite dramatic and romantic – there's quite a wide range of feelings."

Ian Harrison

The Buzz: "It's very hard for

mean it's definitely sounding

better. The new songs meld

songs, But I'm curious to hear

Jehnny Beth

really well with the old

what people will say!"

me to say so much before

people have heard it . . . I

"I THINK
YOU CAN
FEEL SOME
ANXIETY IN
THERE, OR
REVOLT,
OR ANGER,
OR HOPE."

ALSOWORKING

STEVE MASON, ex- of The

Beta Band is readying a new album,

produced by **Craig Potter** of **Elbow**. Songs inc ude Waterbored and Planet Sizes... **MICHAEL GIRA** (right) has announced that in September he'll begin "the final **Swans** album (and, later, tour) for this version/ iteration of Swans...

[it's] bound to be an

insatiable beast..." disinclined to take it easy after the just-out *Key Markets*, **SLEAFORD MODS** have already begun working on new songs. "We've done two or three tracks and they're all right, yeah," says orator **Jason Williamson**. "Some of the loops

Andrew's been playing of late have, as normal, got me really interested... I don't wanna mellow it out"...

ANIMAL COLLEC-

TIVE have finished their tenth album and just need

to mix it, possibly in Paris. Expect it early next year... last month **Damon Albarn** told the Australian Broadcasting Corporation he's starting a new **GORILLAZ** album in September. "I'd love to just get back into that routine of being at home and coming to the studio five days a week," he said... **JAMES BLAKE** confirmed that

confirmed that
Kanye West,
Justin Vernon and

Connan Mockasin will appear on his new LP Radio Silence, his first for five years. October or next February have been mooted... he put out the capitalism-critiquing title cut in 2013, but ICE CUBE (left) drops tenth LP Everythang's Corrupt in October... TOM PETTY's rejoining his pre-Heartbreakers band Mudcrutch he was with them 1970-75 for a new studio set, release date tbc...



the best new music from independent labels



CD out now Radkev **Dark Black Makeup**

0

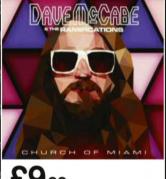
0



CD out now The Spitfires Response



£9.99 CD out 4 September Dave McCabe & The Ramifications **Church Of Miami**



Ы

200/R

XL

SIL

!K7

0

XL

SIL

洲

CU: R



£9.99 CD out 11 September Farao Till It's All Forgotten



CD out 4 September Blank Realm Illegals In Heaven

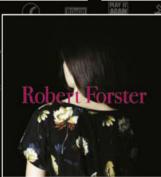
IK7

0

9



£9.99 CD out 4 September **Diane Coffee** Everybody's A Good Dog



£9.99 CD out 18 September **Robert Forster** Songs To Play



TELEKINESIS AD INFINITUM

£9.99

Telekinesis

Ad Infinitum

CD out 18 September





CD out 18 September Spooner Oldham Pot Luck



of entertainme



Cyclists dismount – for the month's most necessary Southern rock, robo-disco and piano balladry.

1 KING MIDAS SOUND AND FENNESZ

WAVES

Where bleak, somnambulant dub-hop trio KMS – that's Roger Robinson, Kiki Hitomi and Kevin 'The Bug' Martin, whose 2014 album Angels And Devils was high on all end-of-year lists of note – join Austrian guitarist/electronic noisemaker Fennesz for a deep plummet into blissful nightmare. Part cloister meditation and part supernatural visitation of Lovecraftian intensity, it's taken from the upcoming album Edition 1 – the first of four, say KMS, all of which will feature a different sonic avant-gardist collaborator. "The tangential is one thing I'm really excited about," Martin told MOJO. "As does anything that challenges me, and challenges my perspective." Find it: SoundCloud

VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR

WHATEVER WOULD ROBERT HAVE SAID The five-piece VdGG on West Germany telly in summer 1970, with somewhat antique trippy lighting effects: this find them in relatively mellow mood, but still declaring, "Flame sucks between the balls of steel!" (Deny it if you can).

Find it: YouTube

3 WRONGTOM MEETS TIPPA IRIE AFRAID A'YOU

Where the new-old reggae producer and Hello Darling hitmaker team up for a piece of moody dancehall that uses the rhythm from Wrongtom's

Suzy Hangs Out. The parent EP Possessed also features Ragga Twins and a monster, acidic dub version.

Find it: tru-thoughts.co.uk

DEERHUNTER SNAKESKIN

A sleazy, hip-swinging, disco-inspired stomper is not something that springs to mind with Bradford Cox and co, but the band glam up nicely on this teaser from new album Fading Frontier. Find it: YouTube



5 HOTEI FEATURING IGGY POP HOW THE COOKIE CRUMBLES

Where the high-kicking Japanese guitarist - formerly of Takasaki rockers Boøwy – and Iggy team up for some scuzzy-clean repetitive motion rocking that

insists, "my dirty brain – I wanna throw you underneath a train." Find it: YouTube

LIAM GALLAGHER UNTITLED PUB JAM

Pretty Green's between-bands magnate plays guitar and sings morosely in JJ Finan's pub in County Mayo. Locals and fans look on, Liam seems weary, could it be a solo album taking shape?

Find it: YouTube

ROKSAN MOJO listens to all its music on Roksan equipment

Cold wave: (above) King Midas Sound and Fennesz (from left) Kevin Martin, Fennesz, Kiki Hitomi and Roger Robinson; (below) alehouse rocker Liam Gallagher.

"COVLD LIAM'S SOLO **ALBUM BE** TAKING SHAPE?"



7 BATTLES THE YABBA (NYC SESSION)

The Men Who Would Be King Crimson play a cut from the new album La Di Da Di live: therein miniloops evolve into an EDM/Zep frustration-cusp, like a mutating conscious algorithm at war with itself.

Find it: YouTube

S JAMES LEG A FOREST

The Cure's macabre classic daubed with Southern rock growl by the ex-Immortal Lee County Killer, who swaps the swirling keyboards with reverberating Fender Rhodes to devilish effect. Find it: Below The Belt (NATURAL ALIVE SOUND)

GIRL BAND PAUL

Dublin four-piece take cues from Grotesque-era Fall and add a video featuring dancing pigs on kids TV and alco-hallucinations.

10 seán clancy & ensemble krock 45 minutes of music on THE SUBJECT OF FOOTBALL

Written for electric guitar quartet, the Dublin-born composer's latest is a hypnotic beauty celebrating

the Republic Of Ireland's victory over Italy in the 1994 World Cup. Find it: YouTube & SoundCloud

THE MONKEES AS WE GO ALONG

To salute the kindly soul who posted the audio commentary version of Head on YouTube, with all four band members reminiscing on their grand artistic suicide, this wistful 5/4 Carole King pop dream, featuring Ry Cooder and Neil Young on guitar.

Find it: YouTube

OH WONDER DRIVE

This London duo made SoundCloud come over all unnecessary with their monthly postings of heart sore piano ballads and demure electro pop, now compiled on a double LP. This is August's. Find it: SoundCloud/Oh Wonder DL/LP



13 mark lanegan & beth orton your kisses burn

Where Lanegan and Orton take a Nancy & Lee, gunfighter's view of the murderous, soul-consuming song first sung by Marc Almond and Nico in 1988.

Find it: SoundCloud

14 WALTER EGO SKEPTA
An extended audio sample of the grime rapper railing on YouTube against life and prejudice ("this is the way that everything is set out to fail") is transformed by the Sheffield producer-ego (aka Josh Gregory) into a minimal pulse of rhythm and dread. Find it: SoundCloud

ALEX G BUG

The string of th precocious uni student Alex Giannascoli returns with a pleasingly ramshackle taster for his sunshine-drenched new LP, Beach Music. Find it: SoundCloud



16 BREAKWATER SPLASHDOWN 1980 robo-disco from the Philly octet, like The

J.B's' Gimme Some More with a NASA makeover. And a big hand for DJ EtCUT69's web haul of '80s R&B. Find it: tinyurl.com/pzfeazt

STONE FOUNDATION BEVERLEY

Warwickshire group revisits the soulful '70s with no little flair: Beverley pleads bittersweetly against prejudice. Find it: YouTube

AVIATOR THE DOVE

RAVIATOR THE DOVE From Shack bassist Peter Wilko's solo vehicle's third album, No Friend Of Mind, this is a Strawberry Fields-in-negative waltz, as heard on booze cruises on the River Styx.

Find it: aviator-music.co.uk

DAVID ESSEX I'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING

Oddly moving offcast from Mutiny!, Essex's 1985 show about 1789's uprising on the Bounty. A highlight from Stage Door Records' London musicals celebration, Lost West End. Find it: YouTube

THE EMPEROR MACHINE LOVE LICK

THE EMPEROR MACHINE LOVE LICK Where Staffs producer Andy Meecham rolls out a stentorian dancefloor dominator that sounds like Moroder helming a version of the theme to the BBC's proto Scrapheap Challenge TV show of old, The Great Egg Race.

Find it: SoundCloud

SELFPORTRAIT

CERYS MATTHEWS

The ex-Catatonia broadcaster in her own words and by her own hand.

I'd describe myself as... contrary, curious and passionate. People say I'm contrary, I don't think I am, but then I don't watch TV and I went and did a reality show, which is pretty contrary.

Music changed me... absolutely, and it still does. I was lucky enough to go to a Welsh language school where I remember everything being taught through song, and I remember how it made you feel, making a noise then singing in harmony.

When I'm not making music... not listening to music allows me to listen as well. I just like to listen to noises, the sound of community, the birds. And I love fires. I find it stimulating, the crackling noise, the smell of the smoke, and the visuals – they're just ridiculous!

My biggest vice is... having fires, again. I moved house to have a fireplace and a fire pit. My children are fed up to the back teeth with barbecues.

The last time I was embarrassed was... every Sunday I have a live three-hour radio show and often I get so excited about a record I start going off on one, I get into territory I haven't seriously double-checked. You're like Wile E.Coyote when he's run off a cliff.

My formal qualifications are... five 'A' levels and 11 'O' levels. I went to university, doing a language course, but when I was due to go on my year abroad I'd already started writing with Mark Roberts [in Catatonia]. Dr Crotchety [Cerys's alter-ego for her column in The Guardian] isn't a real qualification, no, but I'd love to call myself 'Captain', it has a romance and an independence to it.

The last time I cried was... this morning. We went to the local school and watched the kids do Peter Pan.

Vinyl, CD or MP3... I love vinyl. That's when you want to totally give yourself the 360-degree experience, sitting there with your Cuban cigar, listening to Snooks Eaglin's New Orleans Street

Cerys Matthews by Cervs



THE KIDS TO PLAY THE TRIPLE-0 MARTIN **NEIL YOUNG GAVE ME...** I KNOW. I JUST HAD **TO SAY** THAT."

Singer. But CD and MP3 have their uses, so it's a balance.

My most treasured possession is... probably my 'The Gibson' guitar. That's what Gibson were called when they first started - I have a pale brown, small wooden acoustic with 'The Gibson' on the headstock, it looks hand-written, from 1931. It's like the guitar Robert Johnson's holding in that photo of him. I still play it but I prefer the kids to play the triple-O Martin Neil Young gave me... I know, I just had to say that.

The best book I've read is... I've got two. Andrew Marr's History Of The World - if that was on the curriculum we'd all have a much more informed view of the world, to know that we are all part of an endless migration. My second is Roger Phillips's Wild Food. I got it when I was 11, he's a mushroom and foraging expert.

Is the glass half-full or half-empty? ... certainly half-full, right now.

VHAT GOES ON

My biggest regret is... I'd have liked to have met my husband earlier.

When we die... we all get a chance to sit on this cloud where your favourite artists who've gone before come and visit. For me, that'd be someone like Louis Armstrong. If humans had better memories we wouldn't permanently be searching for true civilisation.

I'd like to be remembered as... would like my kids to think I was all right, probably an impossible wish, but that I gave them a fair and a safe upbringing.

Cervs's score for Timberlake Wertenbaker's Our Country's Good plays at the National Theatre until mid October. The Good Life Festival, which she co-founded, is at Hawarden Estate, Flintshire, Sept 18-20.

ONDOMOJO

.imbibers of rock-themed beers wines and spirits have a new tipple to try. Available soon, THE POGUES Irish Whiskey is said to have a "malty and floral" flavour with chocolate and citrus notes. Let streams of it flow! ... AMY I **BERG**'s Janis Joplin

documentary, with narration by Cat Power (right), premieres at the Venice Film Festival in September. The film

features Chan Marshall

reading from Janis's private correspondence, plus live footage and interviews with intimates troubling scenes in Russia last month, when an open letter, signed by Russian music industry figures asked President **VLADIMIR**

PUTIN to stop a state take over of radio stations, and a consequent imposition of a playlist of "patriotic" music by "ideologically correct" pop stars. The BBC's

Royal Charter expires in December 2016... on his latest album Another One, game singer-songwriter MAC **DE MARCO** took the unusual step of inviting listeners to his

house for coffee. He says over 30 fans have taken him up on the offer. Maybe Mark

Kozelek should give it a go out in October, If I Can Dream: **ELVIS**

PRESLEY (right) with The Royal

Philharmonic Orchestra will put the King's original vocal tracks to new be-stringed accompaniments. Can we have a proper dub Elvis album now? ... starting in September, **MADONNA**'s Rebel

Heart tour looks set to be as unpalatable to the straights as ever, and will feature (get ready) raunchy pole dancers dressed up as nuns. Where is **Len**

Brennan when you need him..



SOAK

Precocious Derry talents examines life with mellifluent dexterity.

here is the saying, "an old head on young shoulders", which Bridie Mons-Watson says has been used to describe her quite a lot. After all, the teenager who calls herself SOAK has been writing songs for six years, since the age of 13, and releasing them – and touring in support – since she was 15. And what sophisticated songs her album debut Before We Forgot How To Dream boasts, exquisite and bittersweet across melody, vocals and pin-sharp observations about herself, family, friends and everyone's messy hopes and needs. But still, Mons-Watson says, the comment has become a bit wearing.

"I mean, I do 'get it', it's the scenes in the songs and the way it's written," she says from the family home in Derry, as she takes a break from suitcase-stuffing in preparation for her latest US tour. "But I also don't get it. Because I have friends who are super-talented at writing too, and at the end of the day, I was just writing about things that were happening to me. None of us are more special than the other, we're all equally trying to figure stuff out."

With "an incredible guitarist" for a father, music was omnipresent at the Mons-Watson's. When Bridie was 10 she was denied a drum kit, while her older brother was bought a guitar for Christmas ("he didn't ask for it," she adds). After learning Smoke On The Water, he gave up playing, "so I got him to teach me Smoke On The Water, to impress my dad.

Be a somebody: Bridie Mons-Watson aka SOAK. "We're all equally trying to figure stuff out."

"I'VE NEVER
EXPERIENCED
ANY HOMOPHOBIA...
I COULD
HAVE GOT
A WHOLE
ALBUM OUT
OF IT!"

He was pretty happy that one of his kids wanted to learn."

Though she says her mates were "more alternative emo-screamo types, listening to stuff like Asking Alexandria", Mons-Watson "was looking up obscure, weird songs" on YouTube. "You'd start with Crystal Castles, and soon enough you'd find yourself on the dark side of the internet. It's how I discovered Björk and Mew, for example. And Tegan And Sara, though they weren't weird or obscure."

The American twins were folkier at heart, lending the

emerging songwriter "a sense of melody and vocal hooks". The duo were gay, too. Mons-Watson came out when she was 13 – no big deal, she shrugs. "I've never experienced any homophobia either. It could have been really bad and I could have got a whole album out of it!"

Three years later, just as her friends were sitting their GCSE exams, SOAK was on the road supporting Tegan And Sara around Europe: "My first tour, and with my first favourite band. That doesn't happen very often."

Live, SOAK is now a band (with Tommy McLaughlin and James Byrne, touring members of Villagers), and one thing she's determined to do while on tour is skateboard; she's just purchased a suitcase, large enough to fit one in.

Martin Aston

two comparisons that she's

happy to live with - less so

Ioni Mitchell and Cat Power

Scots synth-pop

modernists Chyrches so

and single Sea Creatures

that they invited Mons-

Watson to christen their new label Goodbye with

Bridie's mum thought

her 2014 single Blud.

up her nom de plum

and "folk"

B a noBody

a conjoining of "soul"

KEY TRACKS

Hailstones Don't Hurt

KURT VILE

The long-hair cozmic Philly pop stoner- songwriter picks five undeniable headspinners of chordal good vibes and frayed soul wonder.



WILLIE DUNN I PITY THE COUNTRY

(from Native North America Vol. 1, Light In The Attic, 2014)

"This song is originally from a record back in the '70s, they apparently recorded the same album twice. Willie Dunn's from Canada, from an aboriginal tribe and he was an activist. It's got an amazing melody, and he's clearly influenced by American country, I know he was super-into Hank Williams. His vocal was so catchy but the lyrics kind of cross you: 'I pity the country, I pity the state, and the mind of a man who drives on hate. You've got to hear it; it'll kill you. It'll crush you. It's like the reason you're supposed to make music. The timbre of his voice is the real thing. It's just so musical, so human."



2 THOMAS JEFFERSON KAYE THE DOOR IS

STILL OPEN
(from Thomas Jefferson

Kaye, Probe, 1973) "This guy's a freak. You can tell he's hopped up on goofballs with all his friends, in that '70s LA scene. They're well lit. All the session musicians play on this, like Rick Derringer. Walter Becker and Donald Fagen from Steely Dan make appearances. It's definitely Stones-influenced, it's definitely gospel-influenced, but with that tight West Coast 70s production. The song itself is not the most perfect song you've ever heard but it's got soul, and it's just kind of exciting. There's another song on here called Snake In The Grass with the same vibe. It's got that same punchy white-dude soul thing. I think it's got an attitude, really ramming the message into people's faces. It's kind of



3 STEELY DAN DALLAS

(ABC 7-inch, 1972)

"I came across this bio called Reelin' In The Years. It's flawed, but they talked about this song. It's obscure, and Donald Fagen and Walter Becker hate it because they're all about writing off their past entirely. Everybody was excited for the release of their first full length, Can't Buy A Thrill; and then they came out with this pretty pop single. The record label pulled it because it's too country, but it's an undeniable pop song with this catchy little chorus about saying goodbye to Dallas. It's not for everybody, but you know when you're sort of swaying side-to-side and waving? You can kind of humorously dance to it. It's a buried treasure track



4 PHAROAH SANDERS HEALING SONG

(from Live At The East, Impulse!, 1972)

"I must have had this record for three years, I dug it up five months ago and I quess I just got into a heavy Pharoah Sanders phase again. He's sort of the spiritual sax godfather of what John Coltrane left. I think that sometimes he's like passing on some weird spiritual pop hook, and that happens in this song. You just know that he plays music for the good of the world. It's like a religion and they all just riff around this sort of basic chordal-good-vibes theme. I think if somebody isn't even into jazz per se, when it gets to pop in general it's just universal se moments."



5 JERRY LEE LEWIS CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA

(from Ole Tyme Country Music, Sun, 1970)

"Jerry Lee Lewis was a maniac. An insane piano player, but he had lots of demons; he was always going from religion to amphetamines. They found out he married his really young cousin and people hated him, then he went back to country music. It's a really lost recording, it's got the rockabilly guitar but it's more lush, in a Phil Spector way. It's catchy, not challenging at all, and it has the funky-soulhead-bobbing thing. It's like this rambunctious soulful piano playing. His vocal delivery is cocky; he's possessed by music. He just had this natural boogie-woogie thing in his poisoned brain. If there was no Jerry Lee Lewis, none of us would be here







CHARLES AZNAVOUR

France's atavistic taboobreaker talks freedom, Armenia and La Bohème.

znavour represents tragedy and tenderness with a surprising strictness," noted the film-maker Jean Cocteau in 1962. "But his true success comes from the fact he sings more with his heart than with his voice." Fifty-three years later, the singer has released his 51st album, Encores, and, a week before his 91st birthday, MOJO meets him in a hotel near the Arc de Triomphe.

Born in Paris in 1924, Aznavour left school at 10, sang to make ends meet during the Second World War and was "discovered" by Edith Piaf in 1946. In the 1950s he was one of the writer-singers who revolutionised chanson; 20 years later, he became an international star, re-recording his songs in various

languages. He divides his time between music and acting as an ambassador for Armenia, attributing his longevity to keeping busy. His success is down to "Lyrics, lyrics, lyrics. It's in the words."

Does writing get easier, or is it harder to find something new to say?

It's easier with experience but the hard point is having the language clean, not using the same word twice. I am the most difficult man and translators suffer with me, in any language.

You left school without qualifications – what made you believe you could write songs, compose music, act in films?

If you have been on the Metro in the rush hour, you know there is no space but you have to (mimes pushing his way in). I am that man. I am the last man on. Is there anything I can't do? I don't know.

Your parents escaped the Armenian genocide only to struggle in Paris under the Nazis. Did the hardships influence your approach to writing?

No, because I have two parts to my family. The part of my mother had been massacred; my father's, no. My father was an optimistic person: if we don't have it, God will provide. The man I am is like my father, the writer is like my mother, who cried her whole life about her family. This balance is good for me.

Was there a moment you realised you had talent?

The moment I learnt I could be free in writing. You couldn't say that, you couldn't say this. Suddenly I broke all taboos, like Louis-Ferdinand Céline's Journey To The End Of The Night. I started to be more open. I was forcing Aznavour to become Aznavour.



CHANSON DEVIL

5 songs Charles wouldn't have minded writing.

1 Brother Can You Spare A Dime? Yip Harburg & Jay Gorney

2 Que Reste-T-II De Nos Amours? [I Wish You Love] Charles Trenet & Léo Chauliac (1943)

3 La Mauvaise Réputation Georges Brassens (1952)

4 Lili Marlene Hans Leip (1915)

5 Love Minus Zero/ No Limit Bob Dylan



And did this openness get you into trouble in the past?

Après L'Amour [about that post-coital feeling] was banned by radio. And then I wrote Tu T'Laisses Aller [aka You've Let Yourself Go]. People said, "We can't release that, we have fat women." We sold one million records, so I found out more and more what people said and what was hidden outside the house. I opened that door.

And the critics hated you.

I don't care. What the critic is doing, I can do it twice better. And they criticise me? And, secondly, they are wrong, because the public came to me. I am not the number one star in France, I am the most popular in the street, because that is their reality, not the critics'. And I am not a matinée idol (laughs), I am from the nighttime.

What are your memories of headlining the Olympia in Paris as a young man?

I was a hot billing and for my final song we turned the lights onto the public to give them the feeling they were in the spotlight. I finished. Nothing, silence, the curtain comes down. I said to my manager, "Tomorrow we have to find another job." And I heard the sound of the seats tipping up, I thought the audience were leaving. No, it was the chairs coming up so they could stand. It was an enormous success.

In 1960, you starred in François Truffaut's Shoot The Piano Player, which was a big hit in America.

I had a show in Carnegie Hall, my first performance in English. And it was packed, full of musicians and actors, and I remember a jazz musician... what was his name (mimes sax), I forget... came backstage afterwards and said: "People were disappointed. We were expecting you to play piano." I said: "But I don't know how to ..."

Speaking of America, was your career at risk by singing the pro-gay Comme IIs Disent [What Makes A Man] on Johnny Carson's TV show?

I said: "Johnny, I can't come and not sing it. It's an important song, we have to do something." He accepted that but was not very happy about it. We have to be modern, we have to be intelligent, we have to be open to everything. But we are not modern, we are old, very old people. We refuse logical things.

Tell us something you've never told a journalist before.?

You know the white handkerchief I use when singing La Bohème? It is a symbol of youth and when I drop it I am dropping youth, because the old man goes out. There are many things symbolic in my way of singing. I prove to myself that I am not a total idiot.

David Hutcheon

Charles Aznavour plays the Royal Albert Hall on November 3.

LAST NIGHTA RECORD CHANGED MY LIFE

DESTROYER

Distinctive Vancouver regenerator Dan Bejar hails Joni Mitchell's *Mingus*.

could have chosen something like Psychocandy, a record that did change me – almost physically – in my teens, but Joni Mitchell is an artist who means so much to me right now and this is a record that came into my life, not last night, but literally two nights ago.

Mingus is a record I've thought a lot about in the last few years. Hove the Joni records running up to it, but I never listened to Mingus because I was intimidated by its reputation. So I decided in the darkness of my Madrid hotel room, drinking wine to try and get over jet lag at four in the morning, that it was time.

It ended up being exactly what I hoped and feared. There are tracks like God Must Be A Boogie Man and The Wolf That Lives In Lindsey that are the peak of everything you could hope to achieve in song, but also a couple of tracks that kind of fail. But records like that always seem more important to me than those 'culture-defining masterworks' people gravitate around.

You've got Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter and Jaco Pastorius on The Mitchell Brother: Dan Bejar (below) reaches up towards Mingus; (bottom) the mighty work in question.



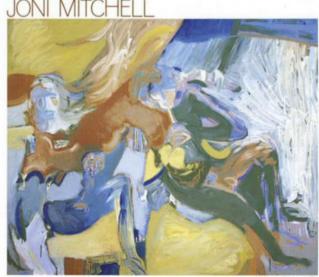
"IT ENDED UP BEING EXACTLY WHAT I HOPED AND FEARED." this – Joni's in good hands – but it's not just jazz instruments; it's jazz thinking. She's blowing apart her pop song structures, and her lyrics are getting more advanced and fractured. Even her guitar has this harsh quality. Everything is harmonic and buzzing and the structures are so free-floating but heavy. Joni is one of the few genuine modernists of music, and it's like she's invented her own language.

I'm sure I'm not the first to say this, but Mingus sounds to me like the end of something: the end of the project that started in a very attractive and universal way with Court And Spark, but whose universal elements she gradually dispensed with. Part of me wishes that she could have kept on going with these kinds of uniquely personal visions.

l don't mean that *Chalk Mark In A Rain*Storm isn't a personal vision, but it
feels like she had to rein it in.

On the record I just made [Poison Season, on Dead Oceans] many of my cues come from this era of Joni Mitchell. I want the words and the vocal melody and everything else to act as one beast, reaching up towards the light. With Joni, her sound is instinctive. It's not just the words or the melody; it's how they come together as one vision of the world, and that's what I want out of all art desperately.

Danny Eccleston



MINGUS



EZRA FURMAN

The "gender-wobbly", weirdo Springsteen talks doo wop, fearlessness and Judaism.

here's a boldness in my music and my personal life," declares Ezra Furman. "You have to be the person you really are in public and private. We have to be more fearless about those things."

The Chicago-born, San Francisco-residing Furman's mission statement rings loud on Perpetual Motion People. His sixth album, and third solo, is a frank declaration of his faith, influences and sexuality, boldly illuminating his life and world-view. On Haunted Head, he sings, "I'm having too much fun, my arms around the toilet like a long-lost chum, I'm kneeling at the throne... I'm learning what it means to really pray." Anything can feed into Furman's music: from inspirations like doo wop and Bruce Springsteen, John Lennon and Violent Femmes, to his bisexuality and commitment to Judaism. Above all, though, Furman's new album is full-tilt fun with the highs and lows of a vertiginous rollercoaster ride.

Perpetual Motion People, the follow-up to 2013's cult success Day Of The Dog, ends with the reflective One Day I Will Sin No More. "For me, Jewish thought has never not existed," he says of his faith. "I'll spend my life learning it, studying Torah and finding out what I'm made of. I try to pray three times a day. It's very difficult when I'm touring

No more hiding: Ezra Furman putting more care into the way he presents himself.

MASCULINE **ALL THE TIME BUGGED ME.**'

but I still try, even if it is quite inconvenient." He will only play concerts after sundown on the Sabbath.

Furman's musical loves jostle for attention on the album. "I really love those doo wop bass

voices," he reveals. "There's something almost - the nonsense of it - avant-garde in them, like Dadaism. Salvador Dali might have liked doo wop a lot. When I was teenager playing real punk style on my acoustic guitar someone said, 'Oh, you must love the Violent Femmes.' I was, Who? I sought them out. John Lennon is probably my favourite singer ever. There's something so perfect about his voice, the screams, the tenderness. I so adore Bruce Springsteen but wish he could be a little less the regular guy. A good description of what I'm trying to be is the weirdo version of Bruce Springsteen."

It's probable Springsteen has never worn a dress. "It was hard to put more care into the way I presented myself," confesses Furman. "It was a core value for me for many years to never care about my appearance, part of being non-conformist or punk or something. Although I still dress masculine about half the time, being masculine all the time bugged me. Now, the boldness extends to dressing more feminine, being a more feminine person. I used to very carefully decide who gets to know I'm bisexual and gender wobbly. No more hiding that stuff."

Kieron Tvler

"BEING

RISING



uilding on their indie/psych/folk beginnings, Balling SHEEP have rebooted their sound to great acclaim on recently-released second album Not Real. Drummer and singer Lucy Mercer says, "We wanted to make the music more inclusive, upbeat and easier to dance to," while citing influences that stretch from Kanye West to Frank Zappa. Not Real might be brighter and more immediate, but the band's singular art pop vision (left) remains intact. Having recently played David Byrne's Meltdown and previously collaborated on a live movie soundtrack with **The Radiophonic**

Workshop, Mercer concludes, "we're more aware of what we want and what we're aiming for." Joe Banks



Transmitting the pugnacious, proletarian attitude of 上 their port city home, Rotterdam awkwardists RATS ON RAFTS (left) suggest listening to their new, second LP Tape Hiss on cassette, for the correct degree of analogue sibilance. Extant since 2005, and inspired by Mudhoney, Butthole Surfers and Tad, among others ("I enjoyed the anger, energy and humour," explains leader David Fagan), the group's latest brings churning underground noise with bracing, warped pop appeal. Also inspired by Dutch post punk obscurios such as GERM, De Div and Rondos, Fagan adds they're unimpressed with "the self-absorbed hype to release everything you record. We'd rather only release things we think are worthwhile." Ian Harrison

EZRA FURMAN

FACT SHEET

- For fans of: Bruce Springsteen, Violent Femmes, Beck.
- The title Perpetual Motion People reflects Furman's constant restlessness. he dedicates it to those experiencing mood swings
- and feeling unsettled.He was inspired by the 'Technicolor" scope of Vampire Weekend's 2013 album Modern Vampires Of The City.

KEY TRACKS

- Haunted Head
- Can I Sleep In Your Brain?
 One Day I Will Sin No More

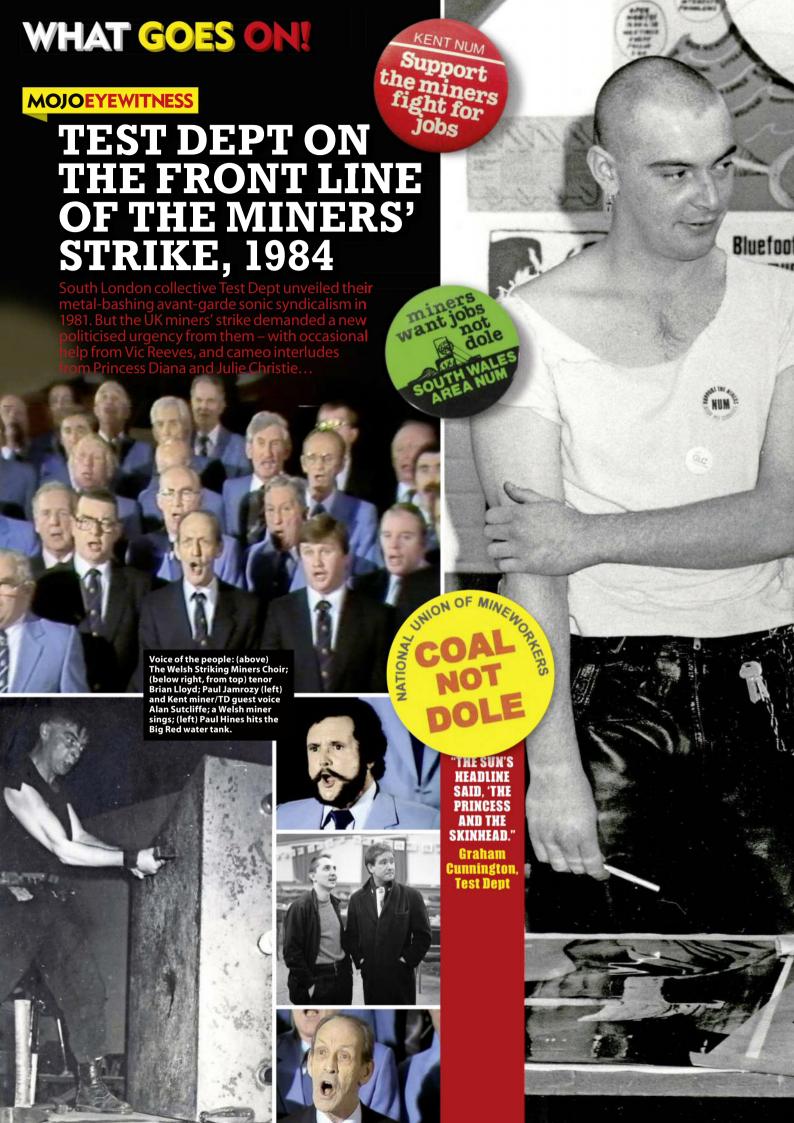
Phil Sharp, ©Shalita Dietrich

beach house

depression cherry

THE NEW ALBUM
INCLUDES THE SINGLE 'SPARKS'
RELEASED 28 AUGUST ON CD LP & DIGITAL





TD's Paul Jamrozy and Graham Cunnington – and Vic Reeves – on miners, royalty and rozzers.

Paul Jamrozy: "After the Falklands War things moved into a different gear politically. We were using propagandist imagery and people wanted to know where we stood on particular issues. The miners' strike pushed us into taking a strong political stance. The first event we did in support of the miners was the Albany [the Albany Empire, south-east London]. That came from our soundman Jack Balchin who'd worked with Henry Cow and done dub stuff with Jah Shaka. Jack knew a local [Labour Party] activist called Pat Brown. It was decided we'd do this benefit for the miners – they'd asked Squeeze originally and they'd had to pull out. Jack was keen to get a Welsh choir involved. There was no striking miners choir then, but we organised a choir from people in South Wales – what became the South Wales Striking Miners Choir [who appeared alongside Test Dept on the Shoulder To Shoulder album]. The first time the choir sang together was on the bus down to the Albany.

vications

The Albany was an amazing evening. We had a certain audience, but there was also another audience who were interested in the choir and people who were politically active. It was rammed with this strange mix, from punks to old grannies. The miners were from this tough working background but we later heard that some of them were terrified at the Albany. They'd never seen so many people of colour before and all these punks. One of the soloists was too scared to go to the toilet by himself.

Pat [Brown], being the organiser, had spotted these three old ladies and he was quite concerned about them because they were standing right by the bass bins. But it was so busy he couldn't get to them to warn them what the sound would be like. Our soundman Jack was renowned for blistering sound – he'd destroyed many PAs. At the end Pat went up to the old ladies and they said it was absolutely wonderful – they were all stone deaf and it was the first concert they'd been to where they could hear something. We also heard Julie Christie was there."

Graham Cunnington: "The choir were a bit shocked when they met us at the soundcheck and saw us bashing metal. They weren't quite sure if we were building the stage or playing music... Princess Diana was involved with the venue and she visited before the miners' event. We were screenprinting posters and Paul [Hines, Test Dept member] was doing some design work. So, there was Paul holding this scalpel inches away from her pregnant belly with Prince William inside. The photo made the front page of The Sun, with the headline 'The princess and the skinhead'. It's impossible to imagine that kind of photo happening today. The Albany was near the area where we'd started making music together, even before Test Dept. [Pre-

ONE VOICE

I Me Mine: Paul Hines meets Princess Diana

in the Albany Empire,

Deptford, September 18, 1984; (inset) gig poster.

£150

ONE WILL

fame] Vic Reeves lived in the same house as Angus [Farquhar, Test Dept member] and Brett [Turnbull, Test Dept films and visuals]."

Vic Reeves: "I lived on Nettleton Road in New Cross with members of Test Dept - and the Band Of Holy Joy and The Mekons, quite a bohemian sect. Graham Cunnington and Paul Jamrozy came back one day from a factory that was being demolished. They'd found a big metal tank which said 'test department number six' on the side, because it came from 'test department number six'. They'd been banging it and enjoyed that and went back and got loads more bits of metal. I played bass with them at one gig. I decided halfway through that there was no way I should be in this group (laughs). It was purely tin cans from that point. I think they were the most dramatic group there has ever been. It's violence... without the violence, the pure sound of industry. Your Cabaret Voltaires were called 'industrial' music but it was just electronics.

They were really memorable times. I'd wake up in the morning and come downstairs and find Blixa Bargeld from Einstürzende Neubauten frying an egg. He was wearing nothing at all apart from a pair of welly boots."

TURN OVER! TEST DEPT TAKE THEIR INDUSTRIAL SEDITION BEHIND



TEST DEPT ON THE FRONT LINE, THE MINERS' STRIKE

Involvement with the UK miners led on to forays into Eastern Europe, with bus drama, wiretapping and OMD.

Paul Jamrozy: "I think our phones were tapped during the miners' strike. On one occasion you could hear part of a previous conversation being played back down the line... We also later saw the file the Stasi in East Germany had on the band. It said something like we represented the 'so-called heavy metal music genre...' Our instruments were heavy metal, literally speaking, but not in that sense. It also says what we were doing 'in no way meets the standards of high-level socialist art'.

My father was Polish, a first-generation immigrant, so I always wanted to go and play there, in what was still the communist era. We got to Poland and found we were there a month earlier

than expected. This guy, Marek, said, 'Don't worry, give me a couple of days...' He came back and said we had a show near Lublin, at the agricultural trade union's summer do. But we'd be starting the next day in the national stadium in Warsaw, where we'd be going out live on TV all across Eastern Europe. We were told there were 70,000 people and there was a kind of circus atmosphere, with camels and stock-car racing – plus us and a Swedish rock band. The headliner was Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark, who landed in a helicopter in the middle of the stadium, played a short set and then flew off again.

We travelled in a big old bus – modified so we could sleep in it and also carry all our scrap metal. We had two big bus crashes in Poland. After the first one this old Polish man came by on his bike. He didn't speak English but he took us to his garage where he had a lathe. He somehow made these imperial-measure bolts from scratch.

East Bloc **Rocking Beats:** (above) Test Dept sample the romance of the road; (below left) scenes from the band's appearance at the Warsaw National Stadium, September 1985; (below right) Cunnington channels class on-stage

"THE STASI
IN EAST
GERMANY
SAID WE
REPRESENTED
'SO-CALLED
HEAVY
METAL
MUSIC'."
Paul

Jamrozy

we could carry on. Then the bus smashed into a tram in Lublin, ripping the side off the bus. It looked like the end of the road, but we were told that Lublin was where they built all Poland's buses. Our Polish representative went to the bus depot and, over a couple of bottles of vodka, the factory manager agreed to fix the bus. In return, in good socialist style, we did a benefit show for the victims of an earthquake in Mexico City. There was a story every day on our bus repairs in the local communist newspaper: 'Today the heroic workers installed 500 bolts and pop rivets...' They fixed the bus and on we went."

Graham Cunnington: "I remember being at the hotel and sharing the lift with the North Korean national gymnastics team. We had barely enough money to buy food. I had one cigarette left and someone in the group asked for a cigarette. I said it was my last one but our Polish guide, Marek, just said, 'He wants a cigarette – so give him a cigarette.' This really struck me. I took it as socialist wisdom, something I've tried to live by ever since."

Roy Wilkinson

The extensive Test Dept biographical history Total State Machine is out now, published by PC-Press. The Test Dept album Shoulder To Shoulder has recently been reissued, with a Test Dept box set to follow in October. Vic Reeves and Bob Mortimer's The Poignant Moments tour starts on November 10.













John Hunt, Jane Houghton

The Independent







"An impressive set of hypnotic and unsettling songs" - The Mirror

"As emotionally gripping as it is sonically explorative." - Uncut

"Ravishing, chilling chamber-pop... both delicate and brutal" - Mail On Sunday

the new album 'hypoxia' is out now on 12" vinyl, cd and download



RETRO-FUTURE DAYS

Live in Norway and Suffolk, history-rock edutainers **Public Service Broadcasting** laugh, cry and triumph.

n a well-ordered antechamber of the Scandic Hotel in the southern Norwegian town of Grimstad, Public Service Broadcasting director-general J. Willgoose, Esq. is talking about the things that make him weep.

"A lot of the footage that we use and the stories that we tell are very emotional," says the tall, civil south Londoner, decked out as always in Robin Day-inspired bow tie, tweed iacket and cords. "I have to be very careful not to watch the end of the video for the song Valentina [Tereshkova, the first woman in space] when we're playing live. There's a shot of her where she looks so happy, like she's just achieved exactly what she wanted to achieve in life. I can't look at it, or I'm bloody blubbing.

Bearded, Leeds-born drummer Wrigglesworth demurs. "I can't recall ever crying at music," he counters. "Unless it's really bad."

Since Willgoose played his first gig as PSB in a Tooting pub in late 2009, the group have communicated focused, stiff-upper-lip drama, insight and heroism with their enhanced marriage of electronic rock and vintage public information film voice samples, mainly drawn from the British Film Institute archives, 2012's EP The

War Room and 2013's debut album Inform-Educate-Entertain musically reanimated historic triumphs including the ascent of Everest, wartime London's defiance of the Luftwaffe and the old Travelling Post Office rail mail service. February's conceptually unified Number 11 entry The Race For Space, meanwhile, boldly represented the USA and USSR's rivalry for off-world supremacy between 1957 and 1972. with starring roles for Yuri Gagarin, John F. Kennedy and the Apollo 11 moon landing. Allied with the group's formal dress code and monikers, this non-rock'n'roll approach makes for a group primed to divide opinion.

Willgoose is more concerned with suggestions that their music is somehow antiquated. "I don't ever want it to be seen as nostalgic," he insists, "as if there isn't any hope for the future, just because all these things happened in the past. I always think that by bringing these things into the present we're kind of reminding people that they're possible, and trying to bring a sense of collective achievement, and putting smiles on people's faces. It's nice to almost be like, accidentally, a

cheerleader for a

kind of optimism."

Wrigglesworth (seated) and J. Willgoose, Esq. relax on their yacht, Grimstad harbour, south ern Norway, July 15, 2015; (below) with former Grimstad resident Henrik

"THERE ARE

DEFINITELY

THINGS I

WORRY

ABOUT... LIKE

IMMINENT

DEATH.

Willgoose.

Esa.

midweek event the Skral Festival. Headliner D'Angelo has begun over an hour late on the bash's out-of-town outdoor stage, and the envisaged flood of revellers into Grimstad for PSB's midnight club show has not occurred. Consequently, the three-piece band bassist/flugelhorn/percussionist JF Abraham is also present – take their stripped down stage presentation to the Apotek venue's tented beer garden, to a markedly reduced crowd.

Yet they rise to the challenge. With their essential vintage-to-the-future screen visuals in easy view, there are on-stage grins and rockist flourishes for Signal 30's Man Or Astroman-esque evocation of dangerous hotrodding, after which their received-pronunciation laptop robo-voice cheerily announces, "It's great to be here at the Skral festival!" Wartime aviation anthem Spitfire (screen stars - Leslie Howard and David Niven) gets a suitably spirited reception, vividly demonstrating how these archival voices and films gain new presence from their live band setting. Inevitably, D'Angelo stragglers start to arrive as the hour performance reaches its end, but it's still a peculiar, intimate and unforgettable experience.

Optimism is arguably required for tonight's concert, a part of two-day,

> Suffolk, and finds them in philosophical mood. Willgoose quips that he's played to fewer people than

Two days later MOJO joins PSB on their multi-berth roadliner to drive to the Latitude Festival in



















PSB on the gifts their fans keep on giving.

J. Willgoose, Esq.: "I've had people bringing me bits of Spitfires to gigs. I've got a piece of fuselage on my mantelpiece. That song was what first connected with people. I really underestimated what a talismanic place that aircraft still has in our country's history, and it really created a lot more of a bond with the audience."

Wrigglesworth: "We've also been sent pictures of us made out of Lego. It's pretty spot-on actually, he ordered special parts to do it."

JW: "Just yesterday I got sent a signed photo of [flight controller] Chuck Dieterich he wrote, 'PSB, Go! Chuck Dieterich.' He's a big fan of the song Go!, apparently, which is incredible! I've also got a signed photo of [flight controller] Gene Kranz, and a signed Gene Kranz 'Failure Is Not An Option' baseball cap. With Gagarin, we've also had messages from people in the Russian space agency who are big fans of it. We have received some mildly sniffy e-mails as well..."

W: "We got one of my favourite ever comments, because we didn't have 'CCCP' on our space helmets in the Gagarin video. One YouTube comment was 'You stupid English, it is necessary to sink your fucking island.' Full on, isn't it?"

pers: (clockwise from top left) set post-mortem in the Grimstad Apotek dressing room with bassist JF Abraham (centre); Wrigalesworth live in Norway; J. below decks; Latitude fans; on-stage at the 6Music tent with brass section and cosmonaut Bez; post-gig with visuals man Mr. B (far right); Wrigglesworth rudely awoken (tour bus); more Latitude fans; Skral fest setlist:

(below right)

PSB Lego-style.

Robin Day trip-

in Grimstad, and finds malfunctioning equipment more alarming than scant crowds. With perfect timing, he then receives news that the official Latitude programme has billed them as 'Public Service Broadcast'.

"Before this, we've been billed as 'Pubic Service Broadcasting', 'British Sector Broadcasting' and, at a festival in Ullapool, 'Pubic Service Broadcasing," offers Wrigglesworth, cheerfully. "It was the 'broadcasing' that was the real kick in the nuts," says J.

A dry, logical, self-deprecating personality who disapproves of swearing in interviews and is obsessed with Toto's 1983 hit Rosanna, Wrigglesworth declares he is, mentally, already middle aged.

"I always have been," he admits.
"People called me 'old man' at school.
I like University Challenge, gardening, crosswords and silence... but you've got to accept what you have in life."

He confirms that his partner "worries about everything", and Willgoose doesn't argue. "There are definitely things I worry about that are unusual," he ponders. "Like the fear of imminent death." Then why seek out the stage, asks MOJO? "It's what I've wanted to do since I was 14."

Tonight warrants no such dread.

The 6Music tent is full to capacity, and though Sputnik is a slow, pulsating opener, energy quickly kicks in as the band's Soviet satellite prop ascends on its mechanical arm, radio antennas flashing. There's a monstrous cheer for The Other Side – an unusual candidate for hysteria, being about the first manned flight behind the dark side of the moon – and there's symphonic post-rock splendour with Night Mail, but particular abandon is reserved for moon landing sing-along Go! and cosmonautical funk salute Gagarin. The latter features a brass section and men in spacesuits invading the crowd and stage: set closer Everest ends the show on a neatly figurative peak.

Talking afterwards in their dressing room portakabin, the low key Skral show seems like a momentary blip on an otherwise upwards trajectory. "That was great," say Willgoose, who has to drive to the Truck festival in Oxfordshire at 7am the next morning. "Very rowdy." Strangely rowdy for songs about Sputniks and mail trains, ventures MOJO? "Of course it's strange," he laughs, "but that should be encouraged, shouldn't it?"

Ian Harrison

Public Service Broadcasting tour the UK in November.





POP PROM

SEPTEMBER 15 The Beatles were looking in

forward to a holiday in early September, 1963. They'd been playing tour dates, working at EMI on tracks for their second album, and slotting in various promotional, TV and radio events. The sound of their chart-topping single, She Loves You, echoed from a zillion Dansettes and all was well with the Epstein empire. So well, in fact, that Brian Epstein had installed a new ruling, nixing gigs at small venues and insisting that, wherever possible, The Beatles would appear only in proper theatres.

But it was exhausting. John Lennon was looking forward to a planned trip to Paris with his wife Cynthia. George Harrison planned a visit to his sister Louise, who lived in Illinois, while Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr had booked a trip to Greece. First, however, there was an important live show to perform. Come Sunday, September 15, they were due at London's Royal Albert Hall to top a bill involving The Viscounts, Shane Fenton, Kenny Lynch, The Brook Brothers, Billie Davis and others at the Great Pop Prom, an all-star afternoon concert in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation, promoted by teen magazines Valentine, Marilyn and Roxy.

Not that anyone realised that this was history in the making. For it was to

"UP THERE
WITH THE
ROLLING
STONES... WE
FELT LIKE
GODS."
MACCA

been arranged that would link the Stones and The Beatles on the Hall's South Steps. It was, according to Paul McCartney, the moment he realised that The Beatles had really made it.

"Standing up on those steps behind the Albert Hall in our new gear, the smart trousers, the rolled collar." he recalled. "Up there with

behind the Albert Hall in our new gear, the smart trousers, the rolled collar," he recalled. "Up there with The Rolling Stones, we were thinking 'This is it – London! The Albert Hall!' We felt like gods."

The Daily Mirror reported that there were: "60,000 screaming teenagers intent on crushing just four Beatles. Never has the Royal Albert Hall seen scenes quite like it. Even for Britain's newly elected top vocal group, The Beatles, it was bewildering. They were the target for anything the teenagers could lay their hands on. Girls swept out of their seats and tried to rush the stage... they were repelled by about 40 commissionaires. After their final number, Twist And Shout, the four Beatles fled from the stage and out of the hall into a waiting cab."



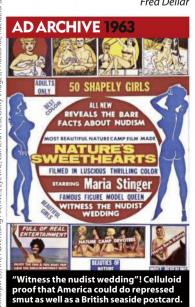
The Rolling Stones were no less impressive. Dressed in dark trousers, pale blue shirts with ties and dark blue leather waistcoats, they delivered a torrent of blues-flecked material that tore the place apart. "We got an amazing reception," Keith Richards recalled. But the Stones were hardly top of the heap at that point. They were paid only £35 for their RAH set and most of their gigs that September were at venues like Twickenham's Eel Pie Island or Ken Colyer's Jazz Club in London. Even on this, the biggest occasion of their lives up to that date, they immediately had to return to their standard routine.

"We couldn't hang around because we had to head back down the A3 to Richmond to play the Crawdaddy Club that night," rued Richards.

The Royal Albert Hall had already played a prominent part in the life of Paul McCartney. When The Beatles had played at the venue earlier in the year, as part of a BBC show titled Swinging Sound '63, he'd met fiancée-to-be Jane Asher, who was covering the event for the Radio Times. "I realised this was the girl for me," he informed all who enquired about his love life.

The hall's authorities did not feel quite so loving. Everything had been too unruly, too sensational to be healthy. At a meeting held a few weeks after the Great Pop Prom, it was proposed that The Beatles, who were scheduled to return for a New Year's Eve Ball, should be the subject of a permanent ban. In the end, common sense triumphed: as revealed in the RAH council minutes, the president said he felt this particular group represented "first-class entertainment", and the edict was never implemented. The fact that the Fabs had been chosen to appear in that year's Royal Command Performance obviously played a part in the decision. Even so, The Beatles never appeared at the New Year's show. At which the RAH authorities breathed a sigh of relief.

Fred Dellar





GAVE TIME 9 Marvin Gaye (above) Recorded Live On Stage, is released on Tamla. His first live LP, it's from a Motortown Revue show at Chicago's Regal Theatre, recorded earlier in '63. He was npanied by Martha And The Vandellas

JET FRETS 12 Bassist Jet Harris
receives serious head injuries when his chauffeur-driven usine ploughs into a Midland Red bus following a concert at Worcester Town Hall.

FLY FRANK 13 It's reported that Frank Sinatra is to sell his plane, The Christina, for \$300,000.

WELCH HURTS 20 Bruce Welch says he's to quit The Shadows due to health reasons, Before his final . Welch is due to back Cliff Richard on the Ed Illivan Show, then visit Israel and France with The Shadows. He will also continue to write songs with Hank Marvin and for Cliff.

KIRK RAVING MAD

21 At London's St Pancras Town Hall, Roland Kirk tops a modern jazz bill, Soon after, he plays at Ronnie Scott's Club. Scott quips: "The first time he came he introduced the nose flute. The second time he came he demonstrated the ear flute. I couldn't bear to think what his next flute might be!

TOP VINTON 21 Bobby Vinton's Blue Velvet tops

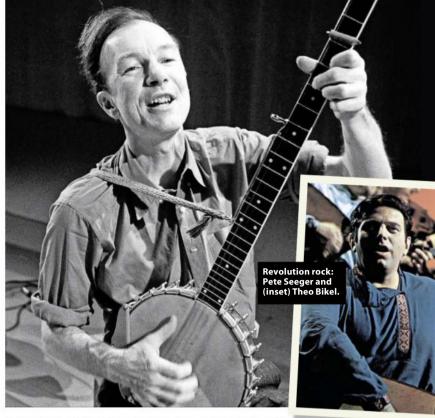
the US singles chart deposing The Angels' My Boyfriend's Back CILLA KEEN

2/ Cilla Black's debut single Love Of The Loved, written for her by John Lennon and

Paul McCartney

ARDEN PARTY 29^{Don Arden} presents The **Everly Brothers** as stars of a UK tour that starts at London's New Victoria Theatre, Also on the bill are Bo Diddley, The Rolling Stones

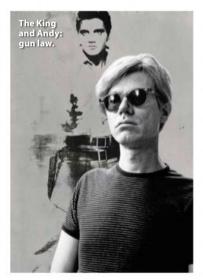
and Mickie Most.



SEEGER TARGETED BY RED-SCAREMONGERS

SEPTEMBER 14 Though many members of the US folk scene are viewed with suspicion by influential right-wingers, ABC-TV's

Hootenanny show invites Pete Seeger to appear as a guest – but only if he signs an oath of loyalty to the United States. Seeger refuses, and ABC extends its ban on the leftist performer. Harold Leventhal, Seeger's manager, claims that his clients The Weavers have also been blacklisted. Singer and actor Theo Bikel, who is to appear on Hootenanny "with misgivings", says: "I have never seen any evidence that Pete Seeger has tried to overthrow the government with his banjo."



WARHOL DOES ELVIS

SEPTEMBER 30 The silver Elvises, a

37-feet long Andy Warhol artwork composed of 16 identical images of Elvis Presley in cowboy mode, is exhibited at the Ferus Gallery in Los Angeles. The images were copied from a publicity still for the film Flaming Star. In 2008 the painting, reduced in size to feature a mere eight Elvises, will be sold to a private collector for a reported \$100 million.

TOPTEN

HONG KONG SINGLES SEPT 14

TWIST IT UP CHUBBY CHECKER PARKWAY

2 HEARTACHES THE STRING-A-LONGS DOT

3 LUCKY LIPS CLIFF RICHARD COLUMBIA

ROCK ME IN THE CRADLE 4 OF LOVE DEE DEE SHARP CAMEO

5 SAKAMOTO CAPITOL **SUKIYAKI** KYU

CINDERELLA THE 6 CASCADES RCA VICTOR

7 I WILL LOVE YOU RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN MGM

8 LONE STAR STOMP THE CORNELLS UA

GEIGHTEEN YELLOW ROSES BOBBY DARIN CAPITOL

10 YOUR GONE SURFING DUANE EDDY RCA VICTOR

Kyu Sakamoto: a US charttopper, too.



























SUBSCRIBE NOW! ORDER AT: WWW_MO_IO4MI

ALTERNATIVELY CALL 018

Terms & Conditions: This offer is open to new UK-based subscribers paying on Direct Debit only. Prices quoted for subscriptions including digital include delivery charges and VAT (VAT is only applicable to the digital (approximate) 2p to 10p. Cost from mobiles per minute (approximate) 10p to 40p. Costs vary depending on the geographical location in the UK. You may get free calls to some numbers as part of your call package —

GET BEHIND TH MUSIC TH

MOJO is designed for those who truly love music. It gives you exclusive access to the most iconic of stars and recording royalty, while celebrating tomorrow's stars today. Read the stories behind the music, see rare archive photos and gain access to the most up-to-the minute and authoritative reviews section around, providing you with the best guide to the music available out there right now. Alongside each print magazine, you also receive a carefully compiled collector's CD FREE with every issue.

*** 12 ISSUES FOR ONLY £30 – SAVE 50%**

*** EACH ISSUE FOR ONLY £4.99** £2.50

*** FREE DELIVERY STRAIGHT TO** YOUR DOOR OR DIGITAL DEVICE

CHOOSE THE PRINT + DIGITAL PACKAGE FOR JUST £35 AND SAVE 70% OFF THE COVER PRICE PLUS RECEIVE A **COLLECTOR'S CD WITH EVERY PRINT ISSUE**



BASED OUTSIDE THE UK? GET A MOJO 6 MONTH SUBSCRIPTION FOR ONLY...



■ USA – £27.50 ■ EUROPE – £27.50 ■ REST OF WORLD – £27.50



RHYTHM KING

Krautrock's beating heart, Dieter Moebius died in July. Mike Barnes pays tribute.

1944-2015

REAL GONE

[[Toachim [Roedelius] is the guy who makes the little melodies and I am the guy who makes more the rhythm and sound things," was how Dieter Moebius summed up his role in Cluster. Moebius grew up in a musical family, but like many of his peers, when the cultural upheaval that spawned Krautrock arrived in the late '60s, he was more concerned with spontaneity and reinvention than formal training. In 1969 he formed Kluster together with Roedelius and Conrad Schnitzler, who he had met at the Zodiak Arts Lab in then-West Berlin. He initially played drums before turning to electronics as Schnitzler left and the group were renamed Cluster.

Their debut, Cluster 71, was a noisy and convulsive affair, but the music soon became more subtle and atmospheric, full of small and exquisite detail. It was what Wolfgang Seidel, drummer with Ton Steine Scherben, viewed as emblematic of their search for "a sonic Utopia, a way out of their surroundings".

This hugely influential group collaborated with Brian Eno on the albums *Cluster & Eno* and *After The Heat* in the late '70s and continued until 2010.

In 1973, Moebius and Roedelius formed Harmonia with Neu! guitarist Michael Rother and the group initially lasted until 1976, with Eno again collaborating. From the early days Rother recalls Moebius's processed rhythm machine and "boxes emitting signals". He also notes that he was an exceptional cook.

"He wanted to be spontaneous and he hated hard work. That's something we had little fights about in Harmonia," Rother told MOJO. "I used to think, He's so lazy, but he was so talented he got away with it."

By way of example, Rother remembers a rehearsal for a tour with Moebius in 2007, shortly before a full Harmonia reunion that year: "We took his gear into my studio and plugged in and after five minutes he said, 'OK, I go into the kitchen now and start cooking'.

"He would make strange sounds that you could not predict when you were playing live," Rother continues. Moebius' trip: Dieter, the everspontaneous rhythm-maker in 1984.

"DIETER HAD THE ABILITY OF FOCUSING ON JOY." Michael

Rother

"Sometimes they were terrible, but most of them were brilliant, so in this way we had a different approach. There were some struggles, but we laughed a lot."

As well as his work with Cluster and Harmonia, Moebius made a number of solo albums and produced some outstanding work with producer Conny Plank as Moebius & Plank, and with fellow German electronica artists Asmus Tietchens and Gerd Beerbohm. Doppelschnitt by Moebius & Beerbohm (1984) is a remarkable album full of phased, distressed drum machine and simmering electronics that is both kosmische in its outlook and remarkably prescient of 1990s German techno.

Cluster's long career ended with 2009's *Qua*, on which the duo's mix of "little melodies" and "rhythm and sound" was as colourful, fresh and playful as ever.

"People liked Dieter a lot and he had the ability of focusing on joy," assesses Rother. "He was one of the most important inspirations for me and we will remember him as a very special person who enriched our lives."

Courtesy Bureau-B.d



JOHN TAYLOR JAZZ PIANO MASTER BORN 1942

Manchester-born John Taylor was a self-taught pianist, who would become an elegant, receptive and intelligent improviser and a leading figure in British jazz. He began his recording career in 1971, a decade in which he played with Cleo Laine, Johnny Dankworth and Ronnie Scott, and co-founded "chamber jazz" group Azimuth with his vocalist wife Norma Winstone and trumpeter and long-term collaborator Kenny Wheeler in 1977. Later he worked with players including Gil Evans, Lee Konitz and Jan Garbarek, composed for choir and orchestra, and performed with a succession of duos, quartets and other ensembles: in 2002 he received the BBC Jazz Award for Best New Work for his Green Man Suite, Professor Of Jazz Piano at the Cologne College Of Music since 1993 and a lecturer in jazz at York University from 2005, his later works included interpretations of the songs of Paul McCartney with Swiss vocalist Diana Torto, and a suite inspired by the writings of Kurt Vonneaut, who the moustachio'd Taylor strikingly resembled. He suffered a heart attack at the Saveurs Jazz Festival in France on July 17, and died later in hospital. His last album, Duets. was released on August 7.

Ian Harrison

CILLA BLACK LIVERPOOL VOICE

BORN 1943

Born Priscilla White, Cilla Black found success in the '80s and '90s as a TV presenter and light entertainer, but her roots were in music. As a cloakroom attendant at The Cavern and a contemporary of The Beatles in the early '60s, she sang with local acts including The Big Three, Kingsize Taylor And The Dominoes and Rory Storm And The Hurricanes. After John Lennon introduced them, Brian Epstein became her manager in late 1963, and she soon hit Number 1 with her singles Anyone Who Had A Heart and You're My World. Eleven more

Top 10 hits followed in the next eight years, including a 1966 version of Alfie, arranged and conducted by Burt Bacharach. Increasingly employed in television as the '70s progressed, she still sang occasionally, duetting with Dusty Springfield on 1993's fondly nostalgic Heart And Soul and releasing her last new material in 2003. After she died at her home in southern Spain, Morrissey – who reputedly caused The Smiths to split when he insisted on covering Cilla's recording Work Is A Four-Letter Word at a terminal studio session in 1987 - commented: "Cilla Black made some great records... I'm very grateful for the songs, and it never occurred to me that such people could die.

Clive Prior



THEY ALSOSERVED



ELECTRONIC composer and DJ SUSUMU YOKOTA (b.c.1961) traversed multiple genres from the early '90s onwards, releasing such acclaimed ambient albums as Sakura and Grinning Cat, plus techno and house recordings using aliases including The Frankfurt-Tokyo Connection, Ebi and Anima Mundi. He died after a long illness.

GUITARIST JOHNNY
MEEKS (b.1937) replaced
Cliff Gallup in Gene
Vincent & His Blue Caps
in 1957, playing on 1958's A
Gene Vincent Record Date
album and appearing on
the film Hot Rod Gang, He
later played with The
Champs, Merle Haggard,
Elvis Presley, Lynn
Anderson and Mike
Nesmith among others

Nesmith, among others COUNTRYPOLITAN producer and arranger BILLY SHERRILL (b.1936) was a saxophonist before moving to the studio controls, where he pioneered the lush. strings-augmented take on country music with landmark songs including Tammy Wynette's Stand By Your Man, which he co-wrote, and He Stopped Loving Her Today by George Jones, who he produced from 1971 to 1990. Sherrill also worked with Charlie Rich, Merle Haggard, Ray Charles

and, on 1981's Almost Blue, Elvis Costello. He was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in 2010.

NORTHEAST guitarist

DAVE 'BLACKIE'
BLACK (b.1953) was best known for co-writing
Goldie's 1978 Number 7
hit Making Up Again. He had previously played in prog rockers Kestrel and with the post-Bowie and Ronson Spiders From
Mars: he later joined 747 and the Brendan Healy
Band. AC/DC's Brian
Johnson was among the mourners at his

HARMONICA virtuoso
HARRY PITCH (b.1925)
was inspired to play by
Larry Adler, and bought
his first instrument aged
14. Over a long playing
career his versatile talent
could be heard on
recordings including

funeral in Cullercoats.

recordings including
Frank Ifield's I Remember
You, Groovin'With Mr Bloe
and Ronnie Hazlehurst's
theme to BBC sitcom Last
Of The Summer Wine, He
also worked with Dusty
Springfield, Cliff Richard
and Procol Harum, His

and Procol Harum. His other achievements encompassed TV ads, film soundtracks (The Bridge Over The River Kwai was one), solo albums and leading his own jazz groups. He also recalled advising John Lennon how to play the harmonica part of Love Me Do, and in 2001 he played George Gershwin's Summertime at a private memorial for Larry Adler.

CAMBRIDGE punk
ANDREW O'HANRAHAN (alias Andrew Bor,
b.1959) played drums with
The Users. They released
Sick Of You in 1977. a

US-influenced piece of garage-band snot admired by John Peel and Patti Smith. They shared stages with The Soft Boys but unfortunately never recorded an album, and later morphed into the neo-Mod band The Selections.

WRITER, musician and producer WAYNE CARSON (sometimes credited as Wayne Carson Thompson, b.1943) composed songs including The Letter (a US Number 1 for The Box Tops in 1967), and co-wrote Always On My Mind, recorded by Elvis

Presley, Willie Nelson, Brenda Lee and Pet Shop Boys. Other of his works were recorded by Ike & Tina Turner, Conway

Tina Turner, Conway Twitty, Waylon Jennings, and others.

PRODUCER, writer and historian KEN BARNES (b.1933) began working in music marketing in London in 1964, but soon moved into writing and production. He worked on albums by Bing Crosby, Peter Sellers, Mark Murphy and Frankie Laine; he also wrote books on Frank Sinatra and Bing, while his screen works included writing the Clint Eastwood-produced biopic of songwriter Johnny Mercer, The

SOUL voice SHARON
TANDY (b.1943), born in
Johannesburg, moved to
London in 1964. As well as
cutting a series of singles,
she was the opening act
on the Stax/Volt tour of
Europe in 1967, recorded
with Booker T. & The
M.G.'s at Stax's McLemore
Avenue studio, and cut
tracks with freakbeat band

Les Fleur De Lys. Success having eluded her, she returned to South Africa where she scored three 1970s hits duetting with male singers. Retro-scene acclaim saw her singing once again at London's 100 Club in 2004.

SONGWRITER ROY C. BENNETT (b.1918) collaborated with Sid

Tepper on widely interpreted compositions including Red Roses For A Blue Lady, The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane and The Young Ones. They also wrote Glad All Over (covered by The Beatles), Travellin' Light and 42 songs sung by Elvis

Presley – five tracks on 1961's Blue Hawaii album were theirs – for which they were honoured by Lisa Marie Presley in Memphis in 2002.

SINGER LYNN
ANDERSON (b.1947)
recorded from 1966, but
enjoyed her greatest
country chart success in
the '70s and '80s, hitting
Number 3 in Britain and
the US with the 1970
crossover superhit (I Never
Promised You) A Rose
Garden, written by Joe
South. She also won
awards as an equestrian,
sang for President Carter,

and appeared on an

episode of TV cop show

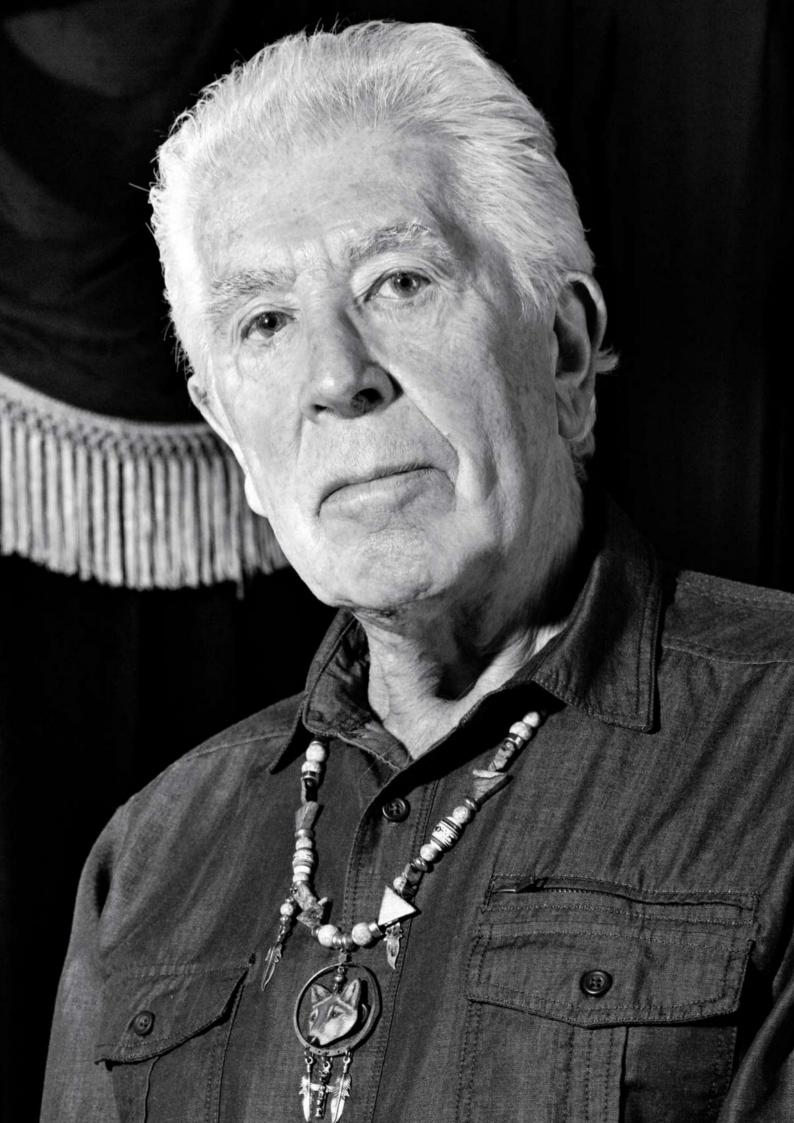
Hutch. Shortly beforeher death, Morrissey covered her signature song live.

Clive Prior

Starsky And

Lynn Anderson: rose garden hitmaker.

Eyevine, Mirrorpix, Alamy



THE MOJO INTERVIEW

The army gave him discipline, and his first guitar; the blues taught him the rest. Neither booze, blazes, nor fickle guitar gods confounded him for long. "The only thing I can do is play blues," says John Mayall. "I don't have a choice."

Interview By BOB MEHR • Portrait by PIPER FERGUSON

HAT DO YOU THINK?" ASKS John Mayall, holding out a pair of handmade voodoo necklaces, trying to decide which to wear for MOJO's cameras.

The veteran Bluesbreakers bandleader is standing in the

yard of his home in Woodland Hills — an enclave of Los Angeles bordering the Santa Monica Mountains. With a thick head of silver hair and a hearty complexion, the Cheshire-born octogenarian appears in rude health. He's lived in California since 1969, the sunshine and easy living a counterpoint to the tough, gutbucket blues that have been his stock-in-trade for six decades. His latest album, *Find A Way To Care* (Forty Below Records), was recorded at a studio a stone's throw from his house in the San Fernando Valley.

"It's much the same as the others I've made," he says of the disc. "It's just good blues."

As he poses for photos inside his back house pub and playroom, Mayall narrates the history of its fixtures and fittings. The cut glass doors in the entryway were salvaged from an old bar in St. Louis; the colourful stained glass window was recovered from Frank Zappa's home following a fire. The wooden bar that serves as the centrepiece is a sight to behold: a Western-themed affair studded with wagon wheels, deer antlers, cowboy spurs and human

headed what was known as The Brain Damage Club, a wild drinking society that included all manner of fellow pleasure seekers such as George Harrison, Joe Cocker, and his old Bluesbreakers mate, John McVie.

"I've always been a collector" Mayall says a description that

skulls. This was the site of considerable mischief back when Mayall

"I've always been a collector," Mayall says, a description that could apply to his curation of the blues itself, of its songs and traditions. "I'm an over-collector, probably. Sometimes I think the collections are going to take over."

Yet Mayall has added plenty of bespoke touches to the relics he has hoarded over the years. His home is filled with works that remind you of his art school origins: hand-carved guitars, pencil sketches and paintings, panels from an elaborate Beano comic he painted himself — a callback to the cover of the album that made his name: Blues Breakers With Eric Clapton, the Brit-blues catalyst he

concocted with the titular guitarist, bassist McVie and drummer Hughie Flint in 1966. Since then, he has been celebrated as the mentor of blazing talents – Peter Green, Mick Taylor, Walter Trout, Coco Montoya – and perhaps underrated as a creator in his own right.

"I don't feel comfortable unless I'm making things, building things, and getting them exactly how I want them," he says. "It's my own fantasy world. Well, it's a fantasy in one respect, but it's also a functioning

WE'RE NOTWORTHY

Paul McCartney on lessons learned from Don John.



"You'd go back to John's, he'd sit you down, give you a drink and say, 'Just check this out.' And for hours he'd blast you with B.B. King, Eric Clapton – he was showing me where all of Eric's stuff

was from. I was turned on. After I bought an Epiphone. So then I could wind up the Vox amp and get some nice feedback!" thing that you can enjoy every day. That's how I try and look at everything I do."

Your father Murray Mayall was a musician and jazz enthusiast. Do you have a specific memory of first hearing music as a child?

It's hard to pinpoint. When your father's a musician, you're hearing it right from the very beginning. He played guitar. But mainly I remember his records: Eddie Lang and Django Reinhardt were the biggies, then a lot of Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Red Nichols. I was probably round about 10 when I started taking proper interest in it myself, getting into boogie-woogie piano. That was my first love. My father didn't necessarily encourage me. If I started fiddling around with the guitar... well, the action was so high I couldn't do anything with it. He had a ukulele, and eventually, I started learning on that. I didn't really play in bands or with other musicians then. It was a solitary interest, really.

You were born in 1933, and were buying records by the early '40s. What were your first encounters with the blues?

I can remember the first 78 I got that was boogie-woogie. It had Albert Ammons on one side and Meade 'Lux' Lewis on the other. That was the first one, and it grew from there. I had quite a considerable collection by the time I was in my twenties. These were all 78s. There was a jazz record store in Manchester and they had all the blues stuff that came out but on British labels. There was a lot of Big Bill Broonzy, Josh White, and all the piano players of course.

You were part of the last generation of young Brits to do National Service and went to Korea. What impact did that have on you?

It was a different age and different way of living. You hate it at the time, but in retrospect it was a great experience to have had – sleep-

ing in a tent out in Korea, with the cold weather and the hot weather and uncomfortable conditions, and all the Army discipline. The good thing was you were allowed a certain amount of days leave. They flew you to Japan. Tokyo, that's where I bought my first guitar – the one that's featured on the front of [1967's] *The Blues Alone* album. I didn't play in the Army, no show bands or anything like that. But I did play guitar in a raggedy type of ship's band coming over. It took two months by boat to get to Korea. I put myself forward as being a musician. I think the line-up was drums, accordion and me. Had a bristly sergeant who played accordion and was very bossy. (*Laughs*)

After the service you enrolled at the Manchester College of Art. Was art school fertile ground for an aspiring musician?

Actually, when I first got back from the service, I resumed my career as an assistant window dresser in a department store. Then, after I'd been there about six months, I went and did my four years in art college. I did play in bands – started playing piano – and there were enough people who were interested in listening to what we were doing. My good friend was a drummer and we did lots of stuff in the intervals, the dinner hour or whatever, and breaks. We had a group that played at dances. Nothing with a permanent personnel, but it was a start.

You actually graduated and spent a long time working professionally as designer...

That lasted until I was 30. There was many years spent working in advertising. There again, I later used that experience in the design of my albums and publicity stuff. It all comes in handy. All these bits and pieces of my life, they all find their way into whatever I'm doing.

Why did it take so long for music to become a full-time pursuit?

The problem was nobody was listening to the

kind of music I was interested in. I was an outsider in that respect. There was no interest in blues music at all – it was mainly trad jazz, New Orleans-style jazz bands that ruled the roost for a whole 10-year period. It wasn't until Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies kicked the whole thing off in London, when they started it up with the blues clubs, I thought, "Oh this is interesting. I know what this music is all about." Having talked to Alexis about it, he said, "Why don't you come down to London and see what you can get going?"

You went on to back a number of great blues artists, starting with John Lee Hooker in 1964. What did that teach you?

It was great to work with those guys; they were not only your heroes but you learned a lot – at least I did. You picked up a lot of things about dynamics and about performance that you couldn't get just by listening to the records. Hooker was a very friendly guy. It was a little strange to work with him because he was unorthodox – his songs weren't always 12-bar blues; he could change at any time, any second, so you had to always be on your toes.

How did these bluesmen view your generation of musicians? Was there wariness on their part towards you?

They weren't wary at all. They were just delighted. Mainly because there wasn't any colour division like there was in the States. Coming from a divided society and background, they found it extraordinary that all these European whiteys were so into their music (laughs), and knew more about their careers than they ever dreamed of. Knew their entire discographies. They were totally amazed. So it was a big thing to them. I mean people like Champion Jack Dupree and Memphis Slim, they moved permanently to Europe.

You formed your first Bluesbreakers line-up in 1963 and developed a knack for picking gifted young musicians, especially

A LIFE IN PICTURES

John's journey: breakin' blues with Mayall.

- 1 "You hate it at the time, but it was a great experience." Young John during National Service in the Army.
- Family days: in October 1965 with wife Pamela and their children Tracey, Jason, Gary and Benedict, who they adopted.
- 3 Blues for Laurel Canyon: Mayall relocated to Los Angeles in the late '60s. "It was the land of dreams," he says.
- Classic Bluesbreakers
 (from left) Mayall, Hughie
 Flint, Eric Clapton, John McVie.
- 5 Blues-rock summit: (from left) The Move's Carl

Wayne, Steve Winwood, Jimi Hendrix, Mayall, Eric Burdon.

Hard Core Edition: Mayall confronting punk, on-stage in Amsterdam 1977.

Establishment blues: John at Buckingham Palace after receiving his OBE, 2005.

Still got the feeling: Mayall on-stage in Paris, 2012: "I've got the best band ever and have great times, great fun, playing. It's a joy to still earn a living out of this."

Crawling up a hill: John, at the start of it all: "We were working 10 shows a week, up and down the country in a van."









(3), courtesy of Phil Smee (2), Alpha Press, Getty Images, Alamy, © John Mayall

guitarists like Eric Clapton, Peter Green, and Mick Taylor – all of whom came and went. Was it a pain to deal with those departures time and again?

The stories were all slightly different but it ultimately came down to the same thing: through my band they started to find their feet and when it came time to move on creatively, they did. For me it was always easy to replace them. People can't really understand that. But I know what I want and if I hear it in a musician I don't mess about too much. I don't do auditions or anything like that. It's simply instinct. Any band I've chosen, it's an instantaneous thing. For example, the first album I made with my current band, [2009's] Tough, we did the recording a week after we'd met.

I know how to find the right people.

What was it that you looked for in the Bluesbreakers guitarists?

A sense of individuality. Where they can play a few bars and you can recognise that it's different from everybody else. There's so many interpretations of the blues – but, basically, the right person always has something that's a little different than the others. Then you bring them into the band and develop that.

Clapton left The Yardbirds and joined the Bluesbreakers, then left to form Cream. Were there hard feelings there?

Well, [bassist] Jack Bruce had been in the [Bluesbreakers] when Eric was in the band – that's how they first met and got together. Then Jack Bruce got a better offer from Manfred Mann, financially. He just flew the coop and did it rather suddenly and underhandedly. Eric and I were both incensed about that. And we wrote that song Double Crossing Time – which was originally called Double Crossing Mann, M-A-N-N. Bit of a private peeve

there. But then Eric got together with Ginger Baker and Ginger pulled Eric out [to form Cream] with Jack. The first time I heard about it was reading the Melody Maker. That was the only difficult one, really. But if Eric's heart wasn't in it, he wasn't going to be playing well.

As your peers and former bandmates were moving more towards rock and pop in the '60s, were you ever tempted to follow suit?

No, because the only thing I know and can do is play blues. It's the bedrock of everything I do. I don't really have any choice in it. I can't

"Jack Bruce flew the coop rather under-handedly. Eric and I were both incensed about that."

suddenly decide I'm going to make a pop record. I wouldn't know how. People have appreciated my music over the years for the fact that I've always stuck to doing what I feel is good rather than being dictated to by a record company or having something else pushing me in another direction. People have always let me alone to do what I think is fine. They didn't understand it at first, but after a while they said "Well, just leave him be." (Laughs)

At the time there was a whole industry machine – labels, managers and pop Svengalis – at work. Because you were older, were you less susceptible to it? Maybe less...

Gullible? Well, the person that springs to mind

is Andrew Loog Oldham and The Rolling Stones. He possibly pushed them in the direction they might not necessarily have gone in. I don't really know. The Stones certainly became the biggest band who did the rock'n'roll thing with a blues influence. But it got further and further away from actual blues over time.

Looking back on the guitarists you had, you got them all very young: Clapton was barely 20, Green was 19, and Taylor was 17...

When you think about how young they were and how incredibly talented they were and try and make a comparison with people their same age today it's quite staggering. They were so incredibly young to have gotten that far and mature. They were just totally dedicated to blues music.

They were on a dead straight line to what they wanted to do. There weren't any distractions. That's why

Given their age and your position, did you take on a paternal role?

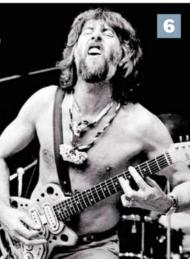
Maybe they saw it that way. But everybody had their own take on music, so I don't know how much attention they paid to what I was saying. Also, at the time, we were working 10 shows a week, just hoofing up and down the country in a van and taking care of business. There wasn't time to dote on anyone. By the time *Bare Wires* came out, in '68, the band had gone through so many changes, and the people I was working with – Jon Hiseman and Dick Heckstall-Smith – they were older, they'd been around.

they were so good.

Did the focus on your star guitarists ever become irksome? It was your band...

Well, guitar is the most noticeable instrument. It's loud and it's right in your face, and it looks good. Looks much more interesting than

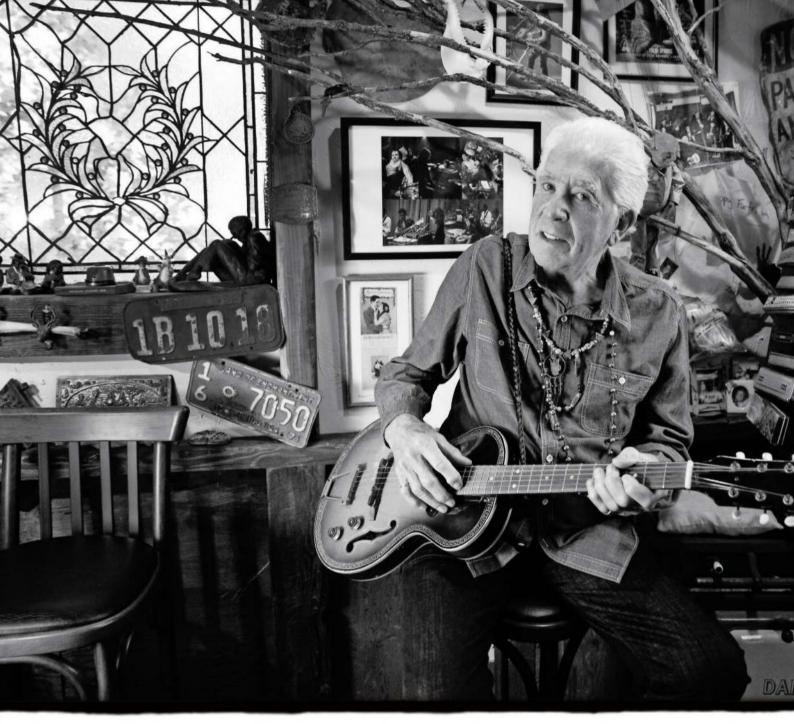












"I don't **do auditions** or anything like that. Any band I've chosen, **it's an instantaneous thing**."

✓ some fella sitting stationary at the piano. That's why I don't sit down when I'm playing keyboards. I stand up and move around a bit. But people love guitars and guitarists, so I always put it down to that. And I do play guitar, but I don't play with any type of skill. All these brilliant guitar players have got all the technique but they're never a threat to me because I have none (laughs). I think I'm best at rhythm guitar, and establishing the song rather than being the lead player.

When you look at Clapton, Green and Taylor, they all had issues with drugs and major detours in their lives and careers. Was it a case of them being swallowed up by the business and lifestyle – too much, too soon?

Maybe there was some element of that happening. In Peter's case it was attributed to drugs that were given to him, unbeknownst to him – who knows what the story is on that one. But he definitely got damaged and has never

been the same since. And Eric, he went off with Jack and Ginger. It was a totally volatile situation and it imploded and he had to figure things out after that. And in Mick's case, he's never been a bandleader. He's an excellent guitar player who drifts along into whatever comes up, and takes a part in it. He isn't as well-known as he should be, probably for that reason. He's never pushed himself. It's not in his nature

Paul McCartney's credited you with turning him onto the blues. Do you remember the night in question?

I met Paul and had him back to my place. I was playing him some blues records which he hadn't heard before. He was very impressed with that. He was a very avid listener. Whether it had any effect on what he came out with after, one never knows. I don't actually remember what I played him, but it was obviously stuff he was excited about.

What do you recall of touring America for the first time in 1968?

We got on the plane and landed in New York in the middle of a snowstorm. The first gig was cancelled. And my harmonicas were stolen at baggage claim! So that was the introduction to America. We did two weeks at the Café Au Go Go in New York and then we did one night in Detroit and two weeks in Los Angeles and two weekends in San Francisco at the Fillmore.

You left England and moved to Los Angeles soon after. Why?

The main thing was the climate and the way of life. As well as the fact that all the music and the literature and movies we loved all came from America – it was the land of dreams. From childhood I can remember feeling that, not ever thinking I'd actually get to go there. It was always this romantic thing. Having experienced it first-hand, there was no question – I wanted to move to California as quickly as I could.

You settled in Laurel Canyon, but suffered a devastating house fire in 1979. How jarring an experience was that?

When you lose everything except the clothes you're standing in, it is monumental. Especially being the hoarder and collector I am. Most of what I lost was irreplaceable. Photographs and, especially, my diaries. For instance, this is my current diary (he grabs a little green notebook, filled with page after page of the smallest, most perfect, handwriting). So you see - I had one of those for most of the years of my life. And I lost them all. It was just bad. But it gives you determination, too, I suppose: "I'm going to start again." That's what I did.

At the end of the '70s you released an album titled No More Interviews - what was the message there?

The reason for doing that was because I was getting no interviews! At that point nobody was interested in me. I could put an album out and it never got talked about, and no one wanted to talk to me. I thought I'll try a little reverse psychology here. By calling it No More Interviews it resulted in people clamouring for interviews – "Well, why doesn't he want to talk to us?" It brought them out of the

woodwork and I got some publicity out of it. Worked like a charm.

Was there a particularly difficult period to be a bluesman, to be John Mayall?

The '80s, the early '80s especially. There was a good 10 years that I was heavily into alcohol. That's my only drug. I've never ever used drugs otherwise. The alcohol thing made that time seem like one big party. And it was a lot of fun. But I wasn't as attentive as I should've been to my career. Once I guit drinking and put the band together with Coco Montoya and Walter Trout and all those people, I was able to restart and it's been going ever since. I haven't had a drink for 25 years if my maths is correct. I haven't really kept count, but it's a long time, anyway.

What's your best instrument? Are you always banging away at something?

Depends on what the song is, what the story is that's going to be put to music - that will dictate what instrument is best for me to play. It's an equal opportunity choice. It's funny, if you came round the house, you wouldn't know I was a musician. I don't play at home. Maybe just plonk at the piano once in a while. Mostly, I

YOU'VE GOTMAYALL

Twelve bars, three albums. Selected by Tony Russell.

THE GODLY ONE!

John Mayall

Blues Breakers With Eric Clapton



Introduced Clapton, just 21, strutting his chops on the instrumentals Hideaway and Steppin' Out, digging into blues soil in Ramblin' On My Mind and the long and

intense Have You Heard. But the guitarist is not the only reason this is an iconic album; here was Mayall unveiling the broad and imaginative appreciation of the blues that would inspire him for 50 years.

THE MELLOW ONE!

John Mayall

The Turning Point





This marked, Mayall said, "a new direction in blues... exploring low volume music". So he discarded drums, replaced electric guitar with acoustic and foregrounded

flute and sax - his model the Jimmy Giuffre/ Jim Hall group heard in the film Jazz On A Summer's Day. In the airy setting Mayall sings with less strain than usual, and this is one of his most thoroughly enjoyable recordings.

THE FILMIC ONE!

John Mayall & The Bluesbreakers

Spinning Coin





Having celebrated three decades of tireless musicmaking with the refreshed Wake Up Call (1993), Mayall unleashed his latest guitar tyro, Buddy Whittington. This

stripped-down version of the Bluesbreakers energises the leader's singing and songwriting. Some of its downhome music has the flavour of a soundtrack for a Southern small-town movie like The Chase or In The Heat Of The Night.

save it for the road. Always been that way. Once I had a band, that's where it all went.

You've put out a number of fine live albums over the years - do you find that's where you're most comfortable, on-stage as opposed to in the studio?

Actually, it's kind of stressful to do a live album. You can't get it out of your head that there's a tape rolling. You're aware of things that you wouldn't be if you were just playing. At the same time, whatever comes out is something you couldn't possibly come up with in the studio. 'Cos there's the element of surprise and instant improvisation, and you have the audience there as well. There's that interplay: their reaction and your reaction to them. That's why it's easier to play a live gig to a standing audience that are drunk off their heads than when you're at a concert hall and they're sitting politely in their seats. That's much harder.

When you're up there do you see yourself as curator of the blues or an entertainer?

A bit of both, I suppose. It's important to be true to yourself and the music - the history and the tradition of it. So I try and be educational as well as entertaining. But also, I always treat it like it's a party and talk to the audience. Whatever things come up - whether it's accidents or jokes - it all becomes part of the show and I want the audience to be a part of that. I think that communication is the main thing that I've enjoyed over the years.

What does the future of the blues look like to you as we sit here in 2015?

There have been lulls over the decades where blues wasn't as popular. But then you get someone like Stevie Ray Vaughan bursting through, Bonnie Raitt bursting through – these people who've come along and drawn more people into the music. Europe has always had an audience that loved American blues, that's been the mainstay of keeping it all going. Now parents are so keen on the blues that they're exposing their kids to it. There's younger and younger people taking it up, obsessed with the blues.

You were honoured with an OBE in 2005 - was it surprise?

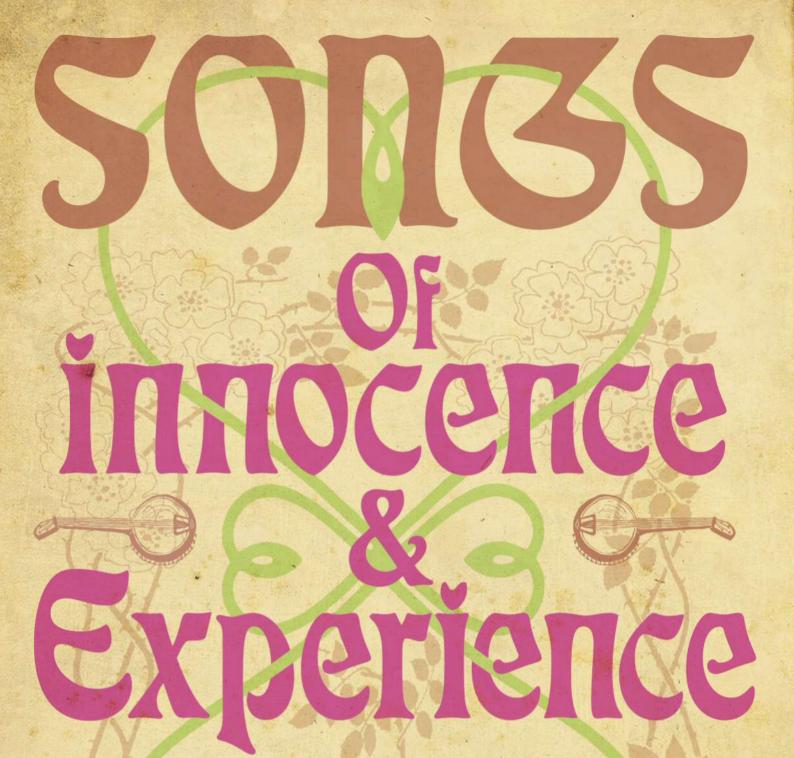
It was guite a shock. I think it was influenced by the record company [Eagle]. They had connections and pushed that one a little. But it was great. You get to go beyond the gates of Buckingham Palace and venture inside. Mostly, you hang around some state room, waiting. Then you're eventually ushered into another room with a band politely playing classical music. You're all bunched together in a line. Then you go and meet Prince Charles who gives you a brief chat and a handshake and pins a medal and off you go. The remarkable thing about the OBE is that they're all from different professions. Yet Prince Charles knew enough about each person and their careers to be able to ask questions and have a bit of a conversation. That's one of the things that impressed me. He'd done a lot of homework (laughs).

You turn 82 later this year and are still performing at a remarkable clip.

We do a hundred shows a year at least. Last year it was 130. This year it's up to 96 so far.

What's the secret to being able to carry on the way you do. Is it that sauna out back?

I don't use that as much as I should. It's got cobwebs in it. I'm very healthy, that's a big plus. I feel very grateful for that. I haven't had anything major crack up on me yet. I've got the best band ever and have great times, great fun, playing. It's a joy to still be able to earn a living out of this.



Shirley Collins

spent 20 years at the forefront of British folk, battling traditionalists and redefining English song. Then she lost her ability to sing.

Now, at 80, she's more influential than ever, and back with her first new LP since 1978.

Mike Barnes salutes her amazing career.

Portrait: David Montgomery





ITTING DRINKING COFFEE IN THE AIRY LOUNGE OF SHIRLEY

Collins's cottage, one of a terrace that nestles into the hillside downslope from the bulwarks of Lewes Castle in Sussex, MOJO can't help but notice, hanging among the framed prints and paintings above the dining table, a large certificate, signed at the top "Elizabeth R" and at the bottom "Philip". It's the MBE she received in 2000 for her services to music.

"Oh, I'm a bit embarrassed by that," she says with a breezy matter-offactness which is quite disarming, "but my daughter had it framed and so I thought I should put it up there."

But while receiving public recognition for past work - including researching and introducing a great number of songs into the folk repertoire - remarkably, at the age of 80, Shirley Collins's career is taking off again. We spoke in the lead-up to her birthday celebrations on London's Southbank on July 5, culminating in accordionist John Kirkpatrick and Trembling Bells' recreation of The Albion Band's 1971 folk rock landmark No Roses. She is also writing an autobiographical book provisionally entitled By The Mark On Her Hand, a psychogeographical – she uses those words guardedly survey of her beloved birth county of Sussex with songs and writings on her folk heroes. She is also participating in a documentary film being made of her life, and a triple CD, Shirley Inspired, featuring 40 covers of songs she ATLANTIC O SOT / S originally recorded was released in June. But the most remarkable and completely unexpected news is that Shirley Collins is currently recording her first new album since 1978's For As Many As Will.

In the space of a few hours, her son calls round with his new car, a young guy with a hip haircut comes to the door about something or other and is politely told to send her the information We have plenty of time, but she notes that we have to wind up at 4pm again? "Some times I'd rather just be out in the garden," she admits, Dolly about early music, particularly Orlando Gibbons and Henry Purcell. "It was all English and the Englishness soaked in," she says. Asked if she remembers the moment she finally realised she had something as a singer, she says, "I don't think that I realised I'd got something; I realised the music had got something. It really spoke to me. I think it was born in me because from the age of eight we sang traditional songs at school and I thought, This is lovely. I remember my grandparents singing at home as well and during the war in the air-raid shelter. It was there from the start."

Collins always loved history and singing, but it was STEREO only after she'd done a year at teacher training college



in 1953 and decided she didn't want to be a teacher that she became really fascinated by this music.

"I don't quite know how I'd heard about the English Folk Dance and Song Society and [its headquarters] Cecil Sharp House," says Collins, "but I knew that there was this big library of books of collections of song, and this is what drew me to London." She could never have guessed that come 2008 she would be elected president of the society. Collins began singing in public in the mid '50s at London clubs like the Good Earth, the Troubadour and Ballads And Blues at the Princess Louise in Holborn. She remembers the London folk scene as being something of a man's world and endured criticism from the likes of Ewan MacColl and A.L. (Bert) Lloyd. But it was at one of MacColl's parties that she met American musicologist Alan Lomax. They became lovers and she accompanied him on one of his song-collecting trips to the American South in 1959, recording folk and blues singers

Davy Graham was wonderful but difficult to work with. I don't think we shared the same vision.

Where Art Thou?). "That trip gave me two things in a way," says Collins. "That there was strength in the

- she recalls a particularly magical time

when they recorded Mississippi Fred Mc-

Dowell - and made the now legendary

recordings at the Mississippi State Peniten-

tiary, Parchman Farm (sampled by Moby;

used by the Coen Brothers in O Brother,

were singing a song or a ballad that I knew from England, I could sing it back to them and they were thrilled as they were listening to a song that had gone to America perhaps three or four hundred years earlier, still being sung at home. There was a lovely >

songs and I didn't want to let them down by singing them limply, as I was rather timid when I started out. You hear those people we recorded like Almeda Riddle, the Arkansas singer, they weren't timid about their singing, they just sang naturally with a lot of strength. It was fascinating because a lot of the songs in the Ozarks and the Appalachians are from British stock anyway, and what made it lovely was that when they







I tried to

sing, the worse

it got. I hated

that I couldn't

sing. It broke

my heart."

folk roots.

new routes

The success of traditional music in the 21st century is often based on whether or not they are part of some novel pan-cultural hybrid. This can lead to exciting fusions, like Hector Zazou's 1994 album Songs From The Cold Seas, or, at their worst, music like Deep Forest, where Eastern European voices wail over lush soundfields and beats, shorn of context or relevance. What is lost is any connectedness with the traditions that have been evolving for hundreds of years, that speak directly of human experience. This is where Collins steps in, her enthusiasm also making up for English people's perpetual diffidence about their own traditional culture. If this sounds conservative, it's far from it. For Shirley it's essential the singer understand and respect the song. But that's really the only prerequisite.

1964's epochal Folk Roots, New Routes is a case in point. Here Collins collaborated with maverick guitarist Davy Graham, and their take on English, Scottish and American folk still sounds audacious today. Back in 1962, anyone hearing Graham's mix of

blues and folk picking with jazz inflections and exotic scales applied to She Moves Through The Fair would not have heard anything remotely like it before. Shirley hadn't when her first husband, Austin John Marshall, invited Graham around to their Blackheath home and he played his take on the ballad.

"He played like a mixture of an Irish song and an Indian raga and to bring it together and make it all sound right was absolutely thrilling and beautiful – what a talented man he was. And I was just so taken with it I said almost on the spot, Let's try it and see what happens."

Pretty Saro was an Appalachian song for which Collins had written a new melody. Here her own voice reminds of her description of one of her acknowledged influences, Kentucky singer Jean Ritchie, in that it sounds "suspended in space". Graham pulls out all the stops in one of his finest recorded performances.

"It was wonderful," says Collins. "The way he gathered all the notes up in this incredible instrumental link in the middle, then you are lifted up when you are singing the next verse. It was just fantastic."

They only recorded the one album together, however.

"I'm not sure where we could have gone from there," muses Collins. "There was also some jazz stuff in there and I've never been able to stand it - it's too fidgety for me and I just can't hear it really. I'd done a number of Appalachian songs and I really wanted to play more English songs. [Plus] Davy was difficult to work with sometimes. He had a vision of his own and I don't think we entirely shared the vision. He was either incredibly sweet or he could be very aloof and odd. I knew his eccentricities and drug taking and I've never understood why people do that, and that was the final barrier, really. But we remained friends."

The traditionalists were watching. As most folk songs had been sung unaccompanied back in the day, there was no right or wrong way in which to arrange them. But this ground-breaking collaboration was viewed with suspicion. Shirley remembers a skit, written in verse, and published anonymously in a contemporary folk magazine: "I don't know whether it was Ewan or Fred [Karl] Dallas or Bert [Lloyd] but the album

with Davy went down well with some people but it didn't with that lot. The only lines I remember now, it likened me to a lumbering Jersey cow, and it finished with the words, 'And Davy's nimble fingers carry her along, the Lady Baden-Powell of English song.' I can laugh now, but it made me angry at the time because I was a genuine working-class girl and these were not working-class people. But I soldiered on." She also remembers Bert Lloyd's comments on her elder sister Dolly accompanying her on the flute organ: "Does this work? Judge for yourself."

Dolly played piano and portative organ, a keyboard with wooden pipes, which dated back in design to the 13th century. The sisters first fully collaborated on 1967's Sweet Primeroses. And again it was a unique approach to traditional material. Moreover, Dolly was a remarkable

musician. Studying under Alan Bush for a couple of years at the Workers' Music Association, she played counterpoint lines in a near baroque way and was taught how to invert melodies, giving her accompaniment to her sister more the feel of a duet.

If Shirley's voice had been, in her own words, initially a little timid, it was now coming into its own. This was precisely - and somewhat paradoxically - because she

always thought of herself as simply a conduit for the song.

"I'm not going to over decorate them or dramatise them," she explains, "but the way that I sing them has got to be absolutely straightforward within the English tradition, and singing it to the listener, not at them. In Irish song they do decorate a lot and it's a totally different tradition, but ours is direct. There's huge compassion there, but very little sentimentality. Whenever I sing I've got the feeling that there are generations behind me and I'm just fronting for them now."

Most importantly, this gave rise to some wonderfully affecting performances. Bonnie Boy, the opening song on 1968's The Power Of The True Love Knot, entirely vindicates her approach. With her own carefully picked banjo, Dolly's organ and an exquisite cello line from Bram Taylor, who played on The Beatles' Eleanor Rigby, S Shirley sings from the viewpoint of an abandoned lover, and her ability to put across the protagonist's innocence, trust and inability to understand why she has been betrayed, is heartbreaking.

"Joe Boyd produced that album and in the studio he kept saying," 'Give more, sell the song more.' I said, No Joe, that's not what I do. Some people get it but a lot of people don't. They think it's too \Im bland and I've been called 'such a white singer'. Well of course I am but this tradition has a dignity about it. And you can dramatise within an arrangement."

Dolly did just that on *Anthems In Eden*, arranging The Early Music Consort Of London, led by David Munrow. It was released on EMI's hip new subsidiary Harvest, but even alongside Pink Floyd, Michael Chapman and Kevin Ayers, it was pretty far out. Having crumhorns, viols and rebecs gave it a timeless flavour as if it could have been recorded 200 years ago, or some time in the future.

"I suppose it was [far out] in a way," says Shirley, "but it always seemed to me absolutely the right thing. I loved working with early instruments as they have that roughness and plainness that my voice has from time to time."

The first side of *Anthems In Eden* is a suite of traditional tunes — "a song story" — and a reflection of the destruction of innocence in the aftermath of the First World War. The follow-up, *Love, Death & The Lady* (1970), informed by Shirley's marriage break-up with Marshall, showed English music at its darkest, especially Death & The Lady, on which Dolly's stark keyboard line etches a scene of near-medieval doom.

In 1971 Shirley made a rare foray into folk rock with the Albion Country Band with her new husband, bass guitarist Ashley Hutchings. It was a hugely ambitious landmark album in folk rock, featuring 27 musicians including traditional singers and members of Fairport Convention. A brilliantly realised recreation of the album, with accordionist John Kirkpatrick and Trembling Bells, took place at her 80th birthday concert and she was generous in her praise of the "incredibly talented new No Roses mob".

Asked for her opinion of the album now, she says, "I love it and I think it holds up as much as *Liege & Lief* does for Fairport. Maybe it's second best as that is a great album, but the songs are so good and the arrangements are brilliant. I mean, Poor Murdered Woman at the end is fantastic. I can say that because I only did the singing, not the playing."

Shirley's favourite of all her recorded songs, is Gilderoy, from her 1978 album with Dolly, For As Many As Will.

"That was partly because of the effort it took me to get it, and partly because it came from a Horsham shoemaker, Henry Burstow, who knew 400 and more songs. [Song collector] Lucy Broadwood recorded it from him and she published it in the EFDSS journals in 1906. I found it in Cecil Sharp House among piles of papers chewed by mice and covered in dust — that's changed now. The thought of Henry singing it moves me and it's such a glorious song anyway."

Not long after she recorded Gilderoy, when she should have been at the height of her powers, Shirley Collins disappeared from the scene. The traumatic break up of her marriage with Hutchings prompted the onset of dysphonia – an occasional but unpredictable physical inability to sing – which first manifested itself while performing with The Albion Band in 1977. After re-emerging in a shortlived trio with Julie Carter and Jim Younger, she retired in 1981, not wishing to do disservice to the tradition or be personally humiliated.

Pleasant and delightful: the Collins sisters,

Bexhill, 1978.

"The harder I tried the worse it got," she recalls. "I hated that I couldn't sing. For somebody who loves the music as much as I do, it broke my heart."

Collins' Gems

Four of
Shirley Collins'
essential LPs

Folk Roots, New Routes

(Decca, 1964)
This groundbreaking meeting between Collins' sweet English voice and mercurial British jazz-folk guitarist Davy Graham introduced British folk to the wild possibilities of genre fusion, paving the way for boundary-defying outfits like Pentangle and Fairport Convention.

The Power Of The True kove Knot

(Polydor, 1968)
Shirley Collins's most straight-ahead beautiful LP. With The Incredible String Band's Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, cellist Bram Taylor, and sister Dolly (pipe organ, piano), she crafts sweetly sad, floating Child Ballads and English laments.

Anthems In Eden

(Harvest, 1969)

Co-credited to Dolly and recorded with the Early Music Consort of London, this visionary fusion of English folk and medieval instruments, with its side-long "song-story" and early music arrangements, paved the way for '70s' progressive experiments.

No Roses (Pegasus, 1971)

An unsettlingly beautiful work by Collins, then-husband Ashley Hutchings and The Albion Band helped by Richard Thompson, Dave Mattacks, Simon Nicol, Lal and Mike Waterson and Lol Coxhill. Like a folk-horror Liege & Lief, sinister rural landscapes thick with furze and pagan

dread.

ITH TWO YOUNG CHILDREN TO BRING up, she had to find full-time employment, including office work and managing an Oxfam shop. In the early '90s, David Tibet of Current 93 got in touch saying how much he liked her music. Through his Durtro label he issued a best of, *Fountain Of Snow*, in 1992, and some of her LPs were reissued by Fledg'ling Records. At Tibet's request she contributed a brief spoken section to A Beginning on Current 93's 1992 LP, *Thunder Perfect Mind*. He even persuaded her to record the traditional song All The Pretty Little Horses for their 1999 compilation *Calling For Vanished Faces*, but this didn't herald a general return to activities.

"It's an odd friendship," she says, "as I don't understand his music, as he knows, but there's something in the friendship that lasts. And he kept asking if I would sing at one of his concerts. I kept saying, All right I will, and then chickening out at the last minute because I couldn't face it. Then he had an evening with Current 93 at the Union Chapel in London [in February 2014] and I said, Oh, all right I will. I thought I'd sing two songs, because he wanted me to sing All The Pretty Little Horses, which is not a song I'm particularly fond of. So I got hold of my friend Ian Kearey, who is a slide guitar player and we played Death & The Lady as well. I didn't sing very well as I was wobbly and really scared, but once we went onto Death & The Lady, suddenly I realised that although I don't have much of a voice now, I still know how to sing a song. We did get tumultuous applause – it might have been sympathy applause, I don't know, but it was quite incredible and led onto so much else."

In her talks on English folk music and her songwriting trips with Lomax, Shirley has shown herself to be a natural raconteur. She is also a talented writer having chronicled the Lomax trips in 2004's America Over The Water. But a fan will want nothing less than new music, even when the situation seems beyond hope. Amazingly, she has conquered her singing problem and is working on a new album.

"I'm 80 now and I've got an excuse for not having a very good voice," she laughs. "No one expects you to sing beautifully when you are this old. But as [actor

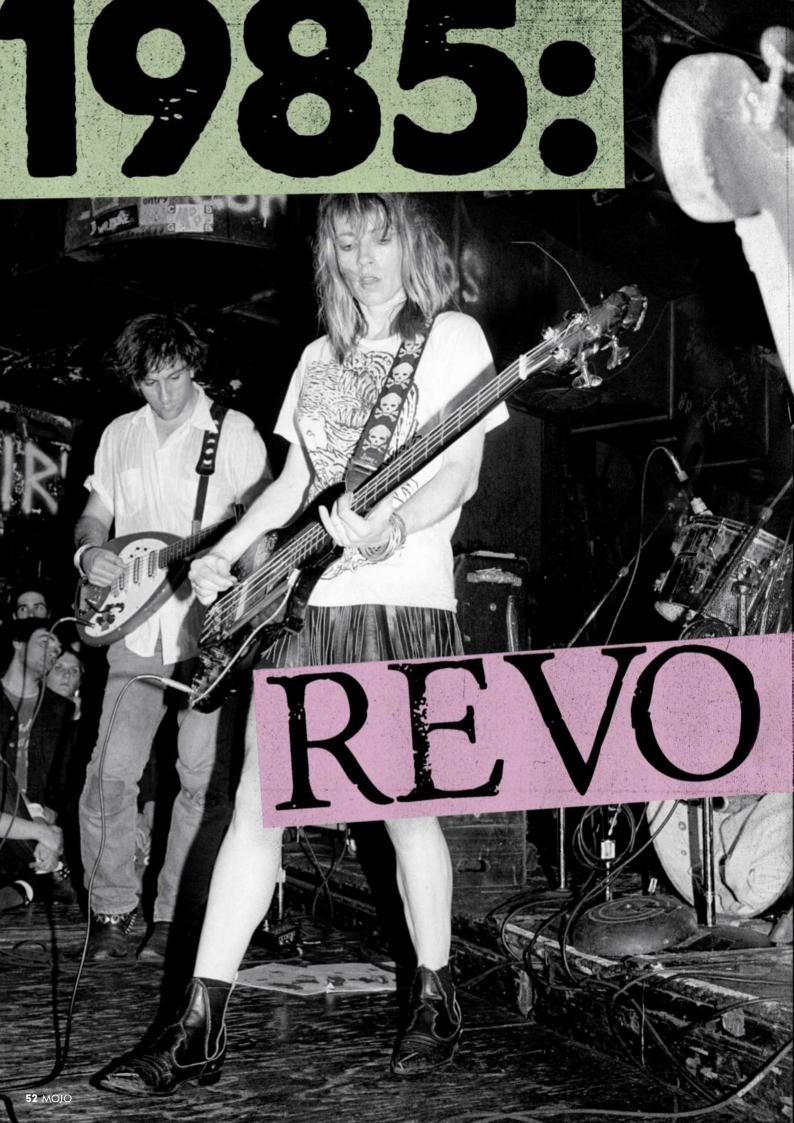
friend] Pip [Barnes] said to me, 'You listen to a lot of field recordings of these Sussex farm labourers and their wives and their age never bothers you, as they under-

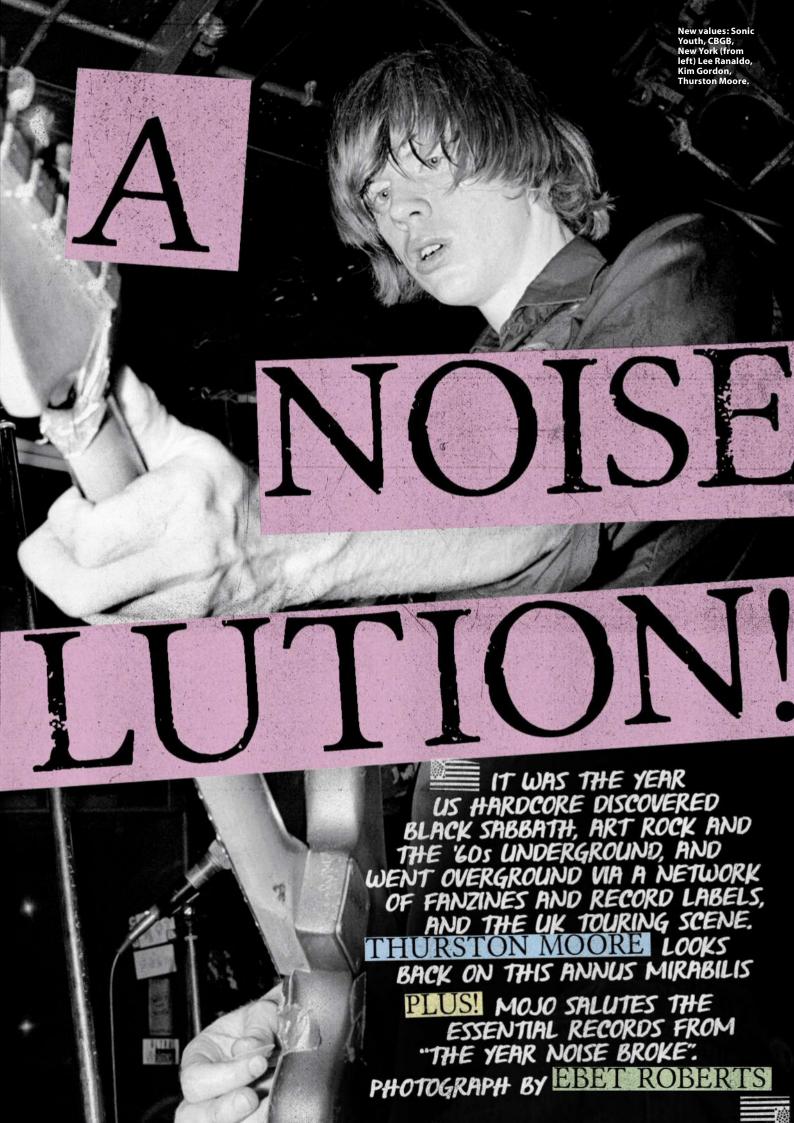
stand the songs.' If I make a fool of myself in public I can just retreat back here," she continues. "It's not like Maria Callas singing badly in front of 10,000 people. Perhaps it's foolhardy but I don't care."

Shirley Collins is unlikely to do a full concert again, but will sing on-stage

from time to time. Clearly her connectedness to and passion for her beloved English songs is still there. In previous meetings with her in the early 2000s, one sensed an unhappy resignation that she could no longer sing the songs she loves. But now she beams with enthusiasm as she talks about having started recording. A contract is in place, but she is embargoed from divulging further information at this stage.

"I've still got songs I've not recorded before," she says. "Songs that I really want to sing. We're going to use a great range of instruments: some with harpsichord, some with slide guitar, some with ordinary guitar, some with mountain dulcimer and we've got hurdy gurdy. I'm not going to dress them up too much, though. Just make them interesting."





MASCIS SAID HARDCORE BECAME less interesting once the initial hardcore dudes discovered sex. It was a very virginal kind of male music, which gave it this edge. I loved the purity of it: the way it seemed to be influenced solely by itself, by other hardcore records. But it was conservative, and worn-out by 1985, once the bully-boys decided it was a space to smash heads.

We weren't from hardcore, we came from the downtown New York scene: no wave, art rock. The straight-ahead hardcore bands thought we were 'artsy', they didn't want to be part of our scene. But within hardcore were these weirdo groups who didn't fit, like Butthole Surfers and Big Black and Meat Puppets. They were inventive, and more interesting to people like me and [Black Flag guitarist and SST Records honcho] Greg Ginn. Black Flag are like the most central band of the time for a lot of us, in their practice as well as their music, playing every donut shop in every little town, and never stopping, and just recording and releasing a record whenever there was money for it to be manufactured, and just staying on the road. That was

really incredible, especially on the American landscape

There was no internet, and you found out about bands via fanzines and record stores, which were really important: Pier Platters in Hoboken was the only record store in New York hip to this new music - Bleecker Bob's certainly wasn't - and you'd go there to hang out, listen to records and find out who's who. And you'd find out about bands via the walls of dressing rooms at clubs: you'd spray-paint your band-name on the wall, check out the names you saw already up there. You'd go see other bands, and introduce yourself and talk afterwards, and find yourselves playing shows together, touring together. We toured with Dinosaur and the Meat Puppets, we

By 1985, bands like Meat Puppets and Squirrel Bait were referencing groups that pre-dated punk,

played with Green River every time we were in

Seattle, and later took Mudhoney on tour.

while Black Flag and J Mascis were growing out their hair, not adhering to the punk uniform, and using Black Sabbath's tempo and chord changes in their music. This was radical; it had been an outlaw move to reference anything before 1976. The Village Voice said bands like us were using the Velvets and Sabbath as models; I thought that was an interesting perspective, though Lee [Ranaldo, SY guitarist] said, 'There's no way any Sabbath is going on.' Au

BLACK FLAG
AND J MASCIS WERE
GROWING OUT THEIR
HAIR, AND USING
BLACK SABBATH'S
TEMPO AND CHORD
CHANGES. THIS
WAS RADICAL."
THURSTON MOORE

contraire, Lee, that was definitely part of my vocabulary.
But he was listening to Joni Mitchell in the tour van at
the time and was a Grateful Dead listener, and into are

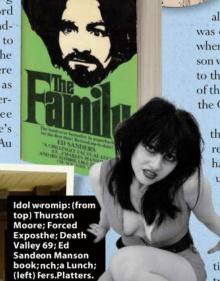
contraire, Lee, that was definitely part of my vocabulary. But he was listening to Joni Mitchell in the tour van at the time, and was a Grateful Dead listener, and into art rock, whereas I had this '70s heavy metal vocabulary. Calling our album *Bad Moon Rising* was having fun with that, like The Replacements naming *Let It Be* after that mouldy stalwart of the 1960s, which was very ironic. Our title was somewhat ironic, but Creedence were significant as American music we thought was artful, and ready to be re-evaluated, a reclamation of something that had been discarded by punk rock.

I'd read Ed Sanders' The Family, and that other more exploitational Manson book, Helter Skelter. Lydia [Lunch] and I talked about it, and I told her about a song I was writing inspired by those books, Death Valley 69. We

all shared interest in subversive America, just as Reagan-era USA was dreaming of returning to a 'better time', to some innocence when men were men, and women were women. A song about Manson was toying with the darker truths of America's history, a response to that Reaganite malarkey. We were fascinated with the perversity of the human condition, ugliness as its own attraction, the allure of the Other, the collapse of the utopianism of hippy peace'n'love.

Bad Moon Rising was put out by Blast First in the UK. We saw the UK as a really potent place where great records were being released – it was where PiL were from! Our friend Lydia Lunch had spent some time there with The Birthday Party, and she told us to send our music to Paul Smith [Blast First honcho] and all the other cool UK labels. Paul Smith called up out of the blue and wanted to put the album out; he started Blast First to release it, because Cabaret Voltaire weren't interested in re-

leasing it on Doublevision, the label they ran with Paul. England was then focused on getting away from traditional guitar rock bands, and here we came, this band using the traditional guitar rock set-up, but not sounding anything like it. It was confusing – we weren't The Long Ryders or Dream Syn-





was obvious to Paul that Big Black and Butthole Surfers would be great releases after Sonic Youth, and I'm sure we all gave a thumbs-up.

Paul was attracted to outsize personalities as much as musical content and certainly both Gibby Haynes from the Buttholes and Steve Albini from Big Black had these personalities. Paul knew this goldmine of USA underground acts had been plying their craft for years with only the underground press and audience hip to it. In a way he was in a position to cherry pick the most interesting bands and Big Black fit that mould. I think a lot of the intel for someone like Paul was through the pages of Forced Exposure 'zine, edited by Jimmy Johnson and Byron Coley. They are the real reason so much excitement was generated towards the school of 1985, with their iconoclastic writing and praise for bands like us, Big Black, Butthole Surfers et al.

In America, the album came out on Homestead [also home to Big Black, Dinosaur, Squirrel Bait and more], run by Gerard Cosloy, a friend who did Conflict fanzine. It was a really exciting label, because Gerard was an iconoclast, a visionary - you could tell by reading Conflict. We would have stayed, if [Black Flag guitarist] Greg Ginn hadn't asked us to join his SST Records. That was definitely waving candy in front of a baby. SST was the vanguard label of the time, completely incendiary: the Meat Puppets, Hüsker Dü and Minutemen were all there. Greg signed us as SST was expanding its vision beyond Black Flag's local SoCal scene.

It was the most exciting time. The records coming in 1985, and the years that followed, found an audience. These were the 'cool' records - Black Flag and the hardcore bands, and then the interesting weirdo records by Butthole Surfers, Big Black, Meat Puppets and Sonic Youth. We got signed to Geffen in 1990 because the people who worked there had promoted these bands on college radio and put on our shows, and were now trying tobring bands like ours to the majors. And in the Pacific Northwest, someone like Buzz Osborne of the Melvins is listening to these records, and playing them to Kurt and Krist from Nirvana, who were listening to straight-ahead hardcore and also these more radical records. And then, in 1991, Nevermind went supernova...

As told to Stevie Chick

SCRATCH

SCRATCH ACID/EP

Rabid Cat. 1984

AMERICA'S BACKWOODS PRIMAL FEAR MADE MANIFEST AND URGENT.

N HALLOWEEN night, 1979, art student David Yow caught Austin punk weirdos The Huns and his life changed. "It blew my mind," he tells MOJO today. "It had never occurred to me that an audience could be afraid of the band

By the summer of 1984 Yow had turned his revelation into a group called Scratch Acid. David Wm. Sims played primal, drooling bass. Rey Washam's drumming was bug-eyed, relentless. Brett Bradford majored in gothic guitar scrawl and Yow howled and yammered as a man possessed.

On-stage they were a tornado but a song on Austin post-punk comp Metal Moo Cowfailed to do them justice. "Rey had eaten, like a pound of Quaaludes," recalls Yow. "He was very apologetic."

Yet, the next time they entered a studio - Earth & Sky, Austin in July 1984 the stars would align. In-house engineer Kerry Crafton was a Christian but found a flinty. simpatico sound for Scratch Acid's godless

assault, connecting the dots between the hillbilly wildman rockers of the '50s and the space and theatre of PiL and The Birthday Party, while Yow spewed S&M fantasies and morbid reveries, "93 per cent all in fun". Artfully wrapped in its

enigmatic intaglio sleeve by Yow's art teacher Mark Todd, the Scratch Acid mini-album set a standard the group fought to maintain, and in late 1986 tension between "perfectionist" Washam and the reflexive Bradford spilled over into on-stage violence. Later, the record would find its way onto Kurt Cobain's iconic Top 50 list. Scratch Acid had helped incubate a virus, but what to call it?

"Apparently, they said Butthole Surfers, us, Swans and Big Black was 'pig fuck' music, recalls Yow. "I thought, I'll take that. It beats the shit out of 'post-punk'

Danny Eccleston







SO YOU CAN DIG BLACK FLAG AND GEORGE JONES.

N THE days before Americana became a turgid cliché, the very idea of punks getting into country music seemed utterly absurd. This Phoenix trio had different ideas. Drawing on hardcore's rapacious drive on their LSDfuelled, self-titled 1981 debut Meat Puppets wilfully threw a jagged cover of the classic Tumbling Tumbleweeds by '40s Western vocal group The Sons Of The

Pioneers into the mix. By their second album, guitarist/vocalist Curt Kirkwood was in thrall to country legend George Jones. "I think he's the greatest singer ever," he later commented. If Jones's actual influence is hard to detect on the expansive Meat Puppets II, Kirkwood's lyricism is more open and romantic, his vocals more discernible.

The opening thrash of Split Myself In Two clearly underlines the band's original punk invective, but the subsequent instrumental, Magic Toy Missing, is a dazzling, picked number that reveals country lessons well learnt. Even more impressive is the penultimate and deceptively titled instro, I'm A Mindless Idiot. The album's musical span runs further, from Io-fi, Neil Young-inspired guitar wig-outs (Aurora Borealis) to the pop-gnarl of We're Here.

Of course, 31 years after its release, Meat Puppets II retains its status as a cult classic thanks to the Kirkwood brothers' appearance on Nirvana's Unplugged performance in New York in 1993. Despite the original trio having a further seven albums under their belt - including the '85 classic, Up On The Sun, and the equally impressive Huevos two years later - it was // Nirvana returned to on that occasion. running through Plateau, Lake Of Fire and Oh, Me, none of which have lost their ragged, wailing glory.

Phil Alexander

RACER X EP Homestead, 1984

FUCKING THINGS UP WITH MALEVOLENT FIRST-PERSON NOIR, AND MACHINES

RIVEN BY misanthropy born out of getting bullied at school, Steve Albini single-mindedly set out to take punk's negative energy to lunatic extremes. Starting up Big Black, he couldn't find anybody who didn't blow out of a pig's asshole". He hated everyone, so he went solo.
Finding the cheapest drum

machine available in Chicago, the Roland TR-606, freed him up to pursue his bitter muse alone. However, he was repulsed by his own self-recorded debut, 1982's Lungs EP, and duly persuaded two members of local punker unit Naked Raygun to back him on bass and second guitar. By this third EP, Big Black's intentionally unpalatable sound had snapped into focus.

The title track on Racer-X, about a maniacal motorist from 'animé' series Speed Racer, kicks off with an excruciatingly mechanical beat, and only gets nastier, as heavily FX'd bass and electric guitars layer up on top, sounding more like factory

machinery than musical instruments. This was hardcore's brutal minimalism consciously shepherded into an industrial accident.

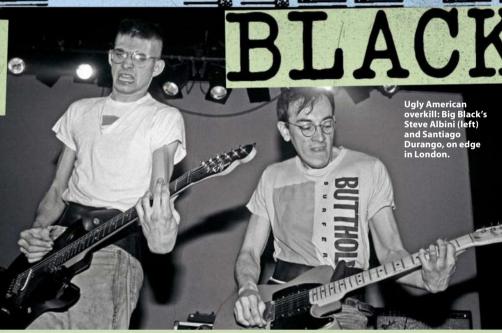
Albini's lyrics were equally vile: on Sleep! a torture victim muses, Your foot in my face is what keeps me alive", while on Deep Six, one of Albini's growing cast of repugnant male characters asserts, "I'm God's gift to women/ They always want my dick/Except that college girl/l'll kill her.

Long before Homestead could get the EP into the shops, there were line-up changes (though 'Roland' remained), and Albini boldly observed in his linernotes,

"The next one's gonna make you shit your pants

That record, Atomizer, executed the same sonic terrorism via far better songs. On release in '86, it hoisted Big Black onto the international underground alongside Sonic Youth and Butthole Surfers, with Albini ordained as post-hardcore America's malevolent philosopher general. Incredibly, in seven years, he'd be producing the world's most hotly anticipated rock album - Nirvana's In Utero.

Andrew Perry







DOUBLE NICKELS ON THE DIME

THE POLITICS OF HARDCORE PRECISION JAZZ-MATH RHYTHM, AND LYRICAL SURREALISM.

T WAS speed-of-light business as usual. In November 1983, singerguitarist D. Boon, bassist Mike Watt and drummer George Hurley - the hardcore minimalists Minutemen, founded three years earlier in the seaport of San Pedro, southern Los Angeles – recorded what they thought was their third album with producer Ethan James at his LA studio, Radio Tokyo. James – late of Blue Cheer under the name Ralph Kellogg – caught the band with blazing severity: two-dozen songs in two days. "Our sessions were **WANTED EVERYTHING** sound was all trebly because he more like gigs," Watt recalls. "We had song titles written out like a setlist. We'd record everything in order so we didn't have to spend money on editing."

Then, a month later, Minutemen's label-mates Hüsker Dü blew into LA to make their next SST release, also in first takes: the psychedelicised double album, Zen Arcade. The shock, Watt says, was contagious: "We thought, We'd like two pieces of vinyl too."

The result, after more songwriting and another fast visit to Radio Tokyo in April 1984, was Double Nickels On The Dime, a 45-song cannonball issued by SST simultaneously with Zen Arcade. "They had written their songs as an opera," Watt says of the Hüskers. "We had to invent a theme to unite our songs. But it's all Minutemen music, so it was united anyway."

Watt, Boon and Hurley were already a thrilling, provocative phenomenon in the US underground. On early blitzkriegs like 1980 debut EP Paranoid Time, and 1982's searing What Makes A Man Start Fires?, Minutemen pared hardcore's monochrome roar to an exuberant Wire-like concision, dense with leaping funk, jazz-math rhythm and bulletlyric surrealism in songs - per the band's name -

ry Lesson on 1981's The Punch Line was the entire story of mankind, from apes standing erect to "human slaughtering human for power", in 37 seconds.

Double Nickels... was that whiplash unleashed to an epic degree. The bony hyper-R&B of Boon's Anxious Mo-Fo, Watt's street-fighting taunt Do You Want New Wave Or Do You Want The Truth? and the flamenco instrumental Cohesion all came in the first half of side one. Later on, Corona was spidery country jangle, while Watt's History Lesson – Part II was quiet but fierce rock'n'roll dreaming, with its famous opening line: "Our band could be your life."

SOUND WAS TREBLY "D. called our words 'thinking out loud'," Watt says of Boon, whose first name was Dennes. "The way he played was the most

political thing about the band. His sound was all trebly because he want-Double Nickels was an immediate

critical triumph and still routinely appears on 'best album' lists, regardless of genre and decade. Sadly, the album became premature memorial. On December 22, 1985, after two records Watt deems "missteps" (Project Mersh and 3 Way Tie (For Last)), Boon died in a tour-van accident, effectively ending Minutemen. At the time, they were planning to work with rock critic and Blue Öyster Cult lyricist Richard Meltzer. "Bands are like people," Watt contends. "They have cycles. But I think we were coming back around."

While they were here, Minutemen liked a joke. Three of Double Nickels' four sides were named after the members, a homage to the solo-tracks half of Pink Floyd's Ummagumma, while Double Nickels' title and cover shot - Watt in his car, coming to the highway exit for San Pedro – were a fond joke on Sammy Hagar's rock lament Can't Drive 55. In the photo, Watt's speedometer is right on 55. "But they cropped the picture, so the side of my head is

cut off, and they lost part of the 'O' in Pedro," he laughs. "It's like Persian carpets - they always leave one mistake."

Foot to the floor: D. Boon at Godzillas, Sunland CA.

MAXIMUM

SPEED

"D. BOON'S

BECAUSE HE

David Fricke



David Grubbs of the band's debut LP. "I was 14 when the band started, and 18 when we called it a day." Formed in Louisville, Kentucky in 1983, amidst a tight-knit local scene (Babylon Dance Band, Malignant Growth, Maurice) and influenced by US bands like Mission Of Burma, Hüsker Dü, The Replacements and Big Black, who'd "wriggled out of the

hardcore straightjacket", Squirrel Bait recorded their first LP between July 1984 and May 1985 at Sound On Sound studio in Crestwood, Kentucky, their new sound significantly influenced by new vocalist Peter Searcy ("a natural, amazing singer") and future Slint member

Brian MacMahan, who'd joined on second guitar, just as another future Slint member, drummer Britt Walford, was leaving. "The guitarists I really thrilled to were Bob Mould and Babylon Dance Band's Tara Key," says Grubbs, "and it required two guitarists to begin to approach that roar." The result was 17 driving minutes of tight, canorous verse/screaming

chorus attack, led by Grubbs and MacMahan's twin-Hüsker guitar churn and Clark Johnson's Minor Threat bass, with Ben Daughtrey and Britt Walford's roiling Keith Moon drumming riding the melodies of Searcy's pained teen Westerberg cries. "I [like] the simplicity and directness," says Grubbs today. "It's 'teenager', crude and funny. We considered it to be an album, but when we finished we realised it was only 17 minutes long. I still think of it as an album – just a particularly short one."

Released by Gerard Cosloy's Homestead Records ("a genius", says Grubbs), the LP was immediately lauded by the likes of Big Black and Hüsker Dü, resulting in eye-opening support slots ("We felt like a bunch of shlubs compared to them"), while the LP's standout track Sun King eventually found its way to Kurt Cobain. "If I squint hard enough I hear the influence of Sun God on a song like Smells Like Teen Spirit," concedes Grubbs. "Does it sound terrible to say so?'

Andrew Male

SQUIRREL BAIT

DINOSAUR Homestead, 1985

A YEARNING—FOR—GIRLS SOUNDTRACK OF RULE— BREAKING MELODY AND NOISE.

N 1991. Dinosaur Jr. bassist Lou Barlow mapped his own musical DNA on Sebadoh's wryly meta Gimme Indie Rock: "Started back in '83/Started seeing things differently/And hardcore wasn't doin' it for me no more." Lou's fellow Massachusetts's punk and Deep Wound member J Mascis agreed, and by 1984 J had written the songs that would become Dinosaur's self-titled debut album. "J gave me the demos, lyrics and instructions," Lou recalls, "He had a plan." The new songs fed hardcore's brutish vigour into a more tuneful amalgam of melody and noise using a breadth of historical influences, in stark contrast to

Dinosaur jr.

hardcore's entrenched generational conflict. "Meat Puppets, Neil Young, The Birthday Party, Dream Syndicate, Black Sabbath, R.E.M., on and on..." says Lou. "J did a brilliant job of melding it all together."

Briefly a four-piece with drummer friend Murph and Deep Wound frontman Charlie Nakajima ("We kicked him out after he tried to pick a fight with some cops at our first show") the new trio Dinosaur (Jr was added later to distinguish them from SF hippy survivors The Dinosaurs) recorded their debut in Northampton MA for just \$500. The album was released by J's college friend and Deep Wound fan Gerard Cosloy on his Homestead label. "The songs were clever, musically ambitious and at points brilliant descriptions of our emotional state; yearning for girls," admits Lou. "Because I didn't really write the record I was essentially a fan from the beginning. I was honestly blown away."

Dinosaur's diversity and insouciant cool undoubtedly predicted US alt rock's future flight into the mainstream, inspiring countless bands, as Lou would later put it, "...to amaze/with the indie sludge".

Jenny Bulley





COME ON DOWN

POISONING THE COMMUNAL WELL OF HIPPY ROCK IDEALISM.

Y 1982, PUNK WAS the new orthodoxy. Mark Arm knew it: with Mohawk Man, the debut single by his band Mr Epp & The Calculations, this 20-year-old student at the University of Washington acidly satirised the commodification of creative anarchy into uniform gestures. "The whole American hardcore thing started off super-fast and exciting," he says. "But from 1982, you started noticing, Oh here's another band trying to sound like Minor Threat. That always seemed extremely weak to me.'

After Mr Epp split in early 1984, Arm resolved to start afresh with guitarist Steve Turner: together they would challenge conformity with a weapon more potent than Mr Epp's wiseacre noise. Arm had been profoundly affected when Black Flag played Seattle in '83, unveiling new material, slowing their vengeful assault to a primordial trudge, in battering homage to Black Sabbath. Heavy metal was supposed to have been purged by punk's year zero ethos; now the godfathers of hardcore were playing the devil's music.

Also weary of punk's reductive tendencies, Jeff Ament, bassist in hardcore trio Deranged Diction, had been dropping Aerosmith and Kiss into his DJ sets at Seattle punk gig Metropolis. Arm and Turner persuaded him to join them, drummer Alex Shumway and Turner's metalhead schoolfriend guitarist Stone Gossard in a new band: Green River.

This gathering of Pacific Northwest tribes caused ructions from the outset. Although the name referenced the 1969 Creedence Clearwater Revival song, it also carried more sinister connotations, given the proximity in time and place to the Green River Killer, a serial murderer of young women in the Seattle area. The sleeve of their debut mini-LP quoted John Fogerty's lyric: "Barefoot girls dancin' in the moonlight". Now Green River the band skewered this hippy-era idyll: Come On Down's opening MORE INTO NOISE."

THE MEMBRANES' JOHN ROBB LOOKS AT HOW 1985'S UK SCENE PAVED THE WAY FOR A US NOISE INVASION.

"Before Sonic Youth came over it was a very small underground scene in the UK and Europe. Black Flag had been the pioneers but American noise bands were starting to arrive. We saw them as kindred spirits. We toured all the time, so we knew everybody. Everybody who toured Europe would stay with The Ex in Holland. It was the key European fulcrum, instrumental in getting Sonic Youth over. And Nick Hobbs, from The Shrubs, he set up European tour routes for bands. He'd managed Henry Cow so knew the art-rock/squat circuit. You only needed one person in each country who was a fan of your

band and that was the tour. Fans became the promoters. Paul Smith of Blast First brought over the first wave of

American noise bands. I photocopied my address book and gave it to Paul and all the US bands who came. It happened in the UK before the US. because we had a smaller, more hip music press. You only had to

convince 10 people it was good, and they had their hands on the levers of power. For most of us it was still a photocopied fanzine culture, but it was a short step from there to the NME.

Also, English fans were already more attuned to noise than Americans. They'd been exposed to The Birthday Party and Einstürzende Neubauten on Mute. And they had John Peel, so integral you forget to mention him. He was the instant music culture, and used to read out band addresses, which was really important. UK fans had seen the Dead Kennedys on late-night Channel 4, The Tube played the Minutemen. Meat Puppets too - 100mph Grateful Dead country and western. American bands had a cultural baggage referencing things like Black Sabbath or Oi bands that weren't part of the mix. The Jesus And Mary Chain took the noise of our scene and blended it with a classic '60s girl group sound, it went through the roof. It went from 2,000 people to 20,000 and up and that was the space Sonic Youth stepped into."

As told to Andrew Male.

The Membranes' splendid Dark Matter/Dark Energy is out on Cherry Red

You're the one to fill this hole..."

The LP front-loaded its best three songs: after the title track came the pounding New God, and then Swallow My Pride, built on an insistent raggedy punk riff written by Turner. Side two dragged. While its contradictory parts made Green River compelling, Turner struggled to reconcile his love for primitive garage rock with Ament and Gossard's unironic enthusiasm for Iron Maiden. By the time Come On Down was released, he'd quit, replaced by Ament's former Deranged Diction bandmate Bruce Fairweather. By common consent, Green River got better without Turner, ironically by ditching much of the needless noodling that so offended him; their 1986 EP, Dry As A Bone, combined a taut, trashy aesthetic with the bruising low-end thrills that would soon become the hallmark of its producer, Jack Endino, on records by Soundgarden, TAD, Nirvana...

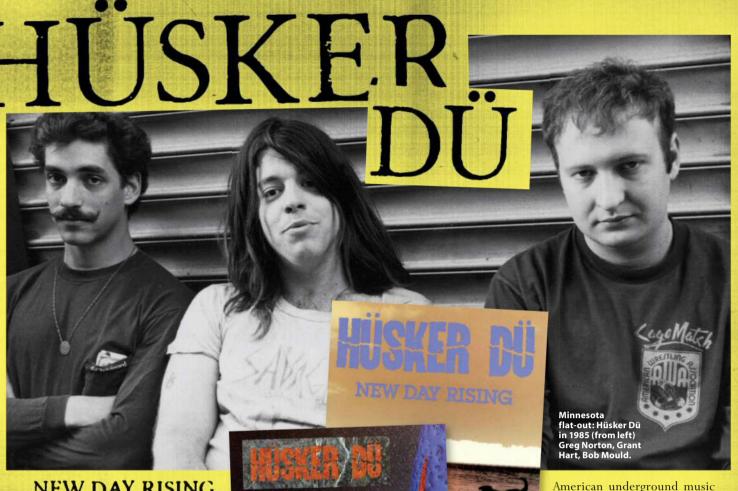
In creating a new world for themselves, Green River changed everyone else's. They became the first band to

> release a record on Sub Pop. Mark Arm and Steve Turner would eventually be reunited in Mudhoney. Jeff Ament and Stone Gossard went on to form Pearl Jam. By then, the transgressive rock variant

had been given a name: grunge. None of it could have happened without Come On Down and its summons to the

Keith Cameron

rock: '85 noise guru John Robb.



YOUR W

NEW DAY RISING FLIP YOUR WIG

HI-VELOCITY POP-DISTORTION AND ALIENATION, TWICE IN THE SAME YEAR.

HEY DIDN'T look especially hardcore. Grant Hart had long hair and played wild-man drums, barefoot, somehow also managing to sing; in sweaty sweatshirt, swinging an Ibanez

Flying V, singer-guitarist Bob Mould resembled a grumpy bricklayer; twinkly-eyed bassist Greg Norton, meanwhile, wore the

subsequently became). Nonetheless, in the hardcore era, no band played **FND** faster than Hüsker Dü. But if the title

of 1982's Land Speed Record was self-explanatory, a boastful throw-down to their peers, within 18 months the Minneapolis trio had seceded from hardcore's

restrictive subculture. 1983's mini-LP Metal Circus saw a repudiation of the

scene's mandatory political dogma ("People talk about anarchy and taking up a fight/Well I'm afraid of things like that/I lock my doors at night," sang Mould on Real World). It also heralded a marginal deceleration of tempo, revealing tunes lurking beneath the sheets of distortion. The potential was confirmed by 1984's Zen Arcade, a monumental two-record concept album drenched in existential fury and with a shimmering melodic turbulence that owed more to jazz than anything grounded in punk. Yet as their music blossomed, Hüsker Dü moved ever quicker. In October 1984, they embarked on a US tour, ostensibly to promote Zen Arcade. But the setlist was dominated by songs from its just-recorded follow-up, New Day Rising, whose release was still three months away, and also included three songs that were destined for the album after that, Flip Your Wig.

"We were always writing, always touring," says Bob Mould. "But during '84-85, we were way ahead of ourselves. The landscape of

American underground music was starting to change. People started talking about the band, we started getting critical notice.

Other bands in our circle were on a good stride -Meat Puppets, Minutemen, Replacements - and so we started to pick up momentum."

If its predecessor had been a gruelling therapy session, New Day Rising saw Hüsker Dü admit euphoria and melancholy to an emotional palette hitherto defined by the rage of majority songwriter

*FLIP YOUR WIG Mould. Hart was an altogether sunnier personality, and now his contributions (Girl WAS THE BAND AT Who Lives On Heaven Hill; Books About UFOs) were of stellar quality. Released in January 1985, New Day Rising extravagant moustache of a chef (which he neapolis, instead of the Califor-IN FULL CONTROL.

nia base of their label SST. It was also the last with SST's in-house

BOB MOULD producer Spot.

"Grant and I thought we had a better idea of what the end result should be," says Mould. "We loved Spot but with New Day Rising there was a lot of frustration on both sides. Sonically it could have been better."

Hart and Mould produced its successor alone, their vision free to paint an update of the '60s British and US pop they both loved. Flip Your Wig was a hi-velocity jukebox, each song dripping harmony, noise honed to sniper bullets of melody, pop at its essence: Makes No Sense At All

jumped straight to the chorus. "That was the band at full throttle, in full control," says Mould. "Flip Your Wig is the peak. The three of us - most importantly, me and Grant - working side by side, for the exact same cause. That's why it's a great record."

Shortly after Flip Your Wig's September 1985 release, Hüsker Dü signed to Warner Bros and made two more albums, but the relationship between Hart and Mould was fracturing. Even so, in the course of one year, they had created an alternative vocabulary for rock: sing-along alienation. In a small town near Seattle, one young

man was taking notes. Keith Cameron

CREAM CORN FROM THE SOCKET OF DAVIS

Touch & Go, 1985

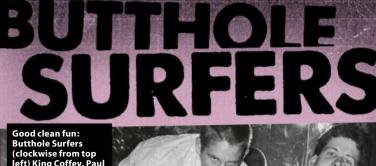
SOMETHING FOUL AND WICKED THIS WAY COMES.

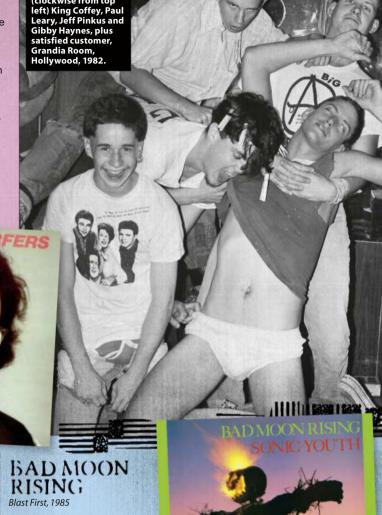
AJOR LABEL deals. Lollapalooza tours and Letterman appearances at the time only visible in a clairvoyant's ball, 1985 found Butthole Surfers sowing the seeds of future success with the Cream Corn... EP. In the midst of evolving from aberrant punkers to fully-fledged lysergic crazies, this eclectic four-tracker gave a taste of the wider-reaching. hairy-eyed insanity they would soon be wallowing in. While previous full-length, Psychic Powerless... Another Man's Sac, still bore traces of earlier Flipper/Dicks-influenced dirge-making, this disorientating follow-up took major steps forward, offering a growing cavalcade of converts an early bird invitation to a nascent freak-show that would one day spill over into the mainstream. With Gibby Haynes threatening to "potty train the Chairman Mao" over bastardised Beefheart blues, Moving To Florida opened proceedings in supremely irreverent fashion. If Tornadoes' dervish punk hoe-down was slightly

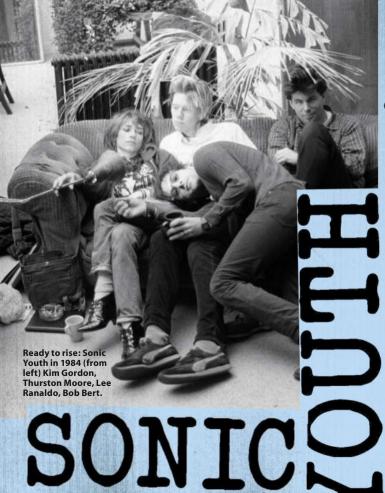
less wayward, Comb (retitled Lou Reed on Fundamental's European version) went right off the dial, heralding the arrival of Haynes's 'Gibbytronix' effects box with a nightmare mess of mangled vocals and heaving percussive clamour. Best of the bunch, To Parter set sail for new realms of syrup-spinning psychedelic greatness as Gibby's mind-fried ramblings (sample: "The goddamned white man sold Quaaludes to the monkeys/And they're all high up in the trees") winged their way to the heavens on Paul Leary's kaleidoscope guitar work. Signposting, if never quite reaching, the unhinged heights of game-changing, fundament-shaking masterworks Locust Abortion Technician (1987) and Hairway To Steven (1988), it was here these Texan psychos first showed their sights were set far beyond the US punk underground's confines.

Andrew Carden

BUTTHOLE







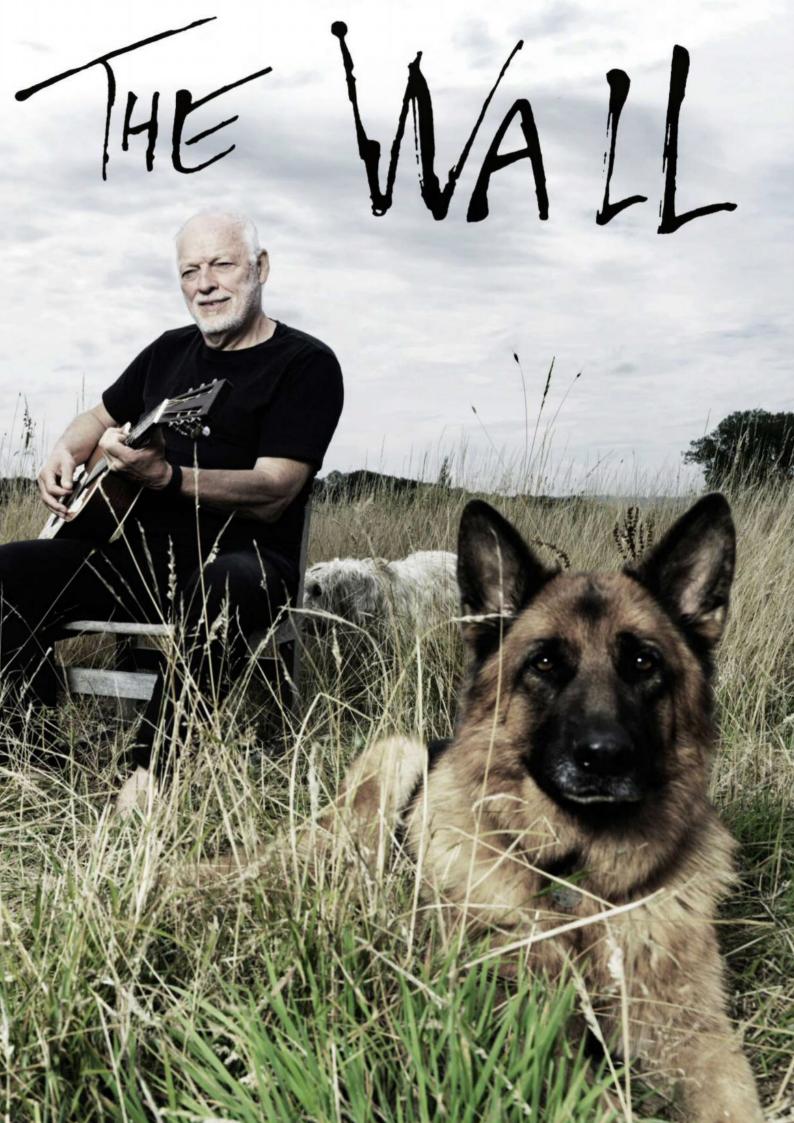
FOCUSED FURY, CONTROLLED FEEDBACK, A BATTLEPLAN.

EOPLE seemed to expect something furious, reckless, caterwauling," says Thurston Moore, of Sonic Youth's second album, but Bad Moon Rising's fury was more composed, less flailing than 1983's Confusion Is Sex. At Martin Bisi's New York BC Studio, they recreated the cassette-tape experiments used on-stage to cover longueurs as they retuned: drones, loops, shards of The Stooges' Not Right. From this ambience of mystery and urban gothic - underscored by a sleeve featuring a flaming jack-o'-lantern on the Brooklyn shore - rose songs that took the Youth's revolution a step on from playing drills through the pickups (early tricks adopted to mask the crappy thrift-store guitars). Bolstering their arsenal with cheap Fender Jazzmasters, they explored the uses of repetition, hypnotic guitar chimes and controlled feedback as a compositional tool, while the lyrics were artful and inspired. Death Valley 69 - with

ferocious, guttural vocals from Lydia Lunch – swapped between drone and detuned-Dick Dale squall to conjure Manson's gutting of the hippy dream; I Love Her All The Time allied its neo-psychedelic symphony of treated and mistreated guitar to minimal, direct lyrics à la early Ramones. Such gestures saw the Youth accused of artsy pretension by hardcore's gatekeepers, but the album's visions were visceral, disorientating and still sound like nothing else. "We were pretty primal," remembers Moore, but there was a curious finesse to Bad Moon Rising. It was our most important album." Indeed, the keen focus of its raw avant power pointed the way forward for Sonic Youth to lead their pack to mainstream success at the turn of the decade.

Stevie Chick







ADDING BAREFOOTED IN black jeans and T-shirt across the gravel pathway in front of his West Sussex farmhouse, a welcoming David Gilmour grins as he explains his shoeless state. "I see it as

reflexology," he says.

He leads MOJO across his grounds and up wooden stairs to his first-floor-level barn studio, where books on Pink Floyd line a shelf and an oil painting of Battersea Power Station adorns a wall. It's a small and creatively cluttered environment, one of three he used in the making of his fourth solo album, *Rattle That Lock*, along with his Medina recording facility in Hove and his Astoria studio boat, moored on the Thames, which is even more compact. "I could fit its live room six times into this space," he explains.

Gilmour, it seems, likes to keep his life relatively simple and unfussy, although there are artful touches everywhere. Back inside the farmhouse, visitors are greeted in the vestibule by the sight of a collage by Jonathan Yeo entitled Cliff And Mary, featuring the faces of Mr Richard and Mrs Whitehouse, revealed only on closer inspection to be composed entirely of pornographic cuttings from nudie mags. "It's really very clever," Gilmour notes, peering closely at the artwork through electric blue-framed glasses.

Inside the cosy, busy and slightly messy kitchen, his son Joe lolls

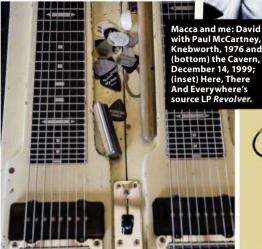
in a corner chair, playing dextrous arpeggios on an acoustic guitar as Gilmour's author and lyricist wife Polly Samson appears through an adjoining door, smiling and puffing on a roll-up. The couple have lived here for 21 years and together they seem to have settled into an arrangement which benefits both their creative and family lives.

"Polly and I sort of have different priority working times," Gilmour says. "She sometimes is writing a book, and I sort of take a back seat. When the kids are at school, I











and his cover of the Revolver classic.

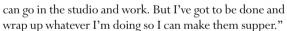
"HERE, THERE And Everywhere was recorded maybe 10 years ago. It's me and [son] Joe doing a lot of the backing vocals. He's a natural, very good at it. I've done lots of covers with the kids, over 20, where we do a backing track

and the kids have all sung, from tiny ages. I love that track, it's a good lyric.

"The Beatles were a massive part of my musical education. Hoved dissecting their things and working out how it was all done and learning it. I've worked with Paul a few times. The first time was [1979's] Back To The Egg, the Rockestra thing, where they built a false wall at the end of Number 2 studio at Abbey Road and had lots of cameras hidden behind it. There was all sorts of trouble because the people in the room didn't know they were being filmed.

"I played on No More Lonely Nights from Give My Regards To Broad Street [1984] and we did Run Devil Run [1999]. Paul said to me, 'Would you play at the Cavern?" I said, 'Only if you do I Saw Her Standing There.' And he grumbled a bit... but did it. Playing that, with Paul, at the Cavern, was great. I had to do that."

As told to Tom Doyle



"Someone has to focus on the children," Samson points out. "So we have done that thing where it's someone's turn. You'll have a year where the other person will do the focusing on the children so that you're kind of creatively free to do what you need to do."

This may in some ways account for the nine years between *Rattle That Lock* and Gilmour's previous solo record, 2006's dreamily-paced *On An Island*.

"In the later part of my career I feel it's fine for me to work in a slightly less defiantly ambitious way," he reasons. "But it doesn't take much for me to get into proper hours and then start becoming obsessive about getting this stuff right as I see it."

The lengthy gaps between albums can also be explained by the fact that at 69 – and 47 years after his first appearance on record with Pink Floyd's second album, *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, in 1968 – the music-making process remains something of a mystery to him.

"I just sort of blunder on from beginning to end in whatever mode or style I'm currently in," he states, in his characteristically unflappable way. "I keep thinking one day I will actually have it down as a formula and know how to do it. But it just isn't like that. It's different every time. I still don't know how you make a record."



HIS INTUITIVE, SLOW-LANE APproach can be traced back to Gilmour's musical nascency in the late 1950s and the first half of the 1960s. As a Cambridge-born youth in thrall to the sounds of Elvis Presley and The Everly Brothers, and then as a naturally-talented guitarist who became obsessively devoted to his instrument, Gilmour gradually soaked up influences from all around to come up with his unhurried, soulful playing style.

Back in the studio, he sits in a wheely chair, sips from a bottle of water and turns his mind to the past.

Can you still recall that first urge to pick up the guitar?

Yeah. I learnt guitar from the Pete Seeger guitar tutor record which my parents gave me when I was about 14. And the very first thing he does after he teaches you how to tune it, which is invaluable, is he teaches you the chord of D and then a song you can sing just playing the chord of D. So singing and accompanying myself was the first thing I really wanted to do. And that came before wanting to play melodic tunes on a guitar and solos. Shortly after that there was The Shadows. I mean there's thousands of different things that all impinge on your taste. Gradually you create something out of a long time of copying all sorts of different people.

Later, you hitchhiked to London to see The Who at the Marquee club...

Yeah, well I'd hitchhike up to London to see all sorts of people. I remember hitchhiking up to go and see The Spencer Davis Group with Steve Winwood when he was a kid, 16 or something. To see Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames at the Flamingo. They were phenomenal live bands. The Who were fantastic.

And you met Jimi Hendrix in 1967 in Paris?

I saw him playing live before then, at this club called Blaises in South Kensington. He jammed with the Brian Auger Trinity with Julie Driscoll singing. This little place was packed with Beatles and Stones type of people, so you think, "Something's going on." And this kid came in and strapped a right-handed guitar on the wrong way round. He was an absolute phenomenon from the beginning. Later, I was living in Paris and one of the jobs

So just how does POLLY SAMSON write lyrics for the Floyd and DAVID GILMOUR?

"What happens is that David has a whole load of demos and he gives them to me on my iPod and I walk for miles and one or two kind of might appeal to me more than others. So I'll say,

OK, these two are quite suggestive of something... not sure what yet.' Then I ask him to scat a melody. Going **b**ack to The Division Bell time, I wouldn't have stuck my head up above that parapet. I had glandular fever. and David was jamming with Nick [Mason] and Rick [Wright] and Guy Pratt and

he'd come back with all these pieces of music and he'd go, 'Oh God, I really need a lyric.' And I was sitting there with a temperature of 105 or whatever and I'd go, 'Well...maybe.. and sort of mumble five or six things. It hadn't occurred to me at the beginning that he was writing them down. The next time we worked together was on On An Island. That was better in a way because I sort of felt, 'OK, I know what I want to say.' I didn't feel quite so sort of, 'Oh no, please hide me' (laughs).

DAVID GILMOUR

The third person songs are much easier for me. I mean, he still has to want to sing it, but it's not quite the same thing as writing a song which is an 'I' that is not me.'

As told to Tom Dovle

outside of just playing with my little pop group [Jokers Wild] there was that I was employed to take him round Paris for an evening, show him a good time. And he seemed very nice. Likeable, shy.

There was a lot of competition among guitarists at the time – Beck, Clapton, Hendrix. Were you quite competitive as well when it came to playing?

(Thinks) Aaah...no. I don't think I was like that. I wasn't really what you could call a guitar purist. I wasn't trying to be quite like those guys. I was trying to be a part of a bigger, whole thing is how I looked on it at the time.

The playing style you developed seemed to suit your personality - thoughtful, laidback, not flashy...

Well, I don't think I got that particular gift of the flashy. My fingers aren't that swift and not that well co-ordinated (laughs).

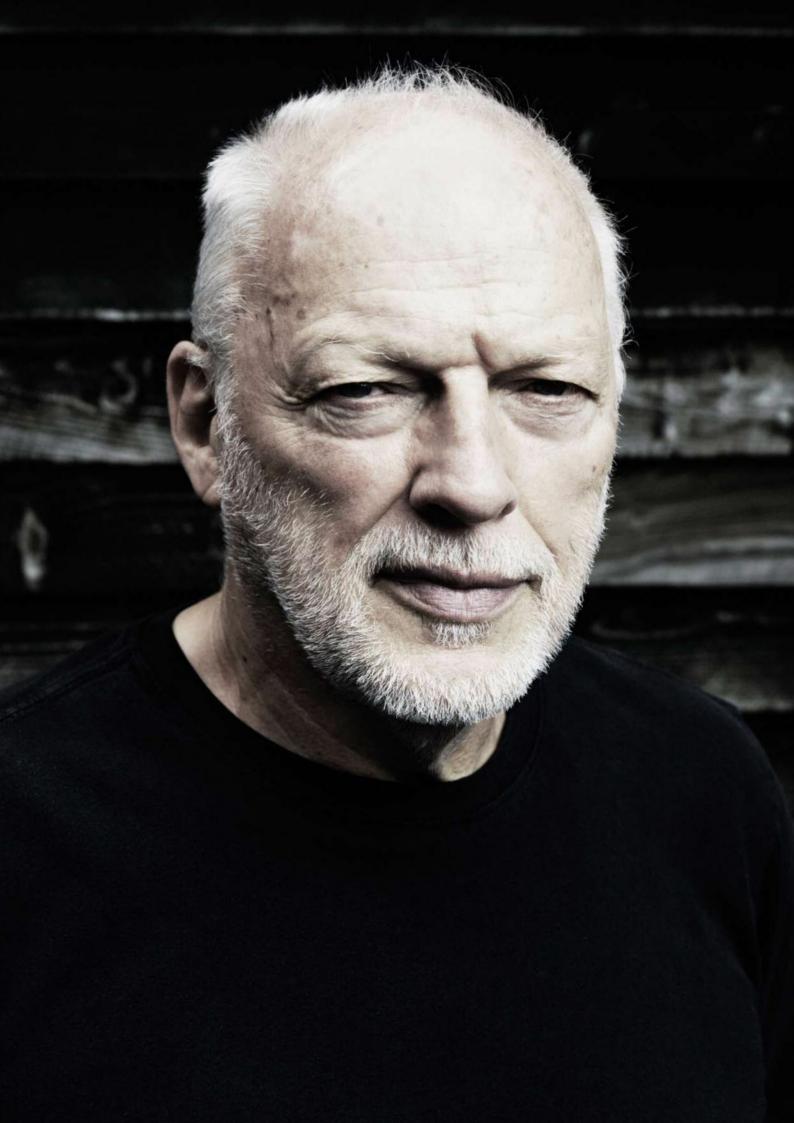
_ILMOUR'S ARRIVAL IN PINK FLOYD, and Syd Barrett's unforeseen subsequent departure, has been previously well documented in these pages and elsewhere. So too has the reinvention and rise of the group, and their creative highs. Though sharing roughly equal billing with Roger Waters as the co-frontmen of Pink Floyd, from Animals in 1977, Waters began to commandeer control of the band. In what was viewed as a not entirely coincidental move, the following year David Gilmour released his eponymous debut solo LP, a swiftly-recorded and pared-back offering which the distance of time reveals to be something of a lost gem. Solo albums since have been few: 1984's About Face, its bombastic tendencies and overcooked production typical of the decade, and the beautifully atmospheric mood music of 2006's On An Island. Whether Gilmour's initial solo excursions were acts of escapism has always been hard to ascertain.

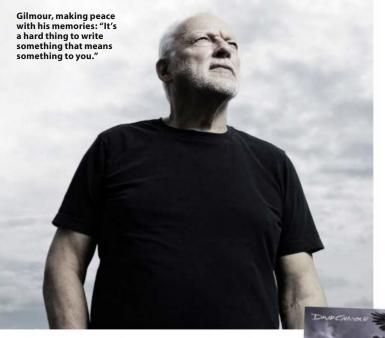
Why did you feel moved to make your first solo album *David Gilmour* in 1978? Did you feel burdened by developments in Pink Floyd?

Em... y'know we were spending such a long time making a record. It was such a laborious process, and I just thought it would be fun to knock something out really fast. It wasn't an expression of dissatisfaction or frustration of what was going on within Pink Floyd. It was just a little release in a different direction, I suppose. A try-out. I really enjoyed it and there are some very nice moments on it. There's some pretty embarrassing moments on it too (hearty

chuckle). About Face is a very different record. The production is of its time and it's heavily rocky in places.

"What do you think of this lyric, darling Polly Samson and Gilmour finding words for the music





Are you as fond of that album?

Again, there are moments in it which I love. I was thinking that I wanted to be a little closer to mainstream rock star stuff. But I got over that. It's one of those ones where you think, "Oh maybe I should remix that one day" - and in fact [Floyd's 1987 album] A Momentary Lapse Of Reason – to maybe get rid of some of the elements that tie it so firmly to its period.

$When \textit{About Face} \, came \, out, the \, future \, of \, Pink \, Floyd$ was in doubt. Was it a serious effort at a solo career?

Was I thinking about it as an alternative? I don't know. I can't quite remember. I've no memory of ever thinking that the Pink Floyd thing was actually going to stop. Despite Roger's intentions for it, y'know. That period of time from the making of [1983's] The Final Cut was a rough old period. So escaping into my own project was probably my intention.

You Know I'm Right from About Face apparently didn't begin life as a song about Roger. But it ended up as one?

Yes, I suppose it probably did. You are tempted to allow yourself to let those grumbles surface in things. I think it's generally a poor idea. And if I went back to it, I probably wouldn't do that. It's impossible not to grumble and moan about the inequities and injustices of life (laughs).

You really hit solo stride with On An Island, when you had no intention of working again with Floyd. So was this a creative line in the sand?

The creative line in the sand with the Floyd thing is 20 years old now. After The Division Bell, I was done with it. With The Endless River, we did think, "Now is the moment we should perhaps tidy our cupboard a little bit and put something out there." I mistakenly thought I could get other people to do most of it and that I could just come and oversee a tiny bit at the end.

Which wasn't exactly what happened...

(Grins) No. It's kind of slightly wishful thinking, isn't it? I mean, there were a bunch of minds that joined together to create all that we created over the years that our Pink Floyd unit existed in its various forms. And it's a daft sort of vanity to think that can in any way be done without you. Without someone who has lived and breathed that sound putting their overview on it in a bigger way.

There've been nine years between On An Island and Rattle That Lock. Do you find the months drift by when you're working?

I do. The years (laughs). I always intended after On An Island to do another one within three or four years max, and it's been nine. Jesus Christ! I'm

AVING APPARENTLY DISPENSED WITH THE WEIGHT of Pink Floyd's legacy, Gilmour seems at peace with himself. Mindful of having been part of a band who were at times warring and dysfunctional, for On An Island and now Rattle That Lock, he has assembled a team of wholly compatible musicians, many of whom appear on both albums: co-producer and former Roxy Music guitarist Phil Manzanera; Gilmour's childhood friend and guitarist Rado Klose; latter-day Floyd bassist Guy Pratt; David Crosby and Graham Nash; Jools Holland; Robert Wyatt. The musical contrast between the albums, however, is evident, Rattle That Lock boasting a greater sense of variety and a certain thrust. Five of the new album's lyrics were written by Polly Samson, a contributor to her husband's songs since 1994's The Division Bell, while the reluctant lyricist Gilmour penned two entirely alone.

Your collaborators say you're very organised and meticulous in the studio. Is there a bit of OCD going on?

Definitely! I spend a long time fiddling and really enjoying the process.

But do you suffer moments of creative doubt, frustration, block?

There's lots of moments of doubts and there's lots of moments of frustration. There's not moments of block really. There are moments of block when I'm trying to write lyrics. I find it hard to get into the right frame of mind of pushing myself and being exacting enough.

> The two lyrics you've written yourself on this record are very personal – Faces Of Stone is about a day spent with your late mother after she had been diagnosed with dementia; Dancing Right In Front Of Me is about your hopes and fears for your children. Is it only when you have acutely personal sentiments to express that you put pen to paper?

Yeah. It's a hard thing to try to write something that means something to you. Reflecting an idea of what you want and hope for, for your kids, and to try to not become mawkish or hectoring. Faces Of Stone is a strange one, 'cos I had a very difficult relationship with my mother. I wasn't an adoring son by any stretch of the imagination. But there is a sort of element of wanting to make a little peace with various memories I have of her and myself.

A Boat Lies Waiting, written by Polly, is about Rick Wright and opens with a recording of him apparently talking about death: "It's like going into the sea/There's nothing"...

KATTLE THAT LINES

I was looking for bits of Rick talking at some point, for a completely different reason. The rolling piano is a bit like waves, and Rick's big thing was sailing. He practically lived on his boat, sailing around the Mediterranean and sailing across the Atlantic. He was an old salt by nature. I'm not – and Idon't think Polly is – searching for ways to record the loss that we have. These things just force themselves to the surface and make

Polly says you never argue over lyrics.

(Smiles) She's always fucking right. Yeah, I don't often argue with her over lyrics. She's moved forward a stage on this one by no longer feeling that she has to divine what I'm thinking.

In terms of collaborators, is it hard to find people not intimidated by your reputation, who'll just say yes to everything you suggest?

themselves felt.

Em, yeah it is. It's tricky. I've seen it with Paul [McCartney]. You to try to use your own judgement and listen to the people that do [say no]. That's why it's good to listen to Polly. She will never bullshit. That's guaranteed (laughs).

T'S A WORKING RELATIONSHIP THAT SEEMS TO CUT both ways. Later, as Gilmour and Samson pose on chairs outside in their overgrown field for MOJO photographer Tom Oldham, the former with his Martin acoustic guitar, the latter with a piece of lyric-writing paper, their Battersea Dogs Home-rescued lurcher Doris and protective German shepherd Kahn at their feet, the couple are clearly entirely at ease with one another in displaying something of their shared creativity.

"What do you think of this lyric, darling?" Samson mock-enquires.

"It's fucking shit," pretend-huffs her husband in response.

But, with another album already underway, the pair seem to be on a creative roll. For Gilmour, who turns 70 next year, it would seem there is still much left to be done. In a career this long, you couldn't call it a second wind. A fourth wind, perhaps?

"Something like that," he smiles. "I've lost count."

WHAT'S GOING ON TASTE

LIVE AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT

First ever video release for Taste's legendary Isle Of Wight Festival performance with accompanying documentary.

Features restored picture and newly remixed sound. Includes previously unreleased tracks.







Released on DVD, Blu-ray, CD, double LP and digital formats.

Available from September 18th.







"CLARK MIGHT JUST BE THE MAN TO BRING GUITARS BACK INTO FASHION" THE TELEGRAPH

www.eagle-rock.com

taste

'I'll Remember'

The definitive 4CD box set from Rory Gallagher's legendary band

Extensive remasters of the albums 'Taste' and 'On The Boards'

Demos & live recordings from Woburn Abbey, Stockholm and London

Over 50% previously unreleased music

40-page booklet containing sleevenotes by Nigel Williamson, unseen photos and memorabilia



OUT 28th AUGUST 2015

GARYCLARKJR.COM









Electric

Forty years young this autumn, **Patti Smith**'s *Horses* crossed poetry and rock and paved the way for punk. But for its author, a first flush of success was followed by domestic retreat and personal tragedy. As she prepares to reprise her legendary 1976 London Roundhouse shows, bandmate **Lenny Kaye** tells the inside story of the album that changed everything, while Patti goes looking for the girl who sang "Jesus died for somebody's sins, but not mine". "I've never lost that spirit," she tells **Martin Aston**.

Portrait by **Frank Stefanko**.

CONTENTS

p72 **Lenny Kaye**: How we made *Horses* p75 **John Cale** on improv and head trauma p77 **Viv Albertine**: "Patti freed us all" p78 **Patti Smith**: Exclusive Interview!







A Sea Of Possibilities

PATTI SMIT

On September 2, 1975, writer and guitarist **Lenny Kaye** lugged his amp down the stairs at New York's Electric Lady Studios to begin work on one of the greatest, most influential albums of all. Writing exclusively for MOJO, he reveals close encounters with Jimi Hendrix, the significance of Lance Loud's Mumps, and an intimate portrait of rock's brightest star at her crowning moment: "We walked up the stairs, into the future..."

it's the Primavera festival in Barcelona. Field Day in London.
Rock Werchter in Belgium.
Glasgow, Turin, Munich,
Copenhagen, Reykjavik.
All the places in-between,
the road's eternal present. There's a held
breath as the crowd settles, and then Tony
Shanahan, echoing the late Richard Sohl over
the 40 years since he chimed those opening piano chords, moves from E to D and back again. We
begin the album that has lived to celebrate
its ruby jubilee.

We're not strangers to these songs, touchstones of our set and old favourites both to our fans and us. There's a great joy in playing them, negotiating their familiar twists and turns, arrangements that sprang telepathically as we discovered them in our earliest improvisations, when Patti would emphasise a word and Jay Dee would seize

on it and punctuate, and I'd find his drum fill in my guitar and maybe we would do it the next

night, and the next, carving itself into the rock of the song. There's a great joy in referencing the times we've played them before, where we played them, every town adding its own lustre. It's allowed us to know these songs like old friends, their nuances and embellishments, each with their sea of possibilities and furies.

Still playing them. As they play us.

N SEPTEMBER 2, 1975, WE HAULED OUR EQUIPMENT down the stairs to the A room of Electric Lady Studios, on W. 8th St. in Manhattan.

We had been there once before, a three-hour session recording our first single – Hey Joe (Version) b/w Piss Factory – on June 5 of the previous year in the back studio B. And Patti had been there once before that, at Electric Lady's opening party in 1970, meeting a departing Jimi Hendrix on those same steps as they both took refuge from the festivities within. They exchanged shy pleasantries. She will access that harmonic convergence when we begin our first take of Hey Joe, slowed like his. "Hi Jimi," she whispers into the microphone. They're the first notes we commit to history, our first attempt to transfer to 8-track analogue tape the effect we seemed to be generating within our audience.

That's the trick pony, when you record; if you can corral the thundering hooves of live performance and compress it into something experienced only through the ears. From a stage, decibels pulsing, crowd pulled along as the music place on a life of its own all some receiving

pulsing, crowd pulled along as the music takes on a life of its own, all senses receiving

Saddle up: the fruits of Patti Smith's inaugural three-hour session at Electric Lady studios, Hey Joe (Version) and B-side Piss Factory. She'd met Jimi Hendrix at the studio's opening in 1970.



and amplifying, you're most explicitly *there*. But in the studio, there's only the machines to listen, as you play to the song itself, watching it unfold, respond to you, a curious kind of split personality. It's not as easy as it sounds.

We were an unlikely band, and took our time to become a fully-fledged rock group. Originally it was Patti's chant-song, my scratchy Gibson Melody Maker and Richard Sohl interpreting our horizontal horizons on the keyboard. We opened for folk singers (Phil Ochs) and cabaret singers (Holly Woodlawn), slowly closing the gap between our spoken word and musical selections until the former segued into the latter, a kind of musical performance art where songs illustrate the action. By the end of summer 1974 we were playing at the vaunted Max's Kansas City, billed with one of the bands – Television – we'd formed an allegiance with at CBGB, a downtown dive which seemed to provide a place for mutant ensembles to assemble.

We began hearing the music larger. A West Coast trip in November 1974, with audition nights at the Whisky-A-Go-Go in Los Angeles, Winterland in San Francisco, setting up in record shops like Rather Ripped in Berkeley, made us feel that the music we were hearing in our heads couldn't be amplified by just Richard and myself. When we returned to New York, we put an ad in the Village Voice for another guitar/bass player, unsure of what we were looking for. Each hopeful (or unhopeful, given that most quickly looked for a convenient exit) brought their own sense of how we should mould ourselves to their particular approach. Only Ivan Kral, a Czech refugee who loved The Beatles and Rolling Stones, made us sound like ourselves. By January of 1975 we played our first show as a quartet, opening for Eric Burdon at the Main Point outside of Philadelphia.

RICHARD SOHL



Piano. Nicknamed 'DNV' by Kaye on account of his resemblance to Tadzio from Visconti's film of Death In Venice. Died in 1990.

right-hand man.

IVAN KRAL



Guitar. Came to PSG via glamsters Luger and the protean Blondie. Now lives in Ann Arbor but markets music in his native Czech Republic.

JAY DEE DAUGHERTY



Soundman-turned-PSG drummer. Had to fit into the band's longtime drum-free sound. Also on Lester Bangs' Let It Blurt. Still playing with

Smith and Kaye.

TOM VERLAINE



Enigmatic Television frontman and guitarist, a PSG pal from the CBGB scene. Plays typically vertiginous lead guitar on Break It Up.

ALLEN LANIER



Keyboards, guitar, co-writes and production. The Blue Öyster Cult man was Smith's boyfriend and had encouraged her

collaboration on BÖC lyrics. Died 2013.

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE



Author of the iconic Horses cover shotturned-blazing star of NY art photography: flowers and portraits a speciality. Died 1989.

N FEBRUARY 13 WE BEGAN A STAND at CBGB, four nights a week, Thursday through Sunday, alternating sets with Television. It was the first time we had played on a residency basis outside of our practice room, and the songs, especially those based around spontaneous mood and inspiration, took on a life of their own. Gloria drove her blue Thunderbird to party after party; Johnny, the wildboy protagonist of Land, had surreal, cinematic adventures that mirrored the run-down skid row bar to which our disaffected denizens of lower Manhattan and environs were drawn. Redondo Beach tried its hand at reggae. Birdland blended alien visitation into a son's longing for his absent father; Distant Fingers beaconed a landing platform for interstellar travellers. We opened each night with The Velvet Underground's We're Gonna Have A Real Good Time Together. We played our favourite oldies -Smokey Robinson's The Hunter Gets Captured By The Game, The Quin-Tones' Down The Aisle Of Love – and wrote our own songs, the wish-fulfilment of Free Money or Kimberly, sparked by a stray chord or progression, sometimes helped by friends like Television's Tom Verlaine and Blue Öyster Cult's Allen Lanier, following the dreamscape of Patti's lyricism.

For seven weeks we held court there, a crucible in which we were gifted the time and space to understand who we could be, as was true for all the bands nurtured at that fabled (and now gentrified) T-square intersection of Bleecker and Bowery. Far off the beaten path, as close as a subway ride, the scene flourished beneath Manhattan's topsoil, allowing for experimentation and failure and dead ends and nights where the guitars refused to stay in tune (this was before tuners were invented), balanced by sudden realisations and connec-



"WE COULD FEEL THE RUMBLINGS OF NEW ENERGIES, THE CULTURAL WAVE SHIFTING UNDER OUR FFFT."

was without a name as yet, though "punk" – an attitude on its way to a catchphrase – was in the air.

Yet all the bands were different, each their own idea, as Tom Verlaine put it: a tag-line awaiting the definitive template ultimately supplied by the Ramones. But for us at this point, within the free-for-all that was CBGB when it was more OMFUG, our peers were still classically constructed rock bands, modelled on guitars and drums, and we didn't have the trap set as yet.

E WERE READY FOR PERCUSSION. ON May 28, broadcasting over WBAI, New York's freest radio station, Patti told the story of how our band gathered, role-calling each of us, ending with the prophetic tag-line: "We need a drummer, and we know you're out there!" Actually, it was more announcement than plea, as we had a feeling he was there already. Jay Dee Daugherty had been doing our sound at CBGB all spring, using components from his home stereo system, transferring his allegiance from Lance Loud's Mumps to our band by occasionally sitting in. By the end of June, he was on-stage with us at the Other End, on the west wing of Bleecker St, when Bob Dylan came down to

check us out. Thinking about it today, 50 years since Bob went electric at Newport, it was also the moment when we too became a rock band, a hindsight that reveals where we were always heading, though we wanted to get there on our terms.

We spent all that summer figuring out this new configuration, integrating Jay Dee into our line-up. Our rehearsal room was located behind a billboard on W. 45th St fronting Times Square, on a floor occupied by our manager Jane Friedman, who ran a publicity firm that had bannered the Woodstock festival, as well as providing me with an opportunity to see the farewell show of Vanilla Fudge at the Action House on Long Island, for which I will be eternally grateful.

We gathered there each day, playing through our songs, honing them for the studio. In the spring of 1975, our CBGB presence had provoked some interest from recording companies. We did demos for RCA, and were courted by ESP-Disk, an opportunity that promised the creative wanderlust of Sun Ra, Albert Ayler, and Patty Waters. But Clive Davis's new label, Arista, gave us a similar open terrain, and in the company of such straightforward fare as Barry Manilow and Melissa Manchester, we became his cherished mavericks.

Talk turned to which producer might best represent our interests in the studio. At one point Tom Dowd was scheduled, leading to interesting conjecture, but this fell through. Our attention and consequent hopes were attuned to an artist with deep roots in New York avantrock. We felt John Cale would understand us, encourage our artistic sensibilities, and help us make a record that represented our highest aspirations.

He arrived in New York at the end of August, only knowing us by word-of-mouth, and we played him our songs. We scheduled a show at the Joyous Lake in Woodstock so he might see us live. On the way up, in my old '64 red Chevy Impala, we were listening to a reggae tape, our constantly accompanying soundtrack.

"This sounds like Radio Ethiopia," said John, fulfilling a producer's job of paving a path ahead even while the present is yet to be accomplished.

✓ tions as the mise en scène would shift, bringing the song a step further along. All we had to do was give

our imagination freedom to roam, in a room with a willing audience whose taste for the outré and unexpected made way for the "Anything's allowed" that Patti proclaimed when Gloria sashayed through the front door.

Smith and Kaye receive the Académie Charles Cros' Grand Prix Du Disque, Paris,

was a recording pioneer and associate of Smith's beloved

October 1976 (top). Cros

poet Arthur Rimbaud. Above: bigger than Bob!

More and more people came to CBGB, some who were our friends, some who had heard of this shotgun amalgam of rock and poetry, some who were readying to make their mark, finding a companionable place to scrawl their name upon the walls. The music



"This Was A Force Of Nature"

When PSG chose **John Cale** to produce *Horses*, they hadn't allowed for his manic side. "That's where I got the nickname 'Tarmac'," he tells **Martin Aston**.

WAS LIVING IN LONDON WHEN PATTI and the group were playing the Mercer Arts Centre. After the call from management, I flew over and saw them play a small club, all crowded on a postage stamp of a stage, and it was clear this was a force of nature. Patti's use of language was muscular and they were fit as a fiddle, performance-wise, but I thought, How do you capture that energy on a record? You want to put it in a bottle but the last thing you want to do is put the cap on.

Other parameters entered the equation once we got to Electric Lady. There were timemanagement issues, but we immediately had a problem with instruments, which were massively out of tune because of their touring. There's shock when you first hear a pristine recording of your playing – they were critical and worried and paranoid, wanting to correct all the inaccuracies. We realised we'd never get performances that would really get somewhere, because of the time spent readjusting the instruments.

So it took a while to settle down, but when the energy got going it was like riding a wave. It was vital to set up this big room – which was very

strange and new to them – so they could perform like a band. You had to see who looked at who when they played: does the bassist look at Patti or at Lenny? You see the ecology of the situation, and you move them around.

But they handled it perfectly.

I always knew Patti could create "THEY"

I always knew Patti could create a drama out of the lyrics. We owed it to her as a poet to make sure those images came hurtling out of the speakers. That's what really carries Horses; the band was certainly strong and tight, but the driving force was Patti.

Patti says it was a 'season in hell'? That's recording for you. Things got heated but it never came to blows. She said I hit my head against the wall? Well that's where I got the nickname 'Tarmac' – he was a cartoon character, a slam-bang kind of guy. There was a lot of mental mania, a lot of discussion and opinion. A lot of it

"She's like a volcano of human expression," Cale says. Patti gets a word in. was nerves, and inevitably you're not as diplomatic as you should be: there's a misunderstanding and people think they're being ignored, not just Patti but the musicians, too,

WERE CRITICAL

AND WORRIED

AND PARANOID,

WANTING TO

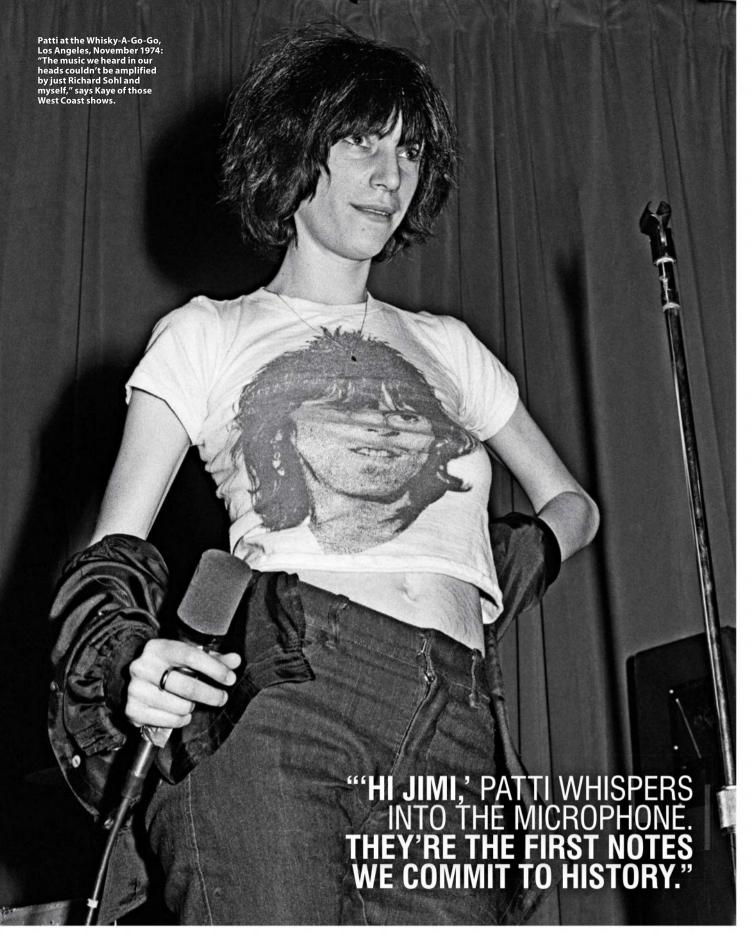
CORRECT ALL THE

INACCURACIES.

and she was ruthless in guarding their sensibilities. I went on the road with them after *Horses* came out, and you got the feeling that this was a very small, tight-knit family, held together by Patti.

Itotally knew Horses was important when we were recording, right from when I first saw them perform. Patti was fighting for something, and you wanted to find out what. The songs were so great, you were getting something new each time you listened to them. That's the world of a poet, I guess. My favourite memory is Birdland, for pushing her,

and her delivering. Patti would have got up there sooner or later, she's one of those people who gets there most of the time, and beyond. She hasn't ever stopped, she's like a volcano of human expression."



✓ We recorded at night, used to staying up late. On the morning of our first session, John called me about 10. We went to the movies in the afternoon, seeing White Line Fever at a Times Square grindhouse, a film about renegade long haul truckers and their fight for justice, mobilising through the airwaves of CB radio. We moved equipment to the studio later that evening. It was just about midnight when we pressed record on Gloria. Live, as we were used to playing it. We followed that with a walk on Redondo Beach, and left the studio about eight in the morning. Begun.

ISTENING TODAY, I HEAR AN ADRENAL ENERGY IN US, champing at the bit (not the last equestrian metaphor, I promise), our ideals at the forefront. Early on, we had to decide how much of a record to make: ie. to layer and edit and cross-fade in the $\frac{\omega}{2}$ quest to represent a perfect illusion of a live performance, or try to catch the lightning-in-a-bottle that is live performance on the fly, a document of a performance as it happens, in the moment, as if you \S are there. "As if" is the tricky part.

The best records can be both. We were determined to keep free-

style improvisation at the forefront for songs that called for it. Our more structured material, like Redondo Beach, Free Money, Break It Up with its spiralling Tom Verlaine lead lines, even Gloria itself, which had evolved into a sculpted arrangement, could be tracked and overdubbed; but others in our repertoire had little but a starting point. We wanted to see where songs like Land and Birdland might transform as they took flight in a room with science-fictional murals of space travel on the walls. "There's a little place/A place called space," Patti sang, as we readied to explore the cosmos.

A producer, more than anything, is a standard by which an artist measures who they want to be, as well as how well they achieve that

wanting. It's a mirror-mirror reflection of a trusted advisor, sometimes a naysayer needing to be convinced. I believe John Cale had in mind a more arranged record, one fleshed out with intriguing sound palettes and melodic lines, as well as making sure our rickety instruments stayed in tune; and we, defending our turf, wanted things looser, less premeditated. In the end, especially within the improvisations, he challenged us to not settle for anything less than as far as we could go.

Birdland had begun as a short poem based on Peter Reich's memoir, A Book Of Dreams, especially the section when he imagines his father Wilhelm escaping the bounds of Earth on an alien space ship, leaving him behind. As we played it over and again, proving to John that it only needed our collective will to take flight, the song grew, past the six-minute mark, gathering whirlwind imageries in its stormy wake, and then finally, crossing the nine-minute meridian, attaining the length and breathless breakthrough it achieves on Horses. For Land, Patti provided the propulsion of a three-stage rocket to the basic track. When her initial rush of wordplay tailed off, she urged the band on - "Build it!" Build it!" later weaving strands of poetry-in-motion throughout, as Johnny's consciousness pinwheeled through the thousand dances on offer.

There is a narrative arc to *Horses*, a vision called forth in the album's making, enhanced by the presence of Jimi's ghost in Electric Lady, its spectral appearance at the end of Land, lying "between the sheets", following a "long Fender whine" to "a sweet young thing humping on the parking meter/Leaning on the parking meter," returning to the beginning of the record as if asking to be played again. Elegie, a memorial tribute to Jimi, with music written by Allen Lanier, closes the album, the departed remembered and honoured, and an acknowledgment of the long line of rock'n'roll chronology within which we had just somewhat presumptuously placed ourselves. We had wanted Chet Baker to play a trumpet solo over its coda, but were unable to afford the fee his manager asked from our small budget. Some things are best left to the imagination.

As mixing and final touches to *Horses* spilled over into October, we ran out of studio time. The record was due to be released on November 10 in America, the passing day of Arthur Rimbaud. I remember waking at three in the morning to go to Electric Lady, working until the next session was due to come in and then trying to catch a few hours sleep.

On the morning of October 11, we mixed a final version of Redondo Beach. As dawn broke over New York, we walked up the stairs, out of the studio, into the future.

O PRESENT OUR HERD OF HORSES AS A FORMAL concept not only gives the work remembrance, but considers the concept of an album's impact in a time when the form is drastically reconsidering itself as an artistic vehicle. What does a collection of songs signify? There is a segue during the current show when Patti flips the record over to begin side two, conjuring a disc with a striking and declarative front cover, linernotes as much a

manifesto of existence as the album's opening track (can such a thing as an opening track exist when the player is on shuffle?) and a needle

placed within the groove.

The concept of an album is a particular part of the way *Horses* was envisioned. We had come of musical age in the mid '60s, when the album form – as a milestone, as an adventurous medium, as a conceptual statement - began to overshadow what was once a collection of individual tracks. It was event, ritual, a communal listening experience for a generation marking its cultural rise, and it had its tropes: songs that might be radio-friendly, verse and chorus alternating, catchy enough for the beyond-borders breakthrough of a hit single; as well as expansive cuts that would take the listener on a psychic adventure, worlds unto their own, past the bounds of the three-minute barrier imposed on pop songform by 78s or 45s. Taken together, within the frame of an album, the whole infused its parts with a sense of arrival, the moment at hand.

We were as much a part of the past we celebrated as a harbinger of change — which really, as fans and initiates of rock'n'roll's transformational powers, we were glad to fulfil as our part of a Faustian bargain. We could feel the rumblings of new energies when we began touring *Horses*, the cultural wave shifting under our feet, even while we were writing the songs for *Radio Ethiopia*, our young'n off on its own, when we released *Horses* into the wild and let it run free.

What I am most proud of is that those who truly heard *Horses*, who found in it inspiration and purpose, don't sound like us at all. You know who you are.

TO PERFORM HORSES START TO finish, in its intended order, each song making way for the next, is an odyssey. At the first show of this Rubaiyatic journey, in Spain, we round the S-curve from Birdland into Free Money. I'm singing my part, clipping the guitar at a velocity that equals punk's rpm as well as its lyrical call-to-arms, and I hit the line about "When we dream it/When we're dreaming..."

I look out at 30,000 people. Think that back then, when I first picked up a guitar to see if I could play along with the music I loved, this is all I could have dreamed. The unexpected realisation catches me, and my eyes well.

"Horses changed my life." It's what we hear when we encounter the random crowd after a show, or run into the stray fan wandering a strange city.

And so it did mine.

"A SEXUAL REVOLUTION IN A RECORD"

The Slits' **Viv Albertine** on how *Horses* changed everything.

"I was incredibly excited about Horses. I'd read a piece in the NME. There was a little picture of Patti sitting on some steps. Something about her piqued my imagination, so much so that on Horses' day of release I was literally outside HMV Oxford St when it opened.

And the album cover! Oh my God! Ithought, This is the inside of me made visual. All the strength in her was on the outside. For the first time here was a girl who covered all areas of cool. Even a boy might want to follow her. I was praying the content would live up to the cover. But when I put the record on I couldn't believe it. It transcended the cover! What she did with her voice was so liberating. She was sensual – at times she sounded like she was in the middle of sex. She was free.

The songs, the poetry, covered unusual topics – reflections and stories. It was city music. And the group don't sound conventional. They're kind of winging it, and in Lenny Kaye the guitar had an almost feminine sensibility. It's not the typical aggressive lead playing. The music was driven by her poetry. It slowed down, and sped up in response to it.

I'm going to see her both nights at the Roundhouse in October, because I was there 40 years ago [in May, 1976]. The whole show was electrifying, but I remember this the best. She was hot and said she was going to tie her hair back in a ponytail. She said, 'Girls, we hate to expose our faces.'

And it was true! We were all like the girl in the Incredibles, hiding behind our hair. I thought, Yes, I've got to be braver. She fed the courage I needed to make a band of women and go out and play and deal with all The Slits had to deal with. Horses was a sexual revolution in a record."



FOR A BRAND-NEW INTERVIEW



"I Think We Accomplished Our Mission"

From the trenches of *Horses*' 40th Anniversary tour, **Patti Smith** reaches out: to Lord Byron, Robert Mapplethorpe, Nick Cave's tragic son Arthur, and beyond, to the whirlwind woman who changed rock'n'roll in 1975. "I'm a nice person," she tells **Martin Aston**, "but when I pick up my electric guitar, I'm not so nice!"

Portrait: Graziano Arici

HE TOUR MANAGER SAYS TO ASK FOR Patricia Smith's room at Portovenere's Grand Hotel, the singer's latest port of call on *Horses*' ongoing 40th anniversary tour. "But please call her Patti." Further instructions: "A quick hello greeting and directly to questions, no chit-chat."

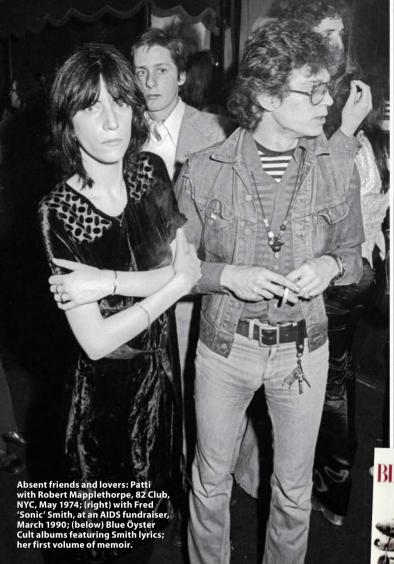
As an artist and performer, Patti Smith's reputation for fierceness is unbested. It followed her from Chicago to New Jersey to New York, where in the late '60s she established herself as a self-contained creative unit in the footsteps of her idols, the beats. It resonates in the unsettling lyrics she co-wrote for Blue Öyster Cult (Career Of Evil, The Revenge Of Vera Gemini), flowed through Piss Factory, the B-side of her eponymous group's 1974 debut single, and the extraordinary, unconventional swagger of Horses and its successor albums. But the fierceness hasn't always been confined to her creations. In 1997 Smith accepted an Inspiration Award from a British music magazine, but used her speech to pick apart a filmed tribute by Bono and to inveigh against the 'pathetic' recipients of her influence seated at her feet. 'No chit-chat' then. Bit daunting.

And yet, as it happens, MOJO's apprehension is unfounded. Patti/Patricia turns out to be an extremely amiable companion, dispensing her wisdom in a measured, thoughtful manner without batting away a single line of enquiry. She's a compelling repository of resil-

ience and tenderness, as revealed by her exquisite 2012 memoir Just Kids, which recalls that heady New York baptism, specifically her friendship with photographer Robert Mapplethorpe as both began their journeys toward iconic status. In 1989, he died of AIDS, and thereafter grief became a constant visitor; in 1990, her keyboard player Richard Sohl died, then her beloved husband Fred 'Sonic' Smith (formerly of the MC5) in 1994, and a month later, her brother Todd.

In October 2015, Bloomsbury publishes a new instalment of memoir. M Train documents her 'lost' (to rock'n'roll, anyway) years living in Detroit raising kids with Fred, and how she's struggled to move on since his fatal heart attack. It alternates between New York coffee shop reveries and her restless travels, many of them pilgrimages to commune with the deceased: visits to the grave sites of Rimbaud and Genet; encounters with reliquaries including Herman Hesse's typewriter and Frida Kahlo's crutches. "I love the human mind," she explains. "All the different kinds of genius, whether it was Jesus or Camus. Or a baker whose bread makes you want to weep when you eat it."

It's where our conversation starts. "We're staying near where Lord Byron did one of his famous swims through a grotto, to a whole other fishing village, and it's still heralded in this little town," she says, by way of a little chit-chat, before we revisit the legend of *Horses*, still very much alive in 2015...





PLAC BESTER COST ASSESTS OF FORTURE

How has Horses' 40th anniversary tour been panning out?

Beyond my expectations. Audiences have been so receptive everywhere. There have been many people under 25, who seem to know all the words, who give us lots of energy.

You celebrated the album's 30th too; has your relationship with it changed since then?

We didn't tour Horses at 30; we only did a handful of shows. It was really by accident. I was walking in New York, and a kid of about 20 said hello, and told me next year will be Horses' 40th anniversary, were we planning something special? I hadn't even contemplated it until then. But Lenny [Kaye] and lare pressing 70. We've reached many milestones together, alongside the band, so it seemed a perfect time to celebrate our lives together and the many friends and colleagues who are no longer here. By maintaining a sense of balance and the grace of God, some of us are, we're strong. It's like that Jimi Hendrix line I love: "Hurray, I awake from yesterday." We awoke, we're still working. So it's a celebration of life and vitality as well as the album.

Let's play Word Association. I say "Horses"...

For me, it begins long before the record, with the inception of a poem I wrote called Oath when I was around 20, that began, "Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine." It was my statement of independence from being fettered by any particular religious institution, not any statement against Jesus Christ. That's the start of my evolution as a young person that got me to Horses.

Was it daunting, the prospect of laying down these songs for posterity?

We had two challenges. I wasn't trained to be a musician. I had no desire to be one. So I had to

wrap my head around the idea that we were freezing a performance, because I like the spontaneity of the moment. But also we'd evolved without a drummer – we'd only had Jay Dee [Daugherty] for a couple of weeks – so we had to work out the songs with drums in the studio, and in less than six weeks. We were young, so there was no fear, only of producing something mediocre and unworthy to put out into the world. It helped being shepherded by John Cale, who comprehended the situation. He's an artist and I was a young artist, so we locked horns, but he understood me better, and I comprehended that he was a good shepherd. I think we accomplished our mission, by doing the absolute best we

could at that point. I didn't know how to do better, having had no studio experience, and being keen on presenting an album that was authentic and sounded like us. I don't have any regrets. I understand its flaws, technical or otherwise, its hubris... If you see flaws, then do something new, try to evolve.

Horses' finale, Elegie, must be hard to sing, given who you've lost over time.



Coleman just died and he was a good friend, John Nash the mathematician, Nick Cave's son Arthur. I didn't know him but I'm a mother, that's been one of the most painful. I've added his name to the list I call out just to hear it resonate in different places. People respond with such love, some get loud cheers, like Lou Reed, and some people don't know, which doesn't matter, they're just symbols of many, many different people. But the field keeps growing, and specifically within our burgeoning camp. But we're celebrating these people, it's not all sad. It keeps their energy and life force around. So performing Elegie is difficult, but also liberating.

John Cale recalls the Patti Smith Group was a very tight-knit family, and, 40 years on, Lenny Kaye and Jay Dee Daugherty are still with you.

Jay's the only drummer I've ever had with me on every album. Lenny's been a friend since 1971, so we have almost 45 years of friendship as well as collaboration. The hardest thing performing

el/Sunshine/Retna/Photoshot, Allen Tannenbaum/Polaris/Eyevine, Getty Image



✓ has been the loss of Richard Sohl, who I expected to work with my whole life. He was younger than us, classically trained but not afraid to play three chords for nine minutes straight. He was elegant, mischievous, beautiful... It was a great blow when he died of a faulty heart valve − he was 37 − not long after he recorded *Dream Of Life* with Fred and I. It was very difficult to come back performing without Richard. But our bassist Tony [Shanahan] has been with me for 20 years; Jack [Petruzzelli, guitar] has been for seven or eight years. He's evolved with the band and he's as intrinsic a member as any, he's a real team player. And Tony spent months, years, working on piano to give me an accompanist in the style of Richard.

It's not a virtuoso-style band, but we can still improvise. I'm disciplined on one end but I break form all the time. We try to make Horses as close to the album experience as possible, but Horses opens up for improvisational possibilities. It's not out of indulgence; it could be inspiration, frustration, anger. We don't have a regular lighting person, no cues or tapes. The only thing that fetters us is the sequence on the album. We do it religiously, which isn't easy because you usually don't come out of the gate with your most strenuous song [Gloria]. But toward the end, Land opens up. That was improvised in the studio, so it allows for more.

The beautiful thing about this band is that we've worked together so long, they're ready for me. And we're friends. It's not like we got pissed off with each other 10 years ago and then reformed. I may have stopped working for 16, to raise children, but after the death of my husband, I slowly returned. Sometimes my son [Jackson]

plays, he's a great guitarist, sometimes my daughter [Jesse], who plays piano. Our modular situation is family.

The Library of Congress has *Horses* in its National Recording Registry, calling it, "culturally, historically, or aesthetically significant". Does that tickle you?

I'm very proud. The album, as a full package, has its merits. The beautiful cover by Robert Mapplethorpe was his entrance into the public consciousness, so it has historic value. The liner notes, my manifesto at the time, shows its strengths. Horses was embraced critically and globally, by like minds, poets and artists and musicians and outsiders, but it never got a gold record, was never a big seller, so I feel very proud that it has endured.

Michael Stipe, Morrissey, Siouxsie Sioux, Courtney Love, they all say *Horses* was a life-changer. Like the first Velvet Underground album, it didn't sell much at the time but everyone who bought it formed a band.

(Laughs) That's awesome. I never thought I'd be doing a second record. I thought we were offered an opportunity to document this body of work then I fully expected to go back to the bookstore where I was working. I didn't feel I was embarking on a career. The main mission in Horses was that rock'n'roll in 1974, at least in America, was going through a difficult transition. The '60s was like the Renaissance. You had Hendrix and Morrison and Lennon and Neil Young and Grace Slick and Janis Joplin and the Stones, The Animals, you can go on and on, all the great R&B artists. And then many

people died, and the culture was shifting into opulence and decadence. I was young, but I felt our cultural voice was in jeopardy and needed an infusion of new people and ideas. I didn't feel like I was the one, I didn't consider myself a musician in any way, but I was a poet and a performer, and I did feel that I understood where we were at, what we'd been given and where we should go, and if I could voice it, perhaps it could inspire the next generation. I did *Horses* as a bridge, a touchstone, for the future, and if that sounds presumptuous, what's more presumptuous than youth?

Horses did seem to have some impact on young kids when we toured, all these anarchistic desires. I felt we'd accomplished this mission. But I don't hear our influence. I mean, I hear Michael Stipe's lyrics with envy. "It's the end of the world as we know it and I feel fine"? That's one of the greatest lines in rock'n'roll. I see these people you mention as extremely independent. So I'd rather say we inspired people, through energy or nourishment, to become themselves.

The mood of your debut UK show, at London's Roundhouse, was astonishing: like someone jumped out of the crowd and grabbed the microphone, and unleashed everything she'd been wanting to sing her whole life.

(Laughs) That's awesome. You have exactly described how I felt! You can't imagine what it was like for us, playing places like CBGB, with no idea what the rest of the world thought, and to go into London and to have the people... to share that kind of energy. I really felt like the future would be fine. We always have to pin our

faith on new generations.

I read that Arista wanted to change the album cover.

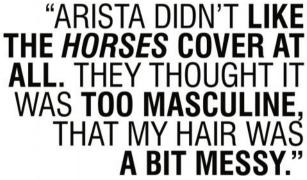
They didn't like, or understand, the photo at all. They thought it was too masculine, that my hair was a bit messy. Some thread was probably hanging from my shirt. They wanted to airbrush me to make sure my skin was perfect. I saw a cleaned-up version but I'd never have allowed it. Anyway, Robert was an artist, his work shouldn't be tampered with. History proved us right. Robert chose the image, he shot it quite quickly, he took just 12 pictures, and said, "We have it." I replied, "How do you know?" He said, "I know." When he got the contact sheet, he chose the eighth image. He said, "That's the one with the

magic." He was seldom wrong.

There's a line in your new book, M Train, which fascinated me instantly: "I realised I missed that version of me, the one who was feverish, impious." How has the Patti of *Horses* changed? And how long did she exist?

I've evolved. At this point in my life, I have years and years of experience, and I know who I am, but I've still never lost that spirit. I'm still her, because it's in grained in who lam. If I had lost it, I couldnever perform Horses. I'm still the girl who wrote Rock'N'Roll Nigger and loves to perform it. I'm still the girl who doesn't really know how to play guitar, but I put my amp on 10, and I play the greatest feedback ever, which is the one thing I've always been interested in, not in chords and licks but the sonic 's cape of the electric guitar. But truthfully, what I was speaking of there was more male and female relationships. I'm 68 years old, I'm not 22, I'm not even 52. Right now, I have my own romantic concepts. I have nice companions, things like that, but that feverish, obsessive energy that we have when young mercifully evolves as we get older.

It's a delicate subject, because I'm talking about aging. But I still understand being an





Dancing With Ghosts

A Patti Smith discography by Martin Aston.

Horses ****

(Arista, 1975)



With her "nose in flames", Smith and herequally probing, ratchety band nailed an incendiary debut.

Built on Land and Birdland's extended improvs, around which a wiry rock'n'roll in excelsis took myriad forms - garage, reggae, torch song, Doorsy drama - Horses remains arguably the only successful poetry'n'roll fusion. And what a success.



(Arista, 1976)

Swopping "intuitive" John Cale for hard rock producer Jack Douglas, Smith traded naivety for toughness. The title track showed untram $melled\,improv\,could\,also\,be\,a\,dead$ end, but the rockers were - unsur prisingly - more concrete and authoritative, Ain't It Strange unfurled like a snake in a trance and still no one could match Smith's fevered re-coding of rock'n'roll's possibilities.



created a more sanded, streamlined PSG with no improv this time around. Yet Babelogue's spokenword charge bled into an enthralling Rock'n'Roll Nigger, these were hardly compromises. Likewise Smith's armpit hair on the cover, whose portrait nailed the sexy leanness within.

(Arista, 1979)



Smith said she never courted the mainstream but Wave begs to differ. Genet might have been quoted on the

artwork but Todd Rundgren was at the controls. However, Dancing Barefoot and Revenge are the only tracks that would make a Best Of, while the cover of So You Want To Be (A Rock'n'Roll Star) suggests Smith was questioning her values. Her last LP for nine years.

Dream Of Life

(Arista, 1988)



New hubby Fred 'MC5' Smith co-produced (with lovine) and co-wrote Patti's 'comeback',

handling guitar parts but creating a dodgy keyboards sheen, part of his plan to get Patti a gold record - as was anthem-in-waiting People Have The Power. But in place of friction, we get endearing warmth: domesticity and parenthood had mellowed her, though the voice sounded fully grown, commanding.



A widowed Patti returned to Lenny Kaye's side, but also new young blood Oliver Ray. No gold record drive (or name producer) here, only a burning need to grieve over husband Fred, brother Todd, soulmate Mapple-

Patti the poetry and rock'n'roll fusioneer, 1975. thorpe, the band's Richard Sohl and an

emblematic Kurt Cobain, commemorated in the scorched meditation on About A Boy. The towering comeback fans craved.



Peace And Noise

(Arista, 1997)

Understandably less scarred than Gone Again, but a second album in two years confirmed the urgency and focus that first gave her artistic life had been restored. Likewise the twin charging incantations Death Singing and a 10-minute Memento Mori, the latter her first convincing full-blooded improv in 20 years.



(Arista, 2000)

Post-People Have The Power, Smith embraced the role of concerned Mother Earth, but this time she was angry and bewildered. Gung Ho's title and the fraught, Doorsy title track, plus New Party and Upright Come, were a long way from Piss Factory's youthful brio and Horses' freeform mania, but she was 54 years old, so give her a break!

(Columbia, 2004)



There's not much intrinsically wrong with Trampin', except that it is the point at which fans might have craved

something looser, more naked and wired, or even some kind of left-field reinvention, rather than the way the album retraces every Patti Smith trope, down to the 12-minute Radio Baghdad, without advancing any of them.

Twelve

(Columbia, 2007)



Perhaps aware of Trampin's sense of routine, an album of covers was one response, but it wasn't the answer.

Oliver Ray's absence means the PSG sounded leaner again, but these Hendrix, Doors, Dylan, Stones and Nirvana covers never quite lift off. Likewise Tears For Fears' Everybody Wants To Rule The World, but at least it was an oddball selection.



The Coral Sea

(PASK, 2008)

and ecstasy.

Finally, a sea change. Recorded over two nights at London's Festival Hall, Smith read her first Robert Mapplethorpe memoir, a poem written in 1996, over Kevin Shields' suitably deliquescent, improvised guitar. It's a fine marriage: futuristic pedal steel aping the ebb-and-flow of waves beneath Smith's verbal

phantasmagoria, equal parts agony



(Columbia, 2012)

After acting, publishing photographs and her Mapplethorpe-andme prose memoir Just Kids, Banga reinforced the dawn of a new phase: more pensive, dreamier and less didactic – even the habitual lengthy improv Constantine's Dream rarely broke a sweat. For all the sad notes in Smith's voice, maybe she'd finally found a chink of peace after so much grief and rage.



Patti Smith on the long road to a Glastonbury catharsis.



"When I was 12, in 1959, Tibet was invaded by China. I'd fallen in love with Tibet, and this was in all the newspapers, and every day they'd say the Dalai Lama was missing, he'd fled, or was dead. I prayed for him, every

night for his safety. I was just a kid in south Jersey, from a lower-middle-class family, just living our life, and now I'm 68 years old, playing at Glastonbury and have the Dalai Lama, who I prayed for as a kid, on-stage and giving me a hug... That is in the realm of possibilities in our lives, if we take care of ourselves, and respect our life force. If we are lucky enough to live a long time, these are the kind of things that can happen, maybe because of hard work, some luck and some blessings. There are terrible things all around us in the world, which I'm well aware of. I'm just in the centre of that, happy to be alive."

✓ 11-year-old, I can feel that anytime. I have that punk rock energy when I'm playing. As an artist, I'm the same. And I feel very strong as a performer. But as you age, it's a trade-off. I love aspects of getting older: I'm really comfortable with myself, I enjoy my solitude, I only feel the fear of something happening to those I love. But we're not going to be as reckless in love as you do when we're young. In the book, it was just someone from my past who called to wish me "Happy Birthday", and that person made me remember the passions of youth.

But also, in performing *Horses*, I never go on stage and say the words "Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine" without feeling

a schism, because I'm not 20 years old, I'm well beyond that fight now. I have great respect for Jesus Christ as a revolutionary and teacher and a professor of love – I follow a lot of the ideology of Pope Francis in terms of the environment and the global economy and the poor. So my concerns aren't those of youth, so I have to deliver that line with two minds, one who's evolved and the girl who wrote that. I still have to deliver the song with an authentic spirit, and compassion.

Marriage to Fred, becoming a mother, put your career on hold...

When I first married and had children, I was very happy not to be performing, which gets back to the line you like about being feverish and impious. As an artist, I had the same exact careless spirit – I was only concerned about the moment. Artists often feel, out of necessity, that they're the centre of the world – you need that kind of hubris as a performer to do your work. But with a family, that hubris was obsolete. Once you wed, it's your relationship that's the centre, and once you have children, you know who's the centre of your world. So it was a good time for me to extricate myself from public life. I was also lucky, because I still wrote, drew, took photos, painted, so I had creative outlets for my energy. But then I couldn't have performed *Horses* with any authentic hubris. Now my children have grown, I'm sort of an old dog. It might seem that I'm a nice person, but when I pick up my electric guitar, I'm not so nice!

In M Train you write a lot about your obsession with TV detectives. When one interconnecting flight in London was late, you took it as a sign, and checked yourself into a Covent Garden hotel for an ITV3 marathon...

I still do that! It's one of my favourite things: the

only rival is sitting by the sea. There's Morse, Lewis, George Gently, Wallander, Broadchurch – nobody does them better than the British. I watch them all. First, it's their minds. They're detectives who are ultimately flawed, but they have obsessive genius, starting with Sherlock Holmes, and Vera [Brenda Blethyn's DCI Vera Stanhope] too, unexpectedly! They see things just like artists, things other people don't see, and therefore they're able to unravel stuff. Every time I see Kenneth Branagh's Wallander, it's like a new movie.

Last question: before *Horses*, you released the Piss Factory single, in which you fantasised "I'm gonna be a big star..." What's your feeling now regarding the notion of stardom? Or has that evolved too? I'm thinking of you bringing the Dalai Lama on to the stage at Glastonbury this summer...

I didn't think of myself as a star when I wrote Piss Factory. I was just angry, that they'd literally stuck my head in a toilet bowl. I was going to avenge that place, but I had no real plan. I wasn't great at anything, like studying, but I had energy, guts... I was a tough kid, but I wrote poetry, which $wasn't\,very\,good,but\,l\,had\,the\,will.\,To\,say\,l\,was$ a star would be too small. I think of myself as just blessed, lucky, and also a product of really hard work, I've worked hard my whole life. I love some of our pop stars, but that's a whole other realm, $I don't \ have \ the \ talent, I've \ never \ written \ a \ song$ that captured millions of people, but I've had wonderful experiences. To be at Glastonbury is awesome, it's one of our greatest festivals, and then to have the Dalai Lama come share the stage. to even have the opportunity... I think everybody was happy, it was one of these rare, beautiful, happy moments, and he loved it! Seeing ninety, a hundred thousand people, everyone singing Happy Birthday, and so much love...

YOUR GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S BEST MUSIC. EDITED BY JENNY BULLE

CONTENTS

86 **ALBUMS**

- Julia Holter: enigma decoded
- New Order square the circle
- The Libertines' rabble reconvened
- A new high for Low
- The month in Americana and Underground
- Plus, Keith Richards, Iron Maiden, Richard Hawley, Craig Finn, Ane Brun, Duran Duran, David Gilmour and more.

102 REISSUES

- The dawn of Creation Records
- The Grateful Dead's longest set yet
- The month in Reggae
- Plus, Cocteau Twins, Billie Holiday, Rory Gallagher, The Doors, The Durutti Column and more.

HOW TO BUY 112

 Cocteau Twins: when post-punk met dream pop.

114 **BOOKS**

- Paul McCartney: it's good to talk
- Plus, Beatles unseen photos, Nashville cats, The Ruts, Sun Ra and more.

116 LIVES

- Nos Alive festival in Lisbon
- Suicide confound in London.

"Boasting a drum track that sounds like someone building a shed."

CHARLES WARING ON THE BEAT WITH GET THE BLESSING. ALBUMS, PAGE 91

RATINGS & FORMATS

Your guide to the month's best music is now even more definitive with our handy format quide. CD COMPACT DISC DL DOWNLOAD ST STREAMING LP VINYL MC CASSETTE DVD DIGITAL VIDEO DISC CINCINEMAS BR BLU-RAY











THE STORY OF THE RUTS & RUTS D.C.

WILLIS EARL BEAL NOCTUNES DAVE ALVIN AND PHIL ALVIN I LOST TIME yepro ELECTRIC FLAG . OLD GLORY - THE BEST OF ERNIE K-DOE . MOTHER-IN-LAW ♦ LITTLE WALTER ▶ JUST A FEELING CHESS SIDE 600860 BANDE ORIGINALE DU FILM milan ROSE MCDOWALL - CUT WITH THE CAKE KNIFE **PEANUTS GREATEST HITS VINCE GUARALDI TRIO** FAN-37498-02 SWAMP DOGG I'M NOT SELLING OUT / I'M BUYING IN! JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY **PROCOL HARUM** A SALTY DOG THE COMPLETE DUO RECORDINGS DAN PENN AND SPOONER OLDHAM LIVE Alice Coops THE STUDIO ALBUMS 1969

STORY

Brian Southa

ROLAND



Riddle of the sands

Californian experimentalist gets enigmatic for the people on her extraordinary, hummable, yet mysterious fourth. By Victoria Segal. Illustration by Harry Tennant.

Julia Holter



Have You In My Wilderness

There is good deal of running away in the lyrics of Julia Holter's fourth album, a number of escape attempts and sudden swerves. Those people who aren't trying to get away are lost at sea, or dashed against rocks; others suffer from heavy concussion or come adrift in a strange city, their bearings scattered all around them, their language and co-ordinates rubbed out. A fortune teller whispers darkly; a box of oranges is thrown; a raincoat takes on heavy significance. Have You In My Wilderness is the Los Angelesbased musician's most accessible work to date - she chose to have repeating verses and choruses, wanted listeners to be able to hear all the words - but it still doesn't operate on anything approaching solid ground. Instead of relying on sharply defined drama - anger, fear, joy - Holter prefers the more difficult task of mapping the soft emotional borders, the obscure impulses, confusions and half-conscious thoughts that are difficult to pin down. "I love mystery," she tells MOJO, and these songs deliver it in abundance.

Holter is no stranger to generating unusual states of mind. Graduating from California Institute Of The Arts with a degree in composition, she began by transforming a '20s cookery book into a John Cage-inspired piece and releasing CDR albums heavy on field recordings. Her official 2011 debut Tragedy drew on the archaic savagery of Euripides's Hippolytus, while 2012's Ekstasis contained a song înspired by Alain Resnais's enduring cinematic puzzle, Last Year At Marienbad. Most cryptic of all, perhaps, her last album, 2013's Loud City Song, used Colette's novella Gigi (and, properly avant-garde, a scene

from the subsequent 1958 Hollywood musical) to make its point about the blare and chatter of modern life. Co-existing with her experimental drives, however, is Holter's interest in what she calls "a traditional pop song format". Our Sorrows, from Ekstasis, for example, was an impeccable bit of Cloudbusting pop; Loud City Song featured a cover of Barbara Lewis's

Hello Stranger.

Ekstasis might have been named after the state of being beside or outside oneself, but with Have You In My Wilderness she has deliberately turned inwards. "A lot of times I used to come up with some random process or use texts that already existed," Holter tells MOJO, explaining her writing methods, "but for this record I wanted it all to be songs coming from me, coming from my heart." If that sounds like a step towards the confessional or conventional, it's happily misleading. Recorded with



KEY TRACKS Lucette Stranded On The Island Sea Calls Me Home

and drums, her compositions no longer feel like something you might play on headphones while walking around an art installation. There are no Labradford drones, no ecclesiastical static. At their most straightforward, there are songs that resemble Björk (the dolorous strings of Night Song) or Kate Bush (guttering torch song Betsy On The Roof, a rare moment when Holter allows raw passion into her voice), but that's not really straightforward at all. These are slippery songs because they deal with

former Ariel Pink associate Cole M Greif-Neill and

a crew of musicians on violin, clarinet, saxophone

slippery matters: power, control, the quiet constant negotiations that exist between two people. On The United States Of America whirl of Sea Calls Me Home, a compact, cryptic fable about a woman who's set herself adrift, Holter sings, "I can't swim!/It's lucidity/So clear", a suggestion that true clarity only comes when your life flashes before your eyes, the ultimate liminal state. The glorious Feel You ostensibly shares Judee Sill's pure poise, yet Holter's elastic phrasing stretches the song slightly out of sync, matching its elegantly condensed lyric about being out of time and out of place, so uncertain of the boundaries between fact and fiction she must ask "are you mythological?" Yet even Feel You's distracted protagonist is in good condition compared with the title character of Lucette Stranded On The Island. Based on a minor character from a Colette story, hit on the head by her lover and abandoned at sea, the song is a remarkable act of imagination, Holter exploring the woman's flickering consciousness to visionary effect. Glassy percussion, siren calls and drowsy vocals build up to an astonishing last phase, where Holter delivers a chilling half-spoken-word monologue as the music laps around her. It's a brilliant example of her ability to pick up a seemingly insignificant thread from the edges and knot it into something strong and beautiful.

If it's not all fully comprehensible, that's fine: all these songs deal with the limits of shared perception, the unbridgeable gaps between people, and most dangerous of all, the failure of words. "Language is such a play," Holter sings on the choppy rise-and-fall of Silhouette, her lover an outline that can never be satisfactorily filled in, his farewell cruelly ambiguous. The grand gothic drone of How Long? sees a return to her occasional Nico-like Euro-inflection as she interrogates a stranger passing through a strange town. "Do you know the proper way to ask for a cigarette?" she asks, suggesting another communication breakdown, more treacherously imprecise speech. Physical contact is no less untrustworthy: the dreamy, deadpan doo wop of the title track's declaration of love ends with "tell me, why do I feel you running away?", while on Silhouette a heated lovers' reunion is revealed as mere fantasy: "I lose my breath just envisioning the scene."

Even without any over-arching theme or high concept, Holter has created songs that spark and resonate off each other, a collection of moments and fragments captured and combined into a magical whole. This is not a record that wants or needs to be solved, but the clues and traces it leaves behind are so compelling it's difficult to let it alone. Listen after listen, however, it still retains its

"A BRILLIANT **EXAMPLE OF HER ABILITY TO PICK UP A** SEEMINGLY MINOR THREAD AND KNOT IT INTO SOMETHING STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL.

mystery, still remains an open case.

JLIA TALKS!HOLTER ON FIXATION, THE MIND AS IT WAKES, A bit of self-control and an adorable dog

Have you in my wilderness

Julia Holter





"I like mystery in sound."

Julia Holter speaks to Victoria Segal.

How much did you change your working methods to create *Have You In My Wilderness*?

"This record was much harder to make than Loud City Song. It's difficult for me because I like mystery in sound and I don't necessarily like it when I can hear every word, but it became clear that that was what was interesting about this record – it was intimate and we could hear the words. Cole [M Greif-Neill, co-producer] was the one that pushed me to do that, 'cos I was like, 'Let's throw reverb on everything' – and we did, but way less than I would do at home if I was just doing it myself, which was good, I think. It's about self-control a little bit "

What do you mean by the phrase "language is such a play" in Silhouette?

"That song is all about someone fixated on somebody. So, like, the person's left me, the man or woman, whatever – I'll just say 'me' even though it's not an autobiographical song! – and I'm fixated because the person gave a hint that they might be back. It drives you insane: they seemed like they were leaving but it was unclear so you keep on waiting and waiting and become obsessed with them. It looked like maybe his eyes were saying something else while he was leaving."

Who is Lucette in Lucette Stranded On The Island?

"That's based on a story I read. Lucette is just this side character – she runs away with a Russian prince and they have this affair, and they are on this cruise and he ends up stealing her jewels and hitting her and then leaves her on this island. She dies of blood poisoning. It's really awful – but it's part of this kind of funny short story by Colette, which is not supposed to be gruesome. I was interested in the state of waking up from being unconscious in an unknown place, I wanted to make a song that was kind of grotesque but captures that moment of confusion and gradually the mind gets to remember what happens, and you start to see things emerge more clearly."

The lyrics feel like extremely condensed short stories...

"They are little stories and they could be autobiographical. I don't think that it's very interesting to talk about things in my life directly. I think it's more fun to watch how they – even without me noticing – seep through, whether I am aware of it or not. The initial conception of each song was very fast – that initial thing is very important for the subconscious to come through and create weird imagery that you wouldn't have known you could come up with."

Were you worried that the dog in the Feel You video would upstage you?

"The dog in the video is my friend's dog. He's so adorable. I love him so much... He's kind of like my dog too."



Dr. Dre

★★★ Compton: A Soundtrack

AFTERMATH/INTERSCOPE. CD/DL/LP

Billionaire gangsta rap architect cleans out his closet.

By any measure, the unheralded arrival of Compton: A Soundtrack is a minor miracle. The world's richest musician spent the past 16 years toiling on the unfinished *Detox*, amassing 300-plus unfinished tracks before conceding defeat. The arrival of the N.W.A film biopic Straight Outta Compton heralded a complete creative rethink. Whether supplying descending double bass figures for Kendrick Lamar to vaunt his lyrical skills, plugging errant protégé Snoop Dogg back into the matrix or setting off the careers of new schoolers Anderson .Paak, Justus and Candice Pillay, the results are frequently jaw dropping. Like Lamar's grandstanding To Pimp A Butterfly, the numerous strands take time and effort to unravel, but the rewards are manifold. And if, as mooted, this is his grand finale, Dre is going out on a high.

Richard Hawley

Andy Cowan

swagger on the insistent Heart Of Oak prompts his best vocal performance on the album.

Mike Barnes

some musicians half his age to

shame. Though he disbanded

his long-running and hugely

Clapton and Peter Green - in

2008, Mayall has not been idle or content to live off past

glories. Recorded at House Of

Blues studio in California, this

is a third studio album in the

company of his latest ace trio, drummer Jay Davenport,

guitarist Rocky Athas. There's

a synergy and rapport in the

set's dozen tracks that reveals

how deeply the new band has gelled with Mayall, whose

bassist George Rzab, and

honesty, enthusiasm and

musical virtues that have

always been his hallmark

David Gilmour

Rattle That Lock

Fourth solo album by Floyd

leader is his most personal

and satisfying to date.

guitarist, singer and de facto

COLUMBIA. CD/DL/LP

masterful understanding of

the blues idiom embodies the

Charles Waring

influential band the Bluesbreakers – a veritable blues 'academy' whose past graduates included guitar greats Eric

Beirut

No No No

Zach Condon and his pals, pared back to the pop essentials.



The title of Beirut's fourth album might be a hostage to fortune. Named for the

record's second track, a jaunty, Fender Rhodes-propelled paean to a possibly deleterious happenstance meeting, its appellation, like its strippedback, conventional pop palette, might be indicative of Zach Condon's refusal to bow to expectation. Certainly, No No No evinces a ratcheting down of Beirut's characteristic Balkan brass fanfaronades and exotic global signifiers (track titles Gibraltar, Perth and August Holland notwithstanding), with riffing keyboards, bass, drums and guitars generally trumping fiesta horns. Condon's distinctively mannered vocals are still very much intact, however - strikingly so on the achingly melancholy At Once and in persuasively soaring harmony on smoothing popfunk nugget Pacheco. For all that, with a playing time of just 29 minutes, this feels more like a holding exercise than a fully-fledged long-playing statement. Condon's next move will be interesting.

David Sheppard

on the

fourth album comes with PR-friendly listening notes outlining the

David Gilmour's

concept that the 10 tracks on offer represent thoughts and emotions that occur during the course of one day. These range from loss (Faces Of Stone relates to Gilmour's mother; A Boat Lies Waiting is a rumination on Rick Wright's passing), the perils of parenthood (Dancing Right In Front Of Me) through to global conflict (In Any Tongue), and nostalgia (The Girl In A Yellow Dress harks back to David's early love of jazz). Despite the conceptualism, the lightness of touch makes for an absorbing, adult listening experience. Gilmour's heart-stopping guitar punctuation is still present (look no further than the opening mood piece, 5AM, for proof), but Rattle That Lock escapes the weight of legacy and operates in the here and now in a serene,

triumphant manner.

Phil Alexander

Iohn Mavall

**

Hollow Meadows Find A Way To Care
PARLOPHONE. CD/DL/LP FORTY BELOW. CD/DL

Sheffield's greatest quiff British blues maven still revisits familiar territory on going strong.



his eighth solo album.

With its big guitars and neo-psychedelic strings, 2012's Standing At The Sky's

Edge proved to be a shot in the arm for Hawley's music. Hollow Meadows carries his usual stamp of songwriting quality, but rather than further develop these new sonics and dynamics it feels more like a retrenchment. On the relatively animated Which Way, when Hawley sings, "Which way do I go/Is it high or low? despite a loopy guitar solo, the answer is neither, as it plots a resolutely foursquare middle course. But much of Hollow Meadows is muted and low key. Hawley croons his way through the rather unremarkable Serenade Of Blue, while the arrangement of the lengthy Welcome The Sun feels a little perfunctory, dreary even, until it rallies towards the end. The full band





OBE-decorated, multi-instrumentalist still has a passion for making music that would put



88 MOJO



Emotional rescue

Battered but unbowed, the Manchester legends' ninth album lays claim to iconic status. By Keith Cameron.

New Order



Music Complete

MUTE CD/DL/LP

GIVEN THE acrimony following Peter Hook's exit in 2007, the album title could read as provocation: just how 'complete' can this New Order music be? Collective identity matters,

especially in groups with such deep history; Hook clearly provided a signature element. But as the bassist himself doubtless realised the moment he spluttered his Frosties upon first hearing The Cure's Inbetween Days, signatures can be forged. Throughout these 11 songs, if the cast sheet didn't say it was Tom Chapman playing bass, rather than Peter Hook, there would be no way of telling.

Music Complete is closer to the popular conception of New Order - a rock band making electronic music – than either of the last two New Order albums. Both 2001's hulking Get Ready and 2005's lacklustre Waiting For The Sirens' Call were made without keyboardist Gillian Gilbert, whose return here seems to have lightened the mood. Chairs are cleared, shoes kicked off. With its droll Club Med bump'n'grind,

Tutti Frutti features La Roux's Elly Jackson duetting with Bernard Sumner for an aerated house thrill evoking Fine Time from 1989's Technique. More generally,

that album's dancefloor melancholia is the reference for both propulsive opener Restless and the closing Superheated, sweeping synth lines and semi-acoustic textures wrapped in a

If Jackson's is the most successful star cameo, Iggy Pop's is the most striking: over a roiling orchestral pulse, his noir narration of Stray Dog, a Sumner-written meditation on "unconditional love" and "the darkness of the mire", offers maximum thesp value, Only Brandon Flowers' contribution to Superheated feels overbearing.

In terms of the core personnel, as significant as Gilbert's return is the presence of a palpably more engaged Sumner. New Order's legend is rooted in the tension of their early-to-mid-'80s records, where Sumner's voice was a volatile wellspring amidst the mechanics. Today's

technical mastery mitigates that drama, but you can still hear the same emotion - the same band - on Singularity, when Stephen Morris's real drums are sucked into the labyrinthine matrix and the song pummels along on sequenced chirrups, produced by Chemical Brother Tom Rowlands with all the excitement of a fan. After this band's long, often traumatic journey so far, there's real poignancy in Sumner's lyric: "Four lost souls who can't come home/For friends not here, we shed our tears."

Off the hook: New Order (from left) Bernard

Sumner, Stephen Morris, Phil Cunningham, Tom Chapman, Gillian Gilbert.

Despite two years spent on its dense construction, Music Complete rarely feels stilted, though it could use a stricter edit - People On The High Line is one handbag-happy throwback too many. Yet the compensatory highs go beyond expectations, most lavishly as Nothing But A Fool takes ecstatic flight upon orchestral synth waves and a visceral drum/bass interface that's guintessential New Order. "Sometimes you don't know what you've got," sings Sumner, tellingly. "Don't ever let her slip away..." Arriving at this exalted place must feel complete indeed.



Dâm-Funk



Invite The Light STONES THROW. CD/DL/LF

West Coast keeper of the electro-funk flame in expansive, intergalactic form.

Damon Riddick is making up for lost time. The 44-year-old Californian electro-boogie funk producer was an unheralded journeyman until Stones Throw's Peanut Butter Wolf took a trademark leap of faith on his talents. Riddick not only paid him back in full, he saved Snoop Dogg from a cod reggae mid-life crisis with 2013's 7 Days Of Funk collaboration. The sprawling Invite The Light sets out its sonic stall early, riven with laidback peak-summer funk jams, big on squelching synthbass runs and queasy keytar riffs, with generous nods to

Parliament-Funkadelic, Zapp and Roger Troutman, Slave Rick James and Prince. While Riddick doesn't boast the vocal chops of his heroes, telling interventions from Q-Tip, Leon Sylvers III and The Doggfather himself flesh out his questing intergalactic creations with charm to spare. Andy Cowan

Public Image Ltd



What The World Needs Now...

PIL OFFICIAL CD/DL/LP

PiL regenerate their rousing '80s pop élan on second millennial blast.



So how to follow their extraordinary return after 17 dormant years with the

shamanic ethno-dub-prog of 2012's This Is PiL? The answer is a record of disarming directness, in which John Lydon and crew's oftoverlooked facility for stirring, hymnal pop à la Rise and Seattle jostles with sparse, propulsive salvos of post-punk vim. Ever garrulous, Rotten paints an abstract canvas of

geo-political and personal disquiet, where war, religion and lust mingle amid deep dub grooves and Lu Edmonds' tingling, upside-down guitar figures. Bettie Page is a lush, Bowiesque triumph, Big Blue Sky an immense, oddly mainstream power ballad and Corporate a state-of-the-world address over Edmonds' maddened metallic squalls. "What the world needs now...
Is another fuck off," reveals Lydon; but the insurrection here is far subtler than that.

Pat Gilbert

HeCTA



The Diet CITY SLANG, CD/DL/LP

Lambchop's curious electronic alter ego.



Don't call HeCTA a side project. Not that Kurt Wagner and fellow

Lambchoppers Ryan Norris and Scott Martin present much of an opportunity on this exquisitely executed, consistently engaging album of electronica and grown-up dance pop. Wagner has previous - working with house

dovens X-Press 2 – but this outweighs that. The strippedback disco shuffle of Till Someone Gets Hurt summons up the spirit of Arthur Russell while Wagner's trademark quasi-rap mutterings lend Prettyghetto's jerky, hi-octane tech pop hints of Underworld. Elsewhere, the lovely avant-garde glitch of We Are Glistening proves that Lambchop don't need guitars to stir emotion, which follows The Concept, a memorable. brooding 4/4 workout - all spitting percussion and mindtwisting synth licks – sampling the late, vowel-shredding Brooklyn comic, Buddy Hackett. The presence of Tortoise's John McEntire and electro-pop stalwart Morgan Geist on the mix confirms that The Diet is no whim. This is serious... and seriously good.

Stephen Worthy

Nicolas Godin



Contrepoint BECAUSE MUSIC, CD/DL/LP

Air man heads to the front with Bach.

With Nicolas Godin and Jean-Benoît Dunckel at an impasse with Air, the former has taken

to indulging his passions for architecture, classical piano and, in particular, J.S. Bach, whose music these eight tracks are based on. Some, such as Widerstehe Doch Der Sünde, borrow liberally, albeit with a distinctively Airlike monotone bassline. But for the most part they are kick-off points for Godin to counterpoint JSB with lounge music, Latin jazz, Afrobeat and more. Clara moves from Lalo Schifrin-like iazz into sensual bossa nova. . The acclaimed Bach recitalist, late Canadian pianist Glenn Gould – whose spirit, says Godin, haunts the album – is celebrated on the decidedly odd avant-chamber music of Glenn. Such is the breadth of ideas and chutzpah here that you can even forgive Godin for having the temerity to name one track Bach Off.

Stephen Worthy



FILTER ALBUMS



Craig Finn

Faith In The Future PARTISAN CD/DL/LP

Second solo outing from The Hold Steady's frontman.

Whether it's seeing a gig alone aged 43 (Going To A Show), chatting with an ex who's re-evaluating your worth (Sarah, Calling From A Hotel), or taking faith against the odds (Trapper Avenue), Craig Finn's way with a plausible vignette remains impressive. On muscled blue-collar opener Maggie I've Been Searching For Our Son his debt to Springsteen and his own Catholicism continues to accrue, but Finn also stretches out a little here, employing vintage keyboards, undulating tom-toms, hypnotic Spanish guitar picking, and a more nuanced approach than generally prevails on his records with The Hold Steady. He also has us at 'hello' via the sweet-scanning opening couplets of shimmering strummer Christine: "She went to Memphis/With some dentist/That she met on/Some weird website." Like so many of Finn's best lyrics, they'd serve as B-movie synopsis

James McNair

U.S. Girls

*** Half Free 4AD CD/DL/LP

Slim Twig features on the Toronto multiinstrumentalist's latest.



Almost a decade into her career and Meg Remy reveals little of herself on her

first album for 4AD. Instead she continues her position as 'musical artist slash short story teller'. Her songs are full of bold contradictions, grim twists and unexpected meeting points. On opener Sororal Feelings she marries a limping, looped lo-fi beat to her big Broadway voice and a narrative about how the familial ties can drive you to destruction ("I'm going to hang myself from the family tree"). While Red Comes In Many Shades lives in memory of a lover's betrayal like a murder ballad by Neko Case. Remy's experiments into Glass Candy-ish disco (New Age Thriller), chillwave (Navy & Cream) and even ska (Damn That Valley) are not all successful, but the extent of her ambition cannot

The London Souls

Here Come The Girls ROUND HILL. CD/DL/LF

NYC blues-folk power duo's deftly embroidered followup to their raw 2011 debut.



Here Come The Girls was slated for release a couple of years back, but a car smash that left

singer-guitarist Tash Neal requiring brain surgery delayed its completion. Its tardiness matters little, though, for London Souls' musical touchstones - The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Faces, Marc Bolan, Neil Young - are unlikely to go out of fashion soon. Ás with their debut, Neal and drummer Chris St Hilaire's gift for aping classic rock greatness cannot be doubted, but this time nuanced embellishments (glossy '70s FM harmonies, percussion. woodwind, folk picking) lend greater power and depth. And while, say, the poppy opener When I'm With You is almost too perfect an amalgam of The Beatles' Rain and Small Faces' I'm Only Dreaming, there's a canno freshness to the jug-band skiffle of How Can I Get Through and Southern rocker Bobby James. Plus, Neal's Steve Marriott-tinged voice is

Chyrches

Every Open Eye VIRGIN EMI/GOODRYE CD/DI /I E

Electropop outfit follow up winning debut with more of the same



It was no coincidence that Chvrches' contribution to 7ane Lowe's "rescore" of the

movie Drive was the only track that did the original justice: the Glasgow group specialise in a canny combination of big hooks inspired by the apex of '80s pop and the dark edge of modern synthwave that begs to soundtrack a helicopter shot of a neon skyline. Every Open Eye finds the band squarely in that comfort zone Even though the sense of adventure that typifies Chvrches' best moments is mostly absent, the excellent Leave A Trace showcases control and range in Lauren Mayberry's diamond scalpel voice that wasn't apparent on their steamroller debut. Make Them Gold's new wave euphoria and the maximalist Depeche Mode bounce of Clearest Blue prove you shouldn't fix what ain't broke, but the winning formula could hold Chyrches back from breaking new ground.

Ian Crichton

Lamb Of God

VII: Sturm Und Drang NUCLEAR BLAST CD/DL/LP

Ferocious seventh sees Virginian metallers put troubled past behind them.



It should come as little surprise that this album's title translates as Storm And

Stress'. This is, after all, their first release since vocalist Randy Blythe was acquitted of a manslaughter charge relating to a fan's death in 2010. Yet this is not the unexpurgated account of his judicial odyssey many had anticipated. Having consigned that Sturm und Drang to his memoir Dark
Days, only Still Echoes and 512 explicitly detail Blythe's incarceration in Prague's Pankrác prison. It's a shame because these jolting tracks – combined with Anthropoid and Torches, both of which survey broader Czech political history
– wield themes every bit as powerful as their regimented fretwork. Elsewhere, they may occasionally press autopilot (Footprints; Delusion Pandemic) but the unexpected sound of Blythe singing for the first time ever on Overlord proves their willingness to suppress a few decibels for the sake of progress. It suits them. George Garner

Disclosure

*** Caracal

PMR/ISLAND. CD/DL/LP

It's time to forgive them for giving us Sam Smith: the brothers Lawrence return in fine form



Two years ago, Disclosure found a place where the dialogue of

dance music overlapped with unapologetically commercial pop. On album number two, they continue to tweak the formula. Gone are the outré, mosaic like experiments of their debut such as When A Fire Starts To Burn. In their place is an album that feels like a showcase of their pop nous. Caracal also plays like a modernist soul record. which re-houses vocalists like Gregory Porter (on Holding On), The Weeknd (Nocturnal), Lorde (Magnets) and Miguel (Good Intentions) into unexpectedly glitterballfeaturing situations. Here, their normally slouched shouldered deliveries give their respective songs a captivating tension, like the proverbial disco elephant in the room. It's always difficult for people who make music which sounds like 'the future' to move forward but Caracal is nothing less than one of the best pop albums of the year.

Priya Elan

Vangoffey

Take Off Your Jacket & Get Into It

Chequered debut set for solo alter ego of ex-Supergrass drummer Danny Goffey



Danny Goffey's relaunch as á solo artist just six months after former bandmate

Gaz Coombes's five-starred Matador album suggests either heroic mistiming or admirable self-belief. Or perhaps, being a decent chap, he regards their respective records as mutually exclusive. Maybe they are: Coombes's intensely emotional neo-psych shares little in common with Vangoffey's light-hearted jabs at modern existence, starting with The Race Of Life, a funky, halfspoken Ian Dury homage charting his eventful journey from sperm to manhood. The principal writer of several . Supergrass classics – Alright, Late In The Day, St Petersburg the drummer's facility for melody remains impressive, albeit fed through an '80s pop filter on bouncy tracks like Episode and Alfie Loves The Birds. It's the resolutely 'Grassshaped rockers The Trials Of The Modern Man and Phil's Dummy that work best, though - chiefly because they deliver some welcome heft. Pat Gilbert





Pirate broadcast

The Stones' quitarist makes successful solo raid on the outside world. By David Fricke.

Keith Richards



Crosseyed Heart

KEITH RICHARDS' first studio album under his own name in 23 years begins with The Rolling Stones guitarist in a rare, truly solo setting: plucking tart, acoustic licks and confessing his lowdown ways in a stark croon. Crosseyed Heart is only a fragment of song. "That's all I've got," Richards cracks as the track suddenly jumps into the more

familiar, electric churn of Heartstopper. But it is a compelling entrance: the Pirate in winter, finally acting his age with the weathered authority of the ghosts - Robert Johnson, Hank Williams, Mississippi Fred McDowell who still haunt Richards's life and band, as guardians and challenge.

The rest of Crosseyed Heart is a sharply tailored zigzag-with-sting through Richards' patented specialities in and out of the Stones: mid-tempo swagger propelled by irregular coarse-treble guitar riffs and the creaky, rugged comfort of his country-saloon ballads. The supporting cast brings proven empathy on both counts. Richards has reunited his late-'80s side

band the X-Pensive Winos - drummer and

friends like Norah Jones, who duets with Richards on Illusion, and Neville's father Aaron, the brief, wounded-angel voice atop the slinky, Memphis R&B of Nothing On Me. In a nice memorial touch, the late saxophonist Bobby Keys appears on two tracks, including the Happy-like clatter of Blues In The Morning.

There is reflection here too – an acute selfexamination that has never come easily to the Stones but runs through these songs like a barbed spine that cuts both ways. At 71, Richards still plays rock's Public Enemy Number One with conviction. "They laid it on thick/They couldn't make it stick," he sings in Nothing On Me, his cocky subterranean snarl ringed with the vintage Hi Records organ of Charles Hodges. But Richards also concedes that time, at last, is not on his side. Amnesia is a Some Girls-like strut mined with advancing frailty - the very real and common fear of mind and memories slipping away. And the high price of the outlaw life is plain in a lavish-ital cover of Gregory Isaacs' Love Overdue, delivered by Richards with striking, autumnal clarity - much like that summoned by Bob Dylan for his long look back, via Frank Sinatra's songbook, on Shadows In The Night.

It is a fundamental truth of Stones solo albums: Mick Jagger goes to great lengths to avoid comparisons to his day job; Richards doesn't care to sound like anything else. But on Crosseyed Heart, the guitarist has made the best and most honest of his outside raids, freshening his classicism with a hard stare at payback and mortality - an admission that nothing lasts forever from a man who refuses to go quietly.





Squeeze

* * *

From The Cradle To The Grave

VIRGIN FMI. CD/DI

The group's first all-new album since 1998, informed by the story of another famous Deptfordian.

The BBC documentary Up The Junction suggested that Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook generally don't have much to do with each other these days, but their creative relationship remains a potent one. The duo had already started work on this album when they were invited to contribute songs to an upcoming TV comedy series, Cradle To Grave, based on Danny Baker's autobiography. Its themes of nostalgia and youth chimed with Squeeze's own material, resulting in an

entertaining album. The title

track is classic Squeeze; witty and trenchant with Tilbrook's mobile verse melody and a real earworm of a chorus. Their big sound has a wide sonic palette, from the spacey keyboards of Honeytrap to the baroque strings and synths on Sunny, but there are some less inspired moments, like the relatively superficial Happy Days and Haywire, a clunky tale of teeling hormonal awakening.

Mike Barnes

Buddy Guy

Born To Play Guitar SILVERTONE/SONY MUSIC. CD/DL/LP

The blues bulwark's 28th album and fourth with producer/right-hand man Tom Hambridge.



2013's Rhythm & Blues was overrun by unnecessary celebratory

guests – Kid Rock, Keith Urban etc. Thank fully, this largely autobiographical follow-up uses Guy's musician friends more wisely. Van Morrison voices Flesh & Bone, Guy's heartfelt tribute to the late B.B. King, A country

gospel song cloaked in warm organ swells and slide guitar, it is plaintive and moving. Kim Wilson of The Fabulous Thunderbirds leads the guitar attack on a fiery version of Little Walter's Too Late and a sparks-flying Kiss Me Quick; ZZ Top's Billy Gibbons chugs along nicely on the boogie rock of Wear You Out. Elsewhere, Guy keeps the blues flame alight on the genre-typical Back Up Mama and Whiskey, Beer & Wine, plus Come Back Muddy, his affectionate acoustic guitar and piano homage to his mentor.

Get The Blessing

Astronautilus NAIM JAZZ. CD/DL/LP

Jazz iconoclasts from the west still having a blast.



Now in their 15th year, this Bristol-based auintet seem to get better with the pass-

ing of time, continuing an intrepid sense of adventure that they displayed from the get-go. The fact that their line-up has remained

unchanged also means that the band's collective interplay is now almost on a telepathic level. Last year's Lope And Antelope showed a mellower side to the group's musical psyche but this, their fifth long player - dedicated to their chief muse, the late Ornette Coleman – is a different beast altogether: a schizophrenic affair that juxtaposes rabid, riff-laden mash-ups with serene filmic soundscapes. Chief among the highlights is Monkfish, a jaunty slab of noir jazz with insidious horn riffs; while Cornish Native - boasting a drum track that sounds like someone building a shed – is raw and rustic. Seriously creative but also wonderfully irreverent.

Charles Waring

Shemekia Copeland

*** Outskirts Of Love ALLIGATOR. CD/DL

The Queen Of The Blues returns to her first label for spectacular eighth album

Shemekia Copeland has always recorded well for Alligator; her four albums issued on Bruce Iglauer's label between 1998 and 2006 helped make her name. On this homecoming, she excels too. Her band, led by producer Oliver Wood, and featuring guests Will Kimbrough, Alvin Youngblood Hart and Robert Randolph, is excellent throughout, but it's Copeland's voice, part Koko Taylor, part Mavis Staples and capable of incredible expression, that makes this so super-special. A cover of ZZ Top's Jesus Just Left Chicago. framed by Billy Gibbons' boogie guitar, showcases her thrilling gospel shout; her father Johnny Copeland's Devil's Hand has her repenting but still strident at the crossroads where funk meets blues rock; the stirring I Feel A Sin Coming On captures her both sanctified and sassy on the Solomon Burke song.

Lois Wilson





Pilgrims progress

After 21 years, rock's premier Mormon husband-and-wife team just keep getting better, says Mike Barnes.

Low

Ones And Sixes

SUB POP. CD/DL/LP

WHEN LOW'S debut album I Could Live In Hope, was released in 1994, it was one of the first so-called slowcore releases. Alan Sparhawk had

written some impressive tunes, but with its unvarying, sub-walking pace drums and just the odd piece of unruly guitar, the group's spartan music seemed, at times, to equate slowness with profundity. Surely something would have to change drastically for the second album?

It didn't, but two decades on, the group's music sounds fresher now than it did at the start. Sparhawk's songs are still on the slow side, but here they involve a mix of electronic beats, Mimi Parker's minimal drums and some extra percussion supplied by Wilco's Glenn Kotche.

Within these parameters, Low's dynamic

Within these parameters, Low's dynamic range has gradually widened. Over the tolling drums of Spanish Translation, Sparhawk's

guitars swell up to match his impassioned vocals. Congregation is a hypnotic combination of ticking electronic percussion and Steve Garrington's bass doubling sombre piano chords, all underpinned by backgrounded noise guitar. It takes good judgment to pare things down this far, but on this song it's a perfect vehicle for Parker's gorgeous double tracked vocals.

Ones And Sixes' most potent tracks are when the two vocalists sing harmony – their voices a near perfect fit. On the surface, What Part Of Me is the breeziest song here, but beneath the airbrushed vocals, the chorus of "What part of me don't you know?/What part of me don't you wnow?" and the verse lines "Can't you see I'm bleedin' out here/Waking up from a dreaming out here" point towards a near-suffocating anxiety.

On The Innocents, squelchy electronic beats sketch the structure, together with watery drones

and clipped, syncopated guitar and bass. The harmony vocal lines are so seductive, that it's easy to overlook the lyrical sentiments – "All you innocents make a run for it." Lies is built on vocal melodies that arc up into a gauzy halo of sound and reverby space. "When they found you by the edge of the road/You had a pistol underneath your coat," sings

Sparhawk, setting up a disquieting mood.
Landslide is a 10-minute epic. Back in 1994, a
Low song of this length and title would probably
have been a methodically ploughed rut under
clouds of six-string gloom. But from the angry
guitar chords that usher in the verses, the song
more a glacial flow than an avalanche – slips
into a repeated chorale by the two vocalists,

buffeted by rapidly moving guitar squalls.

Low have made one of the most impressive albums of their career and it still feels like their best work is ahead of them rather than stuck back in the past.



Plainsong



Reinventing Richard: The Songs Of Richard Fariña

FLEDG'LING. CD/DL

lain Matthews and Andy Roberts honour long-lost American cult hero.

Of those riding the wave of the 1960s folk boom in Greenwich Village, Richard Farina remains under-sung. He'd made two albums of alluring wit and warmth with Joan Baez's sister Mimi, and his first novel Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me was about to be published when he was killed in a motorbike crash in 1966 at the age of 29. Yet he's somehow evaded the gaze of revivalists and forensic historians revisiting the era.

Enter doughty English folk

rock veterans Jain Matthews

and Andy Roberts to redress the balance. They do a pleasing job, too, top and tailing with two atmospheric instrumental takes on The Quiet Joys Of Brotherhood, which sandwich empathetic but sturdy arrangements that emphasise the melancholy heart at the root of Fariña's songwriting appeal as a mellow antidote to the abrasiveness of Bob Dylan and Phil Ochs.

Colin Irwin

Robert Forster



Songs To Play

First solo album in seven years from the Go-Betweens co-founder.



With his theatrical eyebrows and dandy's togs, Robert Forster sometimes

suggests an Australian Doctor Who. After the time travel of the recent and splendid Go-Betweens box set, he's back in the present here. The effect is like the TARDIS materialising in 2015 Brisbane after a visit to Weimar Berlin – superficially everyday, but

with delight there for the finding. The album is mainly archetypal Forster, as with Learn To Burn where clipped guitar and violin conjure a rustic Television. The one conspicuous novelty underwhelms, the bossa nova of Love Is Where It Is. But familiar modes are in the majority. Disaster In Motion starts like the key Go-Betweens song Bachelor Kisses, then becomes a typical Forster narrative – sparse, fragmentary, compelling. Roy Wilkinson

. .

Peaches ***

Rub

Saucy electro-terrorist's first album in six years. Kim Gordon guests.



Censorious types will have grounds for concern when Peaches – transforma-

tional alter ego of otherwise reasonable Canadian, Merrill Nisker – coos a line like, "You haven't seen the worst of me yet". Since 2009's fourth album I Feel Cream, she's had her finger in numerous multi-

media pies, including staging her own one-woman Jesus Christ Superstar, and premiering the Peaches Does Herself concert movie. The music on Rub sometimes feels like merely the soundtrack from a broader audio-visual art project: the track Light In Places only really makes sense once you've seen the Nisker-directed clip featuring a laser butt plug-sporting trapeze artist. As titles like Dick In The Air and Vaginoplasty suggest, Peaches is not merely poking at taboos, rather she tramples them into a messy pulp. Her ideas and unabashed sexual allusions, certainly, are a good deal more interesting than her inflexible retroelectro rumble

Andrew Perry

Mercury Rev



The Light In You BELLA UNION. CD/DL/LP

The Rev's eighth album; their first since 2008's Snowflake Midnight.

Hurricane Irene's trashing of Jonathan Donahue's Woodstock home; Grasshopper becoming a new dad at 47; "calamities both personal and physical" – the Rev's world has been rocked in recent years, yet The Light In You offers their mellowest ever high. It's a triumph, perhaps, that a record so ornate and pretty manages to retain some trademark oddity, but with long-term foil David Fridmann absent due to "scheduling conflicts", this sounds a tad manicured in places. One clear standout is Autumn's In The Air, wherein an existentialist shadow darkens Disneyesque orchestration and Donahue compares his erased former selves to "bicycles left chained". Central Park East Zen Garden-like guitar figure; funeral parlour organ, Donahue seeking counsel from a horse – is deliciously outré too, but those who like their Rev more ragged might baulk at Moth Light, sweet enough to soundtrack a ballerina atop a music box.

James McNair





WILLIS EARL BEAL

Willis Earl Beal

Noctunes

TENDER LOVING EMPIRE. CD/DL/LP

Acousmatic Sorcery-man's demanding, unique fourth gets deserved wider release.

In snatching obscurity from the jaws of mainstream recognition, Willis Earl Beal seemed to be succumbing to the logic of his own outsider stance. But Noctunes finds this maverick US X Factor boot-camp veteran taking soul's familiar lexicon of emotional endurance to places it has never been before. Recorded in a lakeside woodland cabin in the Pacific Northwest, this is a record which lives up to and even beyond the capsule description 'Cee Lo Green sings On Land-era Eno'. Beal's classicist vocal pyrotechnics are off-set throughout by minimal synth string stab backdrops, and the whole album unfolds at a pace somewhere between stately and glacial. "The melody you orchestrate don't go with the song," he admits on the stunning Survive, "they tell you get off the stage, but you can't hear the gong.

Ben Thompson

Ben Folds



NEW WEST, CD/DL/LP

21st century thinking man's chamber pop



Ben Folds has always been fiercély ambitious, even way back when his quixotic trio,

Ben Folds Five, was making, as he described it, "punk rock for sissies." This new album contains the Nashville-based

auteur's grandest scheme vet. a three-movement concerto for piano and orchestra that was premiered live in 2014. While it might be considered hubris for an alt-pop tunesmith to venture into the realm of classical music, Folds shows that he's actually adept at creating a large-scale symphonic work. The concerto characterised by stylistic echoes of Gershwin, Copland and Bartók – is preceded by eight freshly scribed vocal tracks, all of which feature orchestral embellishments, though not on such a grand scale. By turns whimsical, self-deprecating and humorous, they epitomise the nerdy angst that has become Folds's hallmark.

Charles Waring



Wilco

*** Star Wars

DRPM CD/DL/LE

Jeff Tweedy's crew channel the force on ninth studio set. with inscrutable title.

Whether you take your Wilco ruminative or raucous, there's plenty to soak in here. The two strands often intertwine, as when the melody behind More... pulses like an ambulance siren but somehow still soothes. Star Wars confirms that Wilco now fully own a unique American noise wherein nothing is wholly traditional or wholly experimental. But if the band's own sense of self is stalwart, the characters they detail are consistently unmoored. Have your pick of lyrics: "I change my name every once in awhile" (Random Name Generator); "From where we end, to where do I begin" (Where Do I Begin); "I know why you don't really know me" (Taste The Ceiling). These are cold-sweat obsessions to shake you in the dark. The fever breaks with the

Ignoring the gong: Willis Earl Beal.

closing Magnetized, but nighttime is as close as the next touch of the play button.

Chris Nelson

Don Gallardo

Hickory

CLUBHOUSE, CD/DL/LP

Nashville singer-songwriter continues country's regeneration.



'Gentleman' Don Gallardo is the latest in a fast-growing list of young Nashville-

based cats reclaiming country from big-hatted good ol' boys. Not for them the rockist trappings of Americana, this is old school, walking a woozy, welltrod path between low-life bar and church, maybe stopping off for a toke or something stronger along the way. The Northern California native is pulled strongly toward gos-pel's warming fire, hence the redemptive pleas of opener Down in The Valley. Midnight Sounds, a dusky contemplation of "learning how to lose before you learn how to fight", nicely bisects Van Morrison's Celtic soul and Wilco's early alt country, while the wistful A Cup Of Rain could have stepped straight off the latter's Mermaid Avenue collaboration with Billy Bragg. Throughout, Gallardo nods to country's most distant past while sounding like its very near future. Andy Fyfe

Farao



Till It's All Forgotten FULL TIME HOBBY. CD/DL/LP

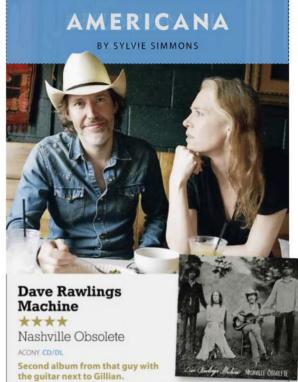
Meet the London-based, Norwegian folk(ish) Björk.



Norwegian Kari Jahnsen is a musical force of nature. Part sprite, part avant-garde

folkie, she plays everything bar the drums and occasional brass on this debut. Whether through Jahnsen's own design or steered by the production of Tunng's Mike Lindsay, the vision of her mish-mashed electronica owes a similar debt to folk as, say, Björk does to pop. The ice queen veneer of her voice is soon stripped away by passion and inventiveness in songs that don't mind stopping mid-flow for a blast of churchy organ, or zip along on 'difficult' jazz beats. Most often brooding and sad, Jahnsen nevertheless remains defiant, threatening in Hunter, for instance, to "track you down and shoot you like a hunter". But no matter how many spiky directions her music attempts to pull the listener, there is always the creamy centre of that angelic voice, making this a mightily impressive debut.

Andy Fyfe



FANS OF Gillian Welch and David Rawlings, this column included, have waited years for new material – four since Welch's divine Harrow & Harvest, six since Friend Of A Friend, Rawlings' fine solo debut. By 'solo' we mean songs written, played and sung by them both but with David centre stage – joined this time by Welch-Rawlings protégé Willie Watson, Punch Brothers' Paul Kowert, Crooked Still's Brittany Haas and a string section (first sweet, then dramatic, on slow, lovely Short Haired Woman Blues). The seven songs – most lengthy, one epic – have (as expected) extraordinary guitar solos, fused vocal harmonies, sprightly old-time (Candy) and brooding folk (Bodysnatchers). But there are surprises: The Trip, which starts out Luke The Drifter before taking a meandering, almost Dylanesque turn. Or excellent closer, Pilgrim, eight minutes of homesick clapboard gospel from a penitent kicked out of paradise.

ALSO RELEASED

Dave Alvin And Phil Alvin

Lost Time

YEP ROC CD/DL/LP



As in 'making up for'. The Blasters brothers hadn't collaborated in 30 years before last

year's Big Bill Broonzy tribute Common Ground. This swift follow-up offers 12 covers, from searing opener Mister Kicks (Oscar Brown Jr) to Please Please Please (James Brown), an uptempo House Of The Rising Sun, plus Leadbelly, Broonzy, Big Joe Turner and more. Phil's voice is fierce, Dave is warm and the band masterly

Sean Taylor

The Only Good Addiction Is Love

SEAN TAYLOR SONGS. CD/DI



London-based Taylor recorded this in Austin, Texas and it's a beauty meditative and

passionate, early Van Morrison-esque occasionally (Flesh & Mind), with poetic lyrics, literally so in the case of WB Yeats's White Birds. The band is excellent – violin; cello; Danny Thompson on bass – and Taylor is a very fine guitar player (sensual folk blues Les Rouges Et Les Noirs; solo instrumental Lorca).

Sam Lewis



Waiting On You

BRASH MUSIC, CD/DL/LP

The easy groove and warm, YOU effortless, gravel-edged voice reel you in from the very

start. His songs – recorded in three days in the company of celebrated Nashville sessionm are country-soul in a Leon
 Russell kind of way, gospel and
 beautiful heartbreak country (Never Again), Lewis looks pretty young in the picture, but he sounds from another time, or timeless. Either way, good.

Daniel Romano



If I've Only One Time Askin'

NEW WEST, CD/DL/LP



The Canadian country singer's home-recorded follow-up to the

For Me (2013) opens with something surprisingly Nashvegas, but If I've Only One Time... soon settles into those broken honky-tonk bar ballads Romano does so well. The One That Got Away; Strange Faces; Learning To Do Without Me; Let Me Sleep – all lovely throwbacks – have an instant familiarity, channelling both Hanks and a bit of Gram. SS of Gram, SS



Friends again

The one where they all go to Thailand, By Pat Gilbert,

The Libertines



Anthems For Doomed Youth

SO HERE we are again, back in The Libertines' soap opera - Series 2, Episode 3, in which, under a fragile truce, Pete, Carl and the boys travel to Thailand to make a first LP together in 11 years. Being the Libs, and thus no strangers to selfmythology, Doherty and Barât's storied trip is

explored in the title track.

"They thought that they were brothers, then they half-

murdered each other," croons Barât over twinkly, late-night backing that swells to an epic chorus. Cromwell, Orwell and references to "racking out the lines of shite" appear. No one could accuse the reunited Libertines of a dramatic reinvention.

Reassuringly familiar, the title track - and album - is all we loved (or maybe hated) about the group: the diarised musings of two poetic souls under fire in the Ypres Salient and Rourke's Drift of their imaginations, a bottle of gin and vial of laudanum tucked beneath their great coats together with a copy of Hangover Square. England past and present is, as on their first two

albums, inextricably entangled: the tragi-comic figure of Tony Hancock makes a cameo in You're My Waterloo, another tender, bittersweet, warreferencing ballad, dating from the group's earliest days - the only track here not cooked up in writing sessions this year in Thailand.

It's this powerful nostalgia for their original selves - simple descant melodies, the runawaybus fast numbers, Pete's (often annoying) yelps and cries, those stirring shared-mike harmonies, the relentless dark romanticism - that makes Anthems For Doomed Youth better than it really ought to be, as if the last decade hadn't happened. Credit must go to Ed Sheeran producer Jake Gosling for helping Doherty and Barât rediscover their rare chemistry, with John Hassall and Gary Powell, the fast-thinking rhythm section, as ever gluing it all together.

There are several instant classics here: the

olde-worlde The Milkman's Horse, whose bouncy "get out of my dreams you scum" chorus is pure joy; Doherty's wistful, woozy acoustic drug paean Iceman; Heart Of The Matter, rattling along early Baby Shambles-fashion; the huge singalong title track and rueful You're My Waterloo. Even when things get a bit iffy (which they do), something often comes to rescue, as with first single Gunga Din, whose clumpy cod-reggae

verses surrender to a sweeping, earworming chorus. Only Fame And Fortune, a swaying Britpop knees-up eulogising the Libs' early days, falls foul of needless self-parody and hubris.

Anthems For Doomed Youth must, of course, be an ironic title. The Libertines aren't young any more, and the doom they once so cavalierly courted has been left for the likes of Alan Wass, Doherty's friend who died early this year and is remembered in desolate final track Dead For Love. As for The Libertines, they're back in their self-romanticising, chaotic, self-made world. For how long, who knows; enjoy it while you can.



John Howard & The Night Mail

John Howard & The Night Mail

TAPETE CD/DL/LP

A rhapsodic, witty cross between Jacques Brel, Scott Walker and Jarvis Cocker.

Back in 1975, CBS released Kid in a Big World, debut album from a 'golden-voiced young piano man' called John . Howard. An extraordinary thing, full of majestic piano chords and gorgeous melodies, it disappeared in the brouhaha between glam and pub rock: maybe the world wasn't ready for an out gay pop star? Howard disappeared to Spain but. 40 years later, that debut came to the attention of musician Robert Rotifer, who lured

Howard back to record songs

he'd written in the interim. Result? In a droll, youthful tenor, Howard (now, unbelievably, 62) joyously delivers swooning chanson, poignant torch and campy psychedelic freakouts with a drop-dead panache not seen since the young Bowie or the Kinks, and touching on everything from loneliness to society's blinkered sexual mores to office parties. Affecting, uplifting, damned catchy.

Glyn Brown

Kurt Vile



Goin' Down... MATADOR CD/DL/LP

Slacker bard makes his peace with maturity on sixth



His previous three having essayed, respectively, reupholstered '70s riffage,

dreamy comedown folk and beatific sunshine rock, Kurt Vile's sixth full-lengther feels like a culmination, cycling between those styles with a fresh confidence. Lyrically, we go beyond the mere stoned,

easy-goin' homilies that made Vile's earlier output such a hazy treat: the bummers of ageing and quarter-life identity crises raise their heads, Pretty Pimpin' finding Vile struggling to recognise "the boy in the mirror", while Dust Bunnies negotiates his desire for a placid life with the concrete downers of real life. quoting Sam Cooke's Wonderful World in the process. This darker edge lends substance to some of Vile's best songs to date: on All In A Daze Work, his elliptical guitar figures and sleepy-eyed vocals obey meters all their own, hypnotic and wonderful, the work of a singular artist coming into his own.

Stevie Chick

Lizz Wright

Freedom & Surrender CONCORD. CD/DL/LP

Soulful singer/songwriter returns, spectacularly.



It's 12 years since this Georgia-born daughter of a preacher man seduced both

jazz and soul fans with her eclectic debut album, Salt. The

most striking feature of that LP was the finely nuanced expressive quality of the chanteuse's sensuous, bittersweet timbre, which singled her out as a special talent. Five albums later and Wright, now 35, has matured nicely; her music an unclassifiable meld of folk, pop, country, jazz, soul and gospel elements that have coalesced into a deeply personal and organic style. With Joni Mitchell-producer Larry Klein at the helm, and songwriting input from J.D. Souther and Jesse Harris, plus a Gregory Porter cameo on the smouldering duet Right Where You Are, Wright has unequivocally delivered her best album yet. The standouts include Freedom, Somewhere Down The Mystic and a hauntingly atmospheric reboot of Nick Drake's River Man.

Charles Waring

Shannon & The Clams



Gone By The Dawn HARDLY ART. CD/DL/LP

Back to the future in some style with the Oakland trio.

"It's not dark, but it's kind of devastated." Shannon Shaw

reports of The Clams' new record, dictated by the bad break-ups endured by both the lead singer/bassist and guitarist Cody Blanchard. It's their fourth album in six years, but quality control hasn't wavered: Ezra Furman apart, no one is filtering stripped-back '50s (doo wop; twangy pop) and '60s (garage; girl group melodrama) modes through such pin-sharp songwriting. Sweltering tragi-ballad Corvette and the taut Telling Myself (the LP's best chorus) particularly transcend their lo-fi origins, and only an occasional retro-slavish touch (for all its rousing lustre, how many yesteryear songs recall How Long?) hold it back. Two major pluses are Shaw's malleable vocal, capable of nuanced rawness and sadness, and Blanchard's lean, greasy touch, especially so on The Bog's frantic Twilight Zone hex. Martin Aston



Uncle Acid & The Deadbeats

The Night Creeper RISE ABOVE CD/DL/LP

Mighty fourth dose of rock'n'horror riffola.



This secretive trash-movie fiend from Cambridge – real name. K.R. Starrs

(possibly!) – inspirationally bridges between vintage Black Sabbath, contemporary doom-metal, Neil Young, conceptual art-rock, '70s schlock-horror and '60s garage-pop. Here, pile-driving opener Waiting For Blood encapsulates his band's filthy-dirty thrill in five pulsequickening minutes, with monstrous fuzzy riffin', reedily harmonised Lennonesque vocals, a slo-mo rhythm which supernaturally acquires freight-train momentum, all topped off with the hairiest soloing you'll hear all year. Further on, the plot thickens: on Downtown and Pusher Man, some T.Rex-ish gospel harmonies loom up through the overdriven amp sludge. while the title track dabbles in surreal anthemicism. Mellower than ever, Yellow Man offers a soundtracky acoustic/mello-tron interlude, while closer Slow Death and hidden track Black Motorcade forage respectively into wave-lapping prog and menacing acoustica. Another epically conceived record from a cult hero who should be slaying arenas.

Battles



Puzzle pop trio finally make all the pieces fit.



Thirteen years in to a career that can be briefly summarised as 'getting corporate

Andrew Perry

behemoths to pay for experimental noise' (Audi, Honda

appear to have finally found their stride. 2007's Mirrored was exciting, yes, but would have benefitted from a more discerning edit. 2011's Gloss Top was let down by awkward experiments with a succession of guest vocalists. Yet album three appears to be the sound of a band perfectly in sync with one another. There is boundless oddity here. There are lengthy cosmic jams (as Battles albums go, this is an especially organic one). But there's no fat. No filler. And endless, spacious, scrumptious groove. This is easily Battles' best album to date, the one you've always hoped they would make.

James McMahon

Micachu And The Shapes

Good Sad Happy Bad ROUGH TRADE. CD/DL/LI

Mica Levi follows BAFTAwinning film soundtrack with an exuberant return to collective endeavour.



It was the underwater drawl of Chopped & Screwed their 2011

live collaboration with the London Sinfonietta - which first brought Mica Levi's arty garage-band to the attention of Under The Skin director Jonathan Glazer. But this fourth album (if you count the live one, which you should) takes them back to the headlong kitchen-sink pop of their excellent 2009 debut Jewellery. As befits their origins as hap-hazardly recorded live jams, these 13 songs are scruffy sketches rather than polished portraits. But whether jauntily pondering her new fitness regimen (throughout the 97 seconds of Thinking It) or flirting with a death metal backing vocal (on the brazenly divisive Unity), Levi's restless imagination cements her place alongside Dean Blunt and Actress at the forefront of a select group of current British music-makers hell-bent on doing things that haven't

been done before. and Playstation are all former Ben Thompson clients), New York trio Battles Winning Battles: Cosmic jams and

King Midas Sound/Fennesz

Edition 1

NIN IA TLINE CD/DL/LP

The Bug's ambient-dub alter-ego kills you, softly.



Contrasting the oftensteroidal noise-ragga he composes as The Bug, Kevin

Martin's work with King Midas Sound (alongside vocalists Roger Robinson and Kiki Hitomi) is a gentler affair. Teaming here with Austrian electronic experimentalist Fennesz, this first in a series of collaborative albums mostly does away with beats entirely and the nine tracks' ambient sound-baths beg your immersion. But it's no passive experience: within these ghostly textures lie the powerful ache of longing and yearning, a bereft Robinson murmuring how his broken love affair "swirls around my head" on Mysteries; his alienation on Loving Or Leaving heightened by the cold tension between minimal syn-drum pulses and dubby bass throbs. It's heady, powerful stuff: the misty X-rated memories of Melt offer a narcotic combination of carnality and loss, while We Walk Together plays torch song like a 21st century Portishead. You don't dip into this music – it fully engulfs you. Stevie Chick

Dungen



Allas Sak

SMALLTOWN SUPERSOUND. CD/DL/LP

Prog/psych Swedes break five-vear silence.



Like a Super Furry Animals perpetually doing Mwng (sung in Welsh), rather

than their 'outernational albums, these rural Scandis scoffed at any notion of capitalising on the US cult success of 2004's Ta Det Lugnt. Instead, Gustav Ejstes' crew blasted through seven ferociously exploratory long-players, all in their own language, each clear ly out to freeze that spurious moment when late-'60s psychedelia rampaged into prog, neglecting to take songcraft with it. The quartet return from a substantial lay-off at full pelt, and with a fresh influx of wind – saxes (see the title track's storming middleeight), flutes (Sista Festen), and, on skyscraping instro Franks Kaktus, pan pipes. On En Dag På Sjön, quitarist Reine Fiske blazes straight in on an incandescent solo, but the triumph of Allas Sak – again! – is that Dungen levitate, not masturbate, and in Sova's blissful conclusion kindly glide the

gibbering listener back to earth. A serious trip. Andrew Perry

boundléss oddity.

UNDERGROUND

BY ANDREW MALE



Laura Cannell

Beneath Swooping Talons

FRONT & FOLLOW, CD/DI

East Anglia-based multiinstrumentalist crafts rural soundtracks for our new dark ages.

LAURA CANNELL might be a magician. For the past 10 years, since studying at London College of Music and the University of East Anglia, she has scoured early music scores for traces of a wilder musical narrative, seeking out feral fragments of traditional songs and dances, and setting them free. As on her debut solo release, 2014's Quick Sparrows Over The Black Earth, Cannell uses double recorders and overbowed fiddle to reanimate these remnants with a ghostly lyricism. Recorded in single takes in the church of St Andrew, Raveningham, and underscored by the surrounding wind and the sound of distant bells, Cannell's spare, sombre instrumentals call, caw and converse with the hushed suppleness of twilight voices in nature, ghosts of some beautiful ancient language, reborn and given flight.

ALSO RELEASED

Natural Snow Buildings

Terror's Horns BAIDA BING CD/DL/LE



Renowned for epic multi-disc experiments in blissfully sinister folk. French duo

Mehdi Ameziane and Solange Gularte here reduce their ecstatic pagan witchcraft down to 45 perfect minutes, Gularte's spectral, often wordless vocals shrouded in heavy veils of guitar drone, aching strings, radio noise and sinister gallows percussion.

Billy Jenkins

Death, Ritual & Resonation



Seeing little future in the music industry, in 2008 avant jazz/blues guitarist Jenkins retrained as a conductor of

humanist funerals. Now, he's recorded eight low-strung acoustic guitar improvisations close-miked coronachs that cut through the bland frequency squeeze of digital music to reconnect with something deep rooted, human and profound.

Paolo Angeli

S'Û

REP MEGACORP CD/DI



Born in the Pacific paradise of Palau, Paolo Angeli plays prepared Sardinian guitar, a hefty

hybrid beast of violoncello and baritone guitar, tricked out with drums, hammers, and electric mini-fans. Improvised live, with no overdubs, Angeli's sound is huge and wonderful, akin to Fred Frith and Derek Bailey gatecrashing a massed Segovia masterclass.

Pole





With 2008's Steingarten, the Berlin-based producer Stefan Betke refreshed his

trademark Pole sound of input crackle and bunkered dub, embracing hip hop production to add crunchy new textures and melodies. Wald is a continued move in more playful directions, a concrete Berlin minimalism fissured with reverberating horns, bagpipes and church organs. AM

FILTER ALBUMS

Stereophonics

* * *

Keep The Village Alive

STYLUS. CD/DL/LF

Seventh album of classic rock from the Cynon Vallev's biggest band.



hough Stereophonics have never bettered the emotive narratives

about life under the smalltown microscope on their 1997 debut, Keep The Village Alive hints at a (slight) return to those formative years of story-telling and gusty rock bluster. It's when he cuts loose on the swinging Faces-esque opener C'est La Vie that we're reminded Kelly Jones is at his best when ditching the dour and earnest to unleash his inner soul singer. Sing Little Sister strays too close to corny Bon Jovi territory but the swooning Song For The Summer is nicely sepia-toned, My Hero subtle and cinematic. No nonsense also means no frills and Stereophonics still follow the white line straight down the middle, doggedly relying on songs rather than production dazzle or image to see them through. Classic rock was their ambition all along – in which case they must still be viewed as a success, of sorts.

Ben Myers

of Walk and Fight For Love matched by the elaborate metaphorical turn of stately piano ballad Perfect Ruin. Ás sensual as D'Angelo and crisp as Aloe Blacc, Kwabs's effortless ability to glide through genres and attract ungrudging royal endorsements will, one suspects, give his moving debut serious legs.

. Andy Cowan

Duran Duran



Paper Gods WARNER BROS CD/DL/LP

The jetset veterans' 14th album shows what they're made of.



Never loved for their subtlety, Duran Duran have covered Paper Gods in sticker-like

images from their past: a tiger, red Rio lips, the inevitable girl. The self-mythologising scrapbook approach extends inside: Nile Rodgers, who worked on 1986's Notorious, partly co-produces with spiritual Taylor Mark Ronson, while troubled girl-on-film Lindsay Lohan provides a silly, sultry disco doctor cameo on Danceophobia. This is popluxe, music with a high thread count and bedside ice bucket, classily including Janelle Monaé alongside Rodgers on Pressure Off's full-throttle Notorious strut, yet not edgy enough to strengthen the recent push to reclaim the band as art-pop forwardthinkers. While the David Bowie allusions of You Kill Me With Silence and the title track's cold view of

modern life show off their dark side, *Paper Gods* feels like a Duran Duran-shaped helium balloon, impressive, shiny, but oddly empty inside.

Victoria Seaal

Helena Hauff



Discreet Desires NINJA TUNE. CD/DL/LP

First solo album from the Hamburg DJ, with 808s and 303s and a dark, playful mood.

There's no messing about on Discreet Desires - Helena Hauff opens with beefy synth booms on first track Tripartite Pact; there's weight to it, you can hear the hardware. As the album progresses it gobbles up disco beats and cosmic swirls (on Piece Of Pleasure), it zooms and squeals and powpows like a kid with a tov raygun (L'Homme Mort). Tryst has sad synth ripples, those tinny, mournful Kraftwerk bells, and a soft sludgy bass lurking underneath; Sworn To Secrecy Part I is 100 seconds of paranoid gloom, as if John Carpenter had soundtracked The Lives Of Others. Standout Sworn To Secrecy II brings that paranoia back hárder, then it has a shonky little melody. like a computer game from the '80s, which adds to the spooky effect almost like

fairground music would. Hauff gives you the feeling that there's something very wrong, and leaves you to make up your own nasty stories.

Anna Wood

Lou Barlow



Brace The Wave DOMINO. CD/DL/LF

Dinosaur Jr bassist becomes a pensive singer-songwriter for this third solo album.



A familiar combination of brooding introspection and choppy acoustic

strumming, Lou Barlow's first unaccompanied offering since 2009's Goodnight Unknown finds him still preoccupied with relationships and selfanalysis. Stripped back to his voice and six strings, the only embellish-ment some occasional keys and pedal fuzz, it's plain to see why Barlow would choose to keep such unadorned intimacy separate from his work with Dinosaur Jr and Sebadoh. With titles also whittled down to single words, the likes of Pulse, Lazy and Boundaries amply demonstrate his unfailing ability to turn inner anxiety and doubt into poignant, bare-bones songcraft. At times feeling almost uncomfortably personal, in the main these indie-folk confessionals are kept just the right side of maudlin to make Barlow's exposed emotional workings a surprisingly engaging listen. Andrew Carden

Ane Brun ***

When I'm Free BALLOON RANGER CD/DL/LP

All shades of darkness colour Nordic singer-songwriter's most reflective album.



Swedenbased, Norwegian transplant Ane Brun's followup to 2011's

exceptional It All Starts With One is as restrained as that was forceful. Brun's seventh album expresses its mood with affecting subtlety. It is not immediate. The album comes after an enforced hiatus due to illness which while obviously regrettable, has led to a shift in musical focus. Jazz and trip-hop shade this darkness. Percussion is driving, yet hazily positioned in the background. A snapping double bass ensures forward motion. When I'm Free opens with the down-tempo, elegiac Hanging, wherein Brun declares, "when you let go, you will find peace", in the most wounded of voices. The album closes with the sparse Signing Off, a eulogy to cutting ties with all that has gone before. The moving When I'm Free soundtracks coming to terms with the fact that there is, after all, a future. Kieron Tyler

Bixiga 70



GLITTERBEAT, CD/DL/LP

Brazilian 10-piece take Afrobeat in diverse directions.



Afroheat is sometimes derided as one-dimensional, but São Paulo-based

big band Bixiga 70 belie the stereotype by moving their output between different musical streams. On their third album they display the confidencé, music dexterity and increased complexity that results from maturity and growth, with strong interplay between the various musicians yielding an overarching organic wholeness, Opening number Ventania sets the tone, moving between a soukous guitar line, carimbo percussion, and emotive Afrobeat sax lines, displaying different rhythmic and melodic underpinnings, while sounding like entirely original work. 100% 13 has a real reggae sensibility in the drums, bass and keyboards; Machado sidesteps into synthesized space-rock, and since Victor Rice has mixed the entire proceedings, there are many dub undercurrents elsewhere. It's an engaging listen from start to finish. Repeated listening reveals deeper layers too

David Katz



Kwabs ***

Love + War ATLANTIC. CD/DL/LF

Bruised, burnished soul debut from academy nurtured shockhaired south

Londoner. It's four years since Kwabena Adjepong came of age in a Goldie TV special. Ever since the glinting drum'n'bass don's protégé emoted meaningfully to Prince Harry's glad-handed, redcheeked approval, the former Royal Academy of Music student has been fast-tracked for modern R&B superstardom. Worked up with producers including Plan B, TMS and Austrian electro wizard SOHN, Love + War finds Kwabs's rich, burnished baritone powerfully negotiating the . Venus flytrap of romantic

disappointment, the

synthesized soul thunder





CARGO COLLECTIVE



PUBLIC IMAGE Ltd (PiL) PIL OFFICIAL



BLANK REALM FIRE RECORDS LP / CD



HOLLY GOLIGHTLY DAMAGED GOODS LP / CD



HILLS ROCKET RECORDINGS LP / CD



SALAD BOYS TROUBLE IN MIND LP/CD



PRIMITIVE PARTS TROUBLE IN MIND LP / CD



JERUSALEM IN MY HEART CONSTELLATION LP / CD



OUGHT CONSTELLATION



MIDAS FALL MONOTREME RECORDS LP / CD



JAMES ELKINGTON AND NATHAN **SALSBURG**

PARADISE OF **BACHELORS**



TELEKINESIS MERGE RECORDS LP / CD



DIANE COFFEE WESTERN VINYL



MIKE KROL MERGE RECORDS LP / CD



LIMB **NEW HEAVY** LP / CD



AUTOBAHN TOUGH LOVE LP / CD



DAN WILSON HAI FPENNY RECORDS LP / CD

AN AMALGAMATION OF RECORD SHOPS AND LABELS DEDICATED TO BRINGING YOU NEW MUSIC

CARGO COLLECTIVE: AN AMMALGAMMATION OF RECORD SHOPS AND LABELS DEDICATED TO BRINGING TOU NEW MOSTO

HELAND BELFAST - HEAD SCOTLAND. AYR - BIG SPARRA VINYL / EDINBURGH - VOXBOX / GLASGOW - LOVE MUSIC WALES - ABERYSTWYTH - ANDY'S RECORDS / CARDIFF - SPILLERS / NEWPORT - DIVERSE / SWANSEA - DERRICKS WANTE - DERRIC



FILTER ALBUMS EXTRA



Ghost

Meliora

SPINEFARM, CD/DL/LP

When your frontman dresses as a ghoulish Pope - mitre and all – your music can easily be obscured. But Swedish outfit Ghost's third album offers 10 well-crafted, progressive hard rock tracks that transcend schlock-rock trappings. PA



Merzbow/Moore Gustafsson/Pándi

Cuts Of Guilt, Cuts Deeper

RARE NOISE. CD/DL/LP

Noise don Merzbow, drummer Pándi and saxophonist Gustafsson join Thurston Moore for 2-disc full-on hogin-distress destruction. AM



Tall Firs

Ghostlight Ensemble

Reclusive duo bring sweeping nostalgia to their latest electro-folk release. Vocals growl through dreamy guitars to produce a warm, comfortable Sunday afternoon sound hindered only by a tendency for repetition. TB



Various ***

Daptone Gold II

DAPTONE. CD/DL/LP

Six years after its first Gold, the 'old soul' now label has gained Como Mamas, Saun & Starr, but Sharon Jones (five tracks of 21) and Charles Bradley (three) still dominate. Of the never before releaseds, Naomi Shelton's You Got To Move is weighty stuff. GB



Glen Hansard ***

Didn't He Ramble

ANTI/EPITAPH, CD/DL/LI

Ex-Frames singer/quitarist opens a triumphant second solo chapter with a series of emotionally-withdrawn folk forays. His underworked vocals rumble soft against a backing of guitar, strings and, unexpectedly, cool synths. TB



Padna ***

Alku Toinen

AAGOO/REV LAB. CD/LP

Brooklyn teacher Nat Hawks makes intimate psychedelic collages; radio broadcasts, voices, acoustic guitar, piano and analogue drone laced with sweetly sad melodies, themed here on news headlines of international disasters. AM



Mike Krol

Turkey MERGE. CD/DL/LP

On his third release, Californiabased Krol employs a delicious vocal twang that stands out against his subtly distorted

guitar on songs about everything from cacti to bike thieves, coalescing into a solid collection of angst anthems. TB



Geir Sundstøl



Furulund

HUBRO, CD/DL/LP

Norse guitarist Sundstøl has played on nearly 300 records since the late '80s but this is his first solo LP, a soothing series of languid guitar soundscapes that blend Cooderesque western warmth with a twilight Norwegian chill. AM



Lark

The title's intense irony is established early on, following a modern stomp-box opener. A dark subcurrent of industrial noise runs under Karl Bielik's raspy vocals, punctuated by the driving bass lines that fuel this idiosyncratic album. TB





Hamilton Leithauser & Paul Maroon

Dear God

MARCATA RECORDINGS LP

The Walkmen duo focus on the essentials: Leithauser's lifeworn vocals and Maroon's stark guitar and piano on a raw yet enchanting collection. PS



Sweet Baboo



The Boombox Ballads

MOSHI MOSHI, CD/DL/LP

Modern psych-folk themes include laser beams, magpies and tigers, on Welshman Stephen Black's fifth LP. Some structural confusion aside, it's easy to embrace his Johnny-Flynn-does-indie songs. TB



Swim Deep

Mothers

CHESS CLUB/ RCA. CD/DL/LP

Wistful alt pop gets an ample glug of electro groove and distinct hints of '80s cheese comfortably reinforce Austin Williams's hazy vocals, as the Birmingham five-piece's second album transcends their multi-genre influences. TB



The Van Doos



Fingertips

THE CALAMINE CLUB. CD/DL

Yorkshire-bred indie quartet follow their extensive live explorations with this fulllength debut, where The Killers meets The Feeling with an occasional splash of predictable pop-driven eagerness. TB



Wand

1000 Days DRAG CITY CD/DL/LP

More diverse, howling dirges from the West Coast quartet, skilfully pairing silk scarfdraped melancholic folk with ecstatic heavy psych riffing, accessorised by electronic space rock reveries crackling with balloon static energy. JB

NOWSTREAMING

Max Richter

From Sleep

DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON

ven for an artist who glides between classical minimalism and Enoesque ambience, Max Richter's latest project offers a very literal exploration of musical restfulness. Sleep will premiere this autumn as an 'eight hour lullaby' show, during which the audience will occupy beds and be invited to nod off. A full digital recording is available, while From Sleep proffers an edit for those who'd rather resist the embrace of Morpheus. Ethereal essays for softened piano and strings, like Dream 3 (In The Midst Of My Life) or Path 19 (Yet Frailest), are gauzy Bach-at-16rpm, while the female vocal of Path 5 (Delta), or Space 21 (Petrichor)'s liminal drone all suggest imminent slumber. DS



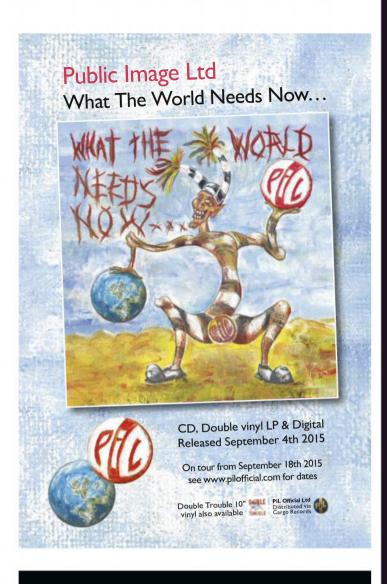


Serge fenix Rendered 2 Richard D James's new AFX EP leads off with this winningly retro techno groove undercut with fidgeting synth squelch and handclaps (WARP NFT)



Roger Lion

Dead Man's Song From a union of literate Toronto songsmith Joe Pernice with Macklemore producer Budo on an LP allegedly inspired by Josh Ritter's divorce. As odd, and good, as that sounds. (SOUNDCLOUD)



'Would I have made it without the MU? Probably. If I was starting out again, would I still join? Definitely.'

'The MU has been around even longer than me. Helping musicians of all ages and genres. Let's make sure they continue to do so.

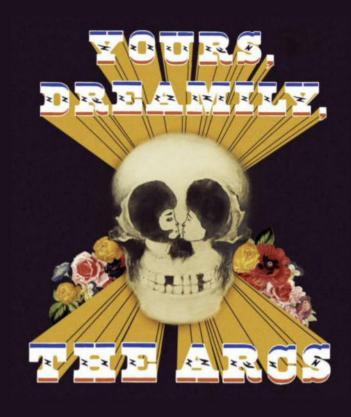
Jimmy Page



Join us now.

Membership is open to all musicians.

Musicians' Union



THE DEBUT ALBUM FROM

DAN AUERBACH LEON MICHELS RICHARD SWIFT HOMER STEINWEISS NICK MOVSHON

'A down-tempo treat, tailor-made for sundazed summer evening drives with the windows down. Sexy, slinky, even desert-like. This one, for sure, is a keeper.'

 $MOJO \star \star \star \star$

AVAILABLE SEPTEMBER 4



thearcs.com nonesuch.com



Recommended Retailers

Here's the exclusive monthly guide to the country's most mouthwatering independent record emporia. Chosen for their knowledge of both current releases and specialist areas, they're guaranteed to provide the personal touch you won't find elsewhere. And they stock MOJO too. All where you see this sign.

Kev to symbols: Second Hand 🦞 Vinyl 🔘

Tel: 01744 454 190

X Records

Tel: 01204 384579

North East

Tel: 0113 2436743

Tel: 07961 776360

Stocks all genres

Earworm

Records

York YO17LS

Tel: 01904 627488

DebutRecords

All genres

ash Records

35 The Headrow, Leeds LS1 6PU

9 The Arcade, Barnsley S70 2QN

Powells Yard, Goodramgate,

45rpm Records

Jumbo Records

5/6 St Johns Centre, Leeds LS2 8LQ

Email: info@jumborecords.co.uk

Web: www.jumborecords.co.uk

Reggae, Indie, Soul, Rock n Roll, Dance

1-7 Central Arcade, Newcastle

7a Front Street, Wingate

Durham, TS28 5AA

Tel: 0711 450045

Tel: 0113 245 5570

J.G.Windows

upon Tyne NE1 5Bf

All Genres

\$103RA

Tel: 0191 232 1356

Muse Music

Tel: 01422 843496 Psychedelic, progressive old & new, jazz, classic rock and metal specialis

Tel: 0114 266 8493

40 Market Street, Hebden

Record Collector

232 Fullwood Road, Sheffield

Bridge, West Yorkshire, HX7 6AA

Area North East

Vinyl only

10

Email: greg@krecords.com

Web-www krecords com

Psychedelic, Folk, Progressive, Alternative, Leftfield

44 Bridge Street, Bolton BL1 2EG

Email: xrecords@xrecords.co.uk



Fmail info@roots2music.com Web: www.roots2music.com Traditional music specialists, world, country and blues. Mail-order & onlin

Skipton Sound Bar 15 Swadford Street, Skipton North Yorkshire

Sounditout Records

Vinyl Tap

42 John William St. Huddersfield HD1 1ER Tel: 01484517720 Web: www.vinyltap.co.uk Open Mon-Sat 9-6 and Sun 11-4



Northern Ireland

42-44 Ann Street, Belfast BT1 4EG Tel: 02890 237226



North Wales

od Music 28 New Street, Mold, Flintshire CH7 1N7

Email: enquiries@vodmusic.co.uk Web: www.vodmusic.co.uk New & Used Vinyl, CD's, DVD's, Merchandise & Accessories. RSD and BLACK FRIDAY participator!



Mid/South Wales

16 Northgate, Aberystwyth SY23 21S

Tel: 01970 624581 Email: shop@andys-records.co.uk

Dales Records 40 High Street, Tenby, SA70 7HD

Tel: 01384230726 Rock - Metal

Strand Records Unit 15, The Strand, Longton

East Midlands Off The Beaten

Tracks 36 Aswell Street, Louth IN119HP Tel: 01507 607677 Email: info@beatentracks.co.uk

Web: www.offthebeatentracks.org Rock, Folk, Jazz, Alternative, 60s, 70s, new releases and rare vinyl. Open 10am - 5.30pm (Friday till 6pm) (Closed every Thursday and Sunday)

Rough Trade 5 Broad Street, Nottingham NG13AL Tel: 0115869 4012

Terminal Records Riverside Market, Haverfordwest **Tallbird Records** 10 Soresby Street, Chesterfield \$40.1 IN Tel: 01246 234548

Email: tallbirdrecords@gmail.com All genres. Find us on Facebook



Badlands 11 St George's Place, Cheltenham GL50 3LA Tel: 01242 227 725 Email: badlands@cityscape.co.uk Two-storey shop, M/O, Brill selection Rapture

Unit 12, Woolgate Centre, Witney 0X286AP Tel: 01993 700567 Web: www.rapturewitnev.co.uk 60 years of experience under one roof

Unit 19, Beechwood Shopping Centre, Cheltenham GL501DQ

Fmail: cheltenham@rise-music co.uk Tel: 01179 297511 Huge selection across all genres, over 20'000 lines in stock

Twitter: @musicmaniastoke C15B, Chapel Walk, Vinyl/cd/tickets-all genres stocked Crowngate, Worcester WR1 3LD **Neverland Music** Tel: 01905 611273

Email: worcester@rise-music.co.uk Web: www.rise-music.co.uk **All genres**

Truck Store 101 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1HU Tel: 01865 793866

Web: www.truckmusicstore.co.uk

East Compact-Music

89 North Sreet, Sudbury C010 IRF Tel: 01787 881160 Rock, Pop & Blues, incl. Classic Sounds'for Classical, Jazz, instruments and M/O

22 The Broadway. Leigh On Sea \$\$91AW Tel: 01702 711 629 Email: pete@fives-records. freeserve co.uk Blues, Jazz, Indie, Country, Rock

Lost in Vinyl 20 Madgelene Street, Cambridge CB3 0AF Tel: 01223 464882 All Genres

Nevermind The Music Store 10 Chur ch Street, Boston PF216NW Tel: 01205 369419

All genres Slipped Discs 21 High St, Billericay CM12 9AJ Tel: 01245 350820

Across the board Vinvl Hunter 56 St Johns Street Bury St Edmunds, IP33 1SN Tel: 01284725410

Vinyl only



London Casbah Records # O

The Beehive, 320-322 Creek Rd, Greenwich SF10.9SW Tel: 0208 858 1964 Web: www.casbahrecords. co.uk or www.facebook.com/ casbahrecordsatthebeehive Rock n'Roll to Soul, Punk, Psych, new Indie, Old Skool Hip Hop and Reggae

Intoxica Records 11 Cecil Court, Charing Cross London, WC2N 4EZ Tel: 44 207 836 6563 Email: intoxica@intoxica.co.uk

Web: www.intoxica.co.uk '20th Century Vinyl - Originals &

Rough Trade 130 Talbot Road, W1111A Tel: 020 7229 8541 Email: shop@roughtrade.com Web: www.roughtrade.com Across the board

Rough Trade East 'Dray Walk' Old Truman Brewery, 91 Brick Lane London E1 6QL

Web: www.roughtrade.com Tel: 0207 392 7788 Across the board

40

Sister Ray 34-35 Berwick Street W1V3RF

Tel: 0207 7343297 Web: www.sisterray.co.uk Over 24,000 items in our Soho store

Soul Brother 1 Keswick Road SW15 2HL Tel: 020 8875 1018 Email: soulbrother@btinternet.com Web: www.soulbrother.com

Soul/Jazz, Reissues, Rarities, M/O Turnstyle Records 227 Streatham High Street London, SW166EW Tel: 07930402580



Scotland

Barnstorm Records 128 Queensbury Court, Dumfries DG1 1RII

Tel: 01387 267894 **All genres**

Coda Music 12 Bank Street, Edinburgh EH1 2LN Tel: 0131 622 7246 Email: mail@moundmusic.co.uk

Folk, Scottish, Country, World, Blues Europa Music 10 Friars Street, Stirling FK8 1HA

Tel: 01786 448623 Love Music

34 Dundas Street, Glasgow, Lanarkshire G1 2AQ Tel: 0141 332 2099 Email: lovemusicglasgow@ gmail.com

Web: www.lovemusicglasgow.com Indie, Punk, Mid Price, Metal, Rarities



A&A Records

12High Street Congleton CW12 1BC Tel: 01260 280778 Email: www.aamusic.co.uk

Web: aamusicmail@aol.com **All formats**

Action

47 Church Sreet, Preston PR1 3DH Tel: 01772 884 772 Email: sales@action-records.co.uk Web: www.action-records.co.uk Indie, Rock, Country, Jazz, Blues, Leftfield Dance

42 Tib Street, Manchester M4 1LA Tel: 0161 834 7783 Email: music@beatinrhythm.com Web: www.beatinrhythm.com Northern Soul, Funk, '60s Girl Groups, Rockabilly, Doo Wop

Head

Golden Square Shopping Centre, Warrington WA1 1UZ Tel: 01925 571522 Email: warrington@ehead.co.uk

Web: www.facebook.com/ HeadWarrington All formats & genres

The Mall, 25 Church Street,

Blackburn BB1 5AF Tel: 01254264666 Kaleidoscope

30 West Field Street, St Helens WA10 1QF

North West

Beatin' Rhythm O G19 The Smithfield Building,

Rock, Dance, Jazz, World, Reggae **Record Revivals**

18 Northway, Scarborough East Yorks, Y011 1JL Tel: 01723 351983 Email: info@recordrevivals.co.uk Stock all genres

Reflex 23 Nun Street, Newcastle NE1 5AG Tel: 0191 260 3246 Email: info@reflexcd.co.uk Web: www.reflexcd.co.uk Rock, Indie, Pop, Dance & Back Cat

Roots2Music 67B Westgate Road, Newcastle NE1 1SG Tel: 0191 230 2500

Tel: 0292 023 1803 Allaenres Spillers

Diverse Music

Tel: 01633 259 661

Retro-Vibe

Tel: 02920224905

Tel: 01437 768177

Tel: 01443 406421

Terry's 8 Church Street, Pontypridd

North/West

14 Lower Mall, Royal Priors,

Leamington Spa CV32 4XU

Chart CDs & DVDs/Jazz/Soul/Rock/

Email: left_for_dead@outlook.com Web: www.leftfordeadshop.co.uk

4/6 Piccadilly Arcade, Hanley,

Email: sales@musicmaniauk.com

Web: www.musicmaniauk.com

Facebook.com/musicmaniauk

Midlands

Tel: 01926 887 870

Pop/Dance/Books/T-Shirts

Left For Dead

Shrewsbury, SY1 1XB

Music Mania

Stoke On Trent ST1 1DL

Tel: 01782 206000

used and new product

Company

Nottingham

NG16IP

Rock/Metal

30 West End Arcade

Tel: 07708 102625

Tel: 01926 831333

14WyleCop

All aenres

SA61 ZAN

All genres

CF37 2TH

All genres

10 Charles St, Newport NP20 1JU

Web: www.diversevinyl.com

8 High Street, Cardiff, CF10 IAW

31 Morgan Arcade, Cardiff CF10 1AF

Rock, Blues, Indie, Real Country, 7-inch

Contemp, folk, roots, jazz, rock, vinyl

Tel 01756 793543 15A Yarm Street, Stockton on Tees TS18 3DR Tel: 01642 860068





Tel: 07904688739



All genres

26 Market Street, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire SA61 1NH Tel: 01437769618

Tel: 01834842285 Derricks 221 Oxford St, Swansea SA13BQ Tel: 01792 654 226

Rock, Pop, Indie, Blues, AOR, Imports

All genres **STRecords** 165 Wolverhampton Street, Dudley, West Midlands DY1 3HA

Seismic Records ¥ ○

Spencer Street, Leamington Spa

Tel: 0759 29208319 Web: www.derricksmusic.co.uk All genres



South

101 Collectors Records

101 West St, Farnham GU9 7EN Tel: 01252734409 Email: andyhib101@hotmail.com

W O

Web: www.101collectors records.co.uk

Rare, second-hand & new vinyl and CDs, inc.major re-issues, across all genres

The Compact Disc O

57 London Road, Sevenoaks TN14 1AU Tel: 01732740889

Blues, Jazz, World, Rn'B, Back Catalogue

Davids Music

12 Eastcheap, Letchworth SG6 3DE Tel: 01462 475 900 Email: andy@davids-music.co.uk

Web: www.davids-music.co.uk Open 7 days a week. Across the board

Empire Records # 0 21 Heritage Close, St Albans

Tel: 07932 974864 **All genres**

Gatefield Sounds

70 High Street, Whitstable CT5 1BD Tel: 01227 263337 Email: mikektba@hotmail.com

AL 3 AFR

269 The Glades, Bromley **BR11DN** Tel: 0208 466 6335

Hot Salvation

35 Rendezvous Street, Folkestone, Kent, CT20 1EY Tel: 01303 487657 Fmail: hotsalvationrecords@

gmail.com Vinyl store – All genres

Hundred Records

47 The Hundred, Romsey Hants SO518GE Tel: 01794518655 All genres

Music's Not Dead O

71 Devonshire Road, Bexhill On Sea TN40 1BD Tel: 07903 731371 **All genres**

Pebble Records

The Basement, 14 Gildredge Rd, Eastbourne BN214RL Tel: 01323 430 304 Web: www.pebblerecords.co.uk Email: pebblerecords@ btconnect.com

PeopleIndependent Music Shop

14a Chapel Street, Guildford

Tel: 01483 566007

Pie & Vinyl 61 Castle Road, Southsea PO5 3AY Tel: 07837 009587

Only vinyl (plus pies)

The Record Centre

37 Hill Avenue, Amersham. HP65BX Tel: 01494433311

Email: therecordshop@ btconnect.com

The Record 0 Corner Pound Lane, Godalming GU7 1BX

Tel: 01483 422 006 Email: sales@therecordcorner.co.uk Web: www.therecordcorner.co.uk Broad spectrum of music available in stock and to order. Also stocking sheet music and accessories + mail order.

Resident

28 Kensington Gardens. Brighton, East Sussex BN1 4AL Tel: 01273 606312 Across the board, new releases and extensive back catalogue. Friendly,

The Rock Box

helpful staff.

15b London Road, Camberley GU153JY Tel:01276 26628

Slipped Discs

57 High Street, Billericay, Essex CM129AX

Smugglers records 9 king Street, Deal, Kent, Ct146hx Tel: 07500114442

The Sound Machine

24 Harris Arcade, Station Road, Reading RG1 1DN Tel: 0118 957 5075

The Vault

1 Castle Street, Christchurch Dorset BH23 1DP Tel: 01202 488002

Vintage & Vinyl

57 The Old High Street, Folkestone Kent CT20 1RN Tel: 01303 246715 Vinyl only



South West

Blackcat Records 42 East Street,

Taunton TA 13 LS Tel: 01823 327701 Email: music@blackcat-records co.uk All genres plus second hand

The Collectors Room

3 Endless Street, Salisbury SP1 1DL Tel: 01722 326153 Email: collectorsroom@ waitrose.com Folk/Jazz/World/Blues

The Drift Record Shop 103 High Street, Totnes,

Devon TQ9 6SN Tel: 01803 866828

Web: www.thedriftrecordshop.co.uk All Genres

*0 The Mall. 8 Union Gallery. Broadmead Bristol BS1 3XD Tel: 0117 929 7798 All genres

Head 40

Unit 6, Sovereign Shopping Centre High St. Weston-Super-Mare BS23 1HI

All genres 40 Jam

32 High Street, Falmouth TR112AD

Tel: 01934416262

Tel: 01326211722 Email: info@jamrecords.co.uk Web: www.jamrecords.co.uk

Jam is an independent retailer of music, books, DVDs and exceptional coffee

Phoenix Sounds VO Unit 6, Pearl Assurance House,

Queen Street. Newton Abbot. Devon TQ122AQ Tel: 01626334942

Email: phoenixsound1@gmail.com We are able to order any CD or DVD available anywhere in the world.

Raves From The Grave

20 Cheap Street, Frome BA111BN

Tel: 01373 464666 Email: raves@btconnect.com

Web: www.ravesfromthegrave.com vinyl and all types of music

0

40

Red House Records

21-23 Faringdon Road. Swindon SN15AR Tel: 01793 526393

Email: info@redhouserecords.co.uk Web: www.redhouserecords@

wordpress.com Vinyl only-new and second hand

Replayed Records

3 Daisy May Arcade. Swanage, Dorset **RH191**

Arross the hoard on two floors

Rooster Records O

98 Fore Street, Exeter EX43HY Tel: 01392 272009

Email: jaimie@jaimiefennell. wanadoo.co.uk

Web: www.roosterrecords.co.uk Huge selection of new & used Vinyl, CDs & DVDs. All genres covered esp. psych,prog, jazz, soul, folk, blues, punk, metal & indie. Ordering service.

Sound Knowledge

22 Hughenden Yard, Marlborough SN8 1LT Tel: 01672511106

Email: sales@sound knowledge.co.uk 2 floors, all genres, open 7 days

East Vinyl Hunter o 56 St Johns Street, IP33 1SN Tel: 01284725410

Recently opened, Vinyl Hunter in Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk has already created a niche with over 6000 vinyl records. Their eclectic, handpicked stock includes vintage & newly released records in all genres and white labels. They're bringing vinyl back to people passionate about music and how it sounds, all in the relaxed space of an independent record cafe. Vinyl



Hunter creates the atmosphere of Brick Lane outside of London; a welcome addition to a town brimming with music lovers & musicians.

NEW FROM PROPER MUSIC

STEVEN WILSON TRANSIENCE



Limited edition vinyl only issue, to coincide with the second leg of Steven Wilson's 'Hand. Cannot. Erase.' tour, Transience features songs recorded between 2002 and 2015 and is a personally curated introduction to the more accessible side of his monumental solo output. Pressed as a 3-sided LP in a lavish gatefold sleeve. The fourth vinyl side features an etching of the original handwritten lyric sketches for Happy Returns. KSCOPE

THE WAIFS **BEAUTIFUL YOU**



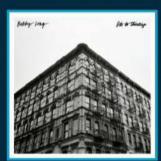
The new album by beloved Australian folkrock band The Waifs was written between the USA and Australia by The Waifs' song writing trifecta of Donna Simpson, Vikki Thorn and Josh Cunningham. The resulting 12-song collection merges the three separate songwriters into a cohesive, rootsrock musical feast creating an album that echoes with both wisdom and pop appeal. COMPASS RECORDS

DAN PENN & SPOONER OLDHAM THE COMPLETE DUO RECORDINGS



This is the deluxe limited edition CD/DVD release collecting the complete official recordings of legendary southern soul songwriters, Dan Penn and Spooner Oldham. It contains the legendary 'Moments From This Theatre' 14-track album plus a separate 22-track DVD of the duo live in concert from St. James's Church, London in 2006. Includes 'I'm Your Puppet', 'Cry Like A Baby' and many more. PROPER RECORDS

BOBBY LONG ODE TO THINKING



British singer-songwriter Bobby Long has built a dedicated fan base around his hauntingly poetic lyrics and catchy melodies. On his third record, 'Ode To Thinking', Long returns to the basics: a guitar, sturdy songs, and his singularly plaintive voice. The album's 11 original tracks showcase a hard-won maturity that belies Long's 29 years.

COMPASS RECORDS



I am legend

Five CDs of singles, B-sides, demos and sessions from indie pop's masters of hype. Danny Eccleston's ears are jangling.

Various



Creation Artifact: The Dawn Of Creation Records 1983-85

CHERRY RED. CD

In 2015 everyone is a 'legend'. It's the go-to epithet for any moderately accomplished male. But in 1983 it was more sparingly applied, and it took a fair-sized degree of chutzpah to apply it to oneself.

Jerry Thackray – London 'zine scene face and provocateur – had a fair-sized degree of chutzpah. Enough to trade as The Legend! and imagine himself a maker of music – this without any noticeable or conventional skills in that area. But Thackray had plenty to say, and excitable friends. One of these, Alan McGee, had a vision for a record label, one that combined a classicist's appreciation of all that had once been blazingly great about pop with a punk rocker's taste for aggro and rhetoric. A label that, most crucially, would release records by himself and his mates.

From the notional high ground of Creation's mid-'90s commercial peak – when, albeit funded by Sony and not a genuinely indie concern, they were the best-known and coolest record company in Britain - it was common to view the label's first single - The Legend!'s rudimentary, querulous '73 In '83 - as an anomaly: how had this mighty oak of the rock establishment grown from such a misshapen acorn? And yet, despite its stark post-punk tone, everything different and cherishable that survived in Creation's DNA to the day of its 1999 demise is immanent in '73 In '83. There's its aura of challenge, and fierce adherence to a mythic gold standard of pop perfection ("All the bands are dead now," mourns Thackray). Creation were by no means alone, they borrowed much from immediate predecessors Postcard, and others like Cherry Red, Rough Trade and Dan Treacy's Whaam!, but they were always distinguishable by their collective disdain.

Creation's mainspring was McGee. Raised in Glasgow,

from whose environs he would draw several of the label's later game-changers, he had made a name in the capital as a promoter, turning The Living Room club in Conway St into a nexus of sorts. McGee talked of 1965-66 as the lost Eden of the Pop Idea, one he intended to reclaim. He led a group, the Laughing Apple, which became Biff Bang Pow!, named after a 1966 B-side by The Creation. High Pop Age references abounded.

Again, Creation weren't the only label talking Byrds-Love-Syd-Nuggets as '83 turned into '84, but, as the first two discs here bear out, they were more brazen. Biff Bang Pow!'s first single for the label, Fifty Years Of Fun, shamelessly filched chords from The Byrds' I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better. Jasmine Minks, from New Pitsligo near



 The Jesus And Mary Chain – Upside Down
 The Loft – Up The

- Hill & Down The Slope

 The Pastels –
- Baby Honey
 Primal Scream –
 It Happens
- The Bodines -

"HERE WERE
THE STONES
AND THE
PISTOLS REINCARNATE,
AND ALAN
MCGEE WAS
ANDREW
LOOG
MCLAREN."

Fraserburgh, allied jangling guitars with Mod group urgency. Better still were Whaam! refugees The Pastels, who combined a more sophisticated lattice of psychedelic guitar textures with Stephen McRobbie's super-ingenuous mewl, the two colliding to epic effect on drone-pop monolith Baby Honey. Then from the label's other extremity came Pete Astor's The Loft. They favoured Verlaine-Hell New York pre-punk but had something else no other Creation act could muster: a groove. Their Up The Hill And Down The Slope is a bag of springs unleashed, and remains the most brilliantly

produced recording of the label's first flush.

Creation's corporate identity was solidifying, albeit not to the extent of excluding the odd hedged bet, like The X-Men, with their devoted psychobilly fanbase, or The Legend!, still a square peg even among like minds. But change was coming in the shape of the label's first authentic phenomenon — a combination of look, sound and attitude that would have turned heads in any era. Arriving with Upside Down's crack-rush of teeth-rattling feedback and Ramones/Ronettes melody, East Kilbride's The Jesus And Mary Chain were a watershed personified — like amphetamine Dylan, with consumption, on motorbikes. Neil Taylor, an NME writer of the day who pens this box set's comprehensive essay, notes that Creation's dress code changed overnight: Donovan caps off, leather trousers on.

The impact on Creation's output was substantial, as Mary Chain-allied records followed in the shape of Meat Whiplash's feedback-happy Don't Slip Up, and the lovelier-by-far All Fall Down by Primal Scream, whose Bobby Gillespie moonlit with JAMC's Reid brothers on Moe Tucker drums. But the impact on McGee, quickly established as the Mary Chain's manager, was greater still, as the chaos around the group peaked with a riot at North London Polytechnic in March 1985 and a light bulb appeared above his ginger head. Here were the Stones and the Pistols reincarnated, and he was Andrew Loog McLaren.

Leaving the label's story at this fervid juncture, as Creation Artifact does, seems at first glance a bit nutty. 1986 would bring Primal Scream's Crystal Crescent – with its scene-stealing B-side, Velocity Girl - and Therese by Glossop's The Bodines. There would even be brilliant albums – two in fact, both by Cherry Red deserters Felt. But there was also a sense, with McGee having already shopped the Mary Chain to Warner offshoot Blanco Y Negro; and Primal Scream plus Pete Astor's post-Loft band The Weather Prophets decamping to another Warner proxy – the McGee-piloted Elevation – that something had been lost. The Creation pumps were manned, day-today, by McGee's Biff Bang Pow! bandmates Dick Green and Joe Foster but, with bowl cuts and winklepickers ascendant throughout '86 and '87, it seemed that the prime movers had missed out, a situation that didn't begin to right itself until the arrival of The House Of Love and My Bloody Valentine in 1988. What followed – Screamadelica, Loveless, Sony, Oasis, Mishka – is another story.

Jerry Thackray retired The Legend! and re-emerged in the pages of the Melody Maker as Everett True. Twentyfive years after they'd fallen out, he claimed that McGee had told him, in 2010, that, "the main difference between you and me is 30 million pounds".

Creation's Age Of Innocence was short; but at least now it has a fitting headstone.



BACK STORY: LIVING ROOM • Alan McGee's club at tl

• Alam McGee's club at the Adams Arms in London's Fitzrovia (and later the nearby Roebuck) was the scene that Creation Records proceeded to soundtrack. Typical headliners were Dan Treacy and Joe Foster's Television Personalities, trailblazers of the jangly indie template, plus The Legend! in various guises, including a bold a cappella incarnation. Disc 3 of Creation Artifact Features ramshackle live tracks from the club by Mekons,





The Doors

 $\star\star$

Other Voices/ Full Circle RHINO CD/DI /I F

The post-Morrison Doors were a curio at best.



Jim Morrison was a master lvricist, arquably the most charismatic frontman in

rock and possessed of commanding, nuanced pipes that ranged from Wolf howl to Sinatra croon. His bandmates were inventive, eclectic musicians – Ray Manzarek versed in classical, Robby Krieger in flamenco and John Densmore in jazz – and the group's quality a result of the synergy the four created. However, the decision to proceed as a trio after Jim's passing in 1971 was a nice-try failure. Other Voices ('71) and 1972's Full Circle are not without charms – chops and melodic faculties are intact, but the vocals (split twixt Ray and Robby) are unimpressive, and the lyrics mildly clever-to-embarrassing. To his credit, Krieger had been a fine composer (Light My Fire was his), but there are no lit fires here. When The Lizard King shed his skin, he closed The Doors.

Michael Simmons

Various

**** Jazz On A Summer's Day

CHARLY. CD/DVD

Iconic jazz movie and its soundtrack rise again.



In July 1958, the fashion and advertising agency photographer Bert Stern got

behind a movie camera to document Rhode Island's

Newport Jazz Festival. What resulted was a transcendent piece of film-making whose impressionistic use of colour and visual vibrancy has lost none of its charm and aesthetic potency over time. In addition to a DVD of Stern's sublime movie, this set includes a sepa rate soundtrack CD featuring performances from Jimmy Giuffre, Anita O'Day – whose rendition of Sweet Georgia Brown is nothing less than sensational - Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Chuck Berry, Louis Armstrong and the mighty Mahalia Jackson. Such are the quality of the performances that the soundtrack is much more than a mere adjunct to the film and stands up in its own right. Informative linernotes from MOJO's own Fred Dellar complete this notable reissue

Charles Waring



John Hulburt

*** Opus III

TOMPKINS SOUARE, CD

Chicago folkie's self-pressed 1972 album sees CD daylight for first time.

There's a clue to John Hulburt's stature in the fact that his sole, mostly instrumental album attracts a top whack of just £40 among vinyl collectors in spite of its rarity. Once a member of minor mid-'60s Chicago psychedelicists The Knaves, Hulburt later became an accomplished acoustic guitar picker. The influence of Hulburt's idol John Fahev can

be heard throughout Opus III (there never was I or II). particularly Inside & Other-. wise, whilé other tracks veer between the banio-like Hallelujah I'm On Parole Again and the sitar-style drones of Clark St. Although the literal lyrics of Guitar On My Knee (one of only three noninstrumentals) suggest Hulburt had more to say through his playing, it's a shame his sweet coffee-house voice wasn't aired more often. Hulburt soon moved to Paris and never recorded again (he died in 2012), but this gentle, cockle-warming album is a fine legacy.

Andy Fyfe

Cocteau Twins

*** The Pink Opaque

4AD. LP+DL

First UK vinyl issue for landmark 1985 compilation, the band's debut US release.



Eventual mainstream success with 1990's Heaven Or Las Vegas none theless had

many long-term Cocteau Twins fans reflecting wistfully on earlier records, when the muse was less gossamer and more guttural. Beginning with 1982's debut Garlands, a threeyear rush of releases saw the . Cocteaus define the 4AD aesthetic, via Robin Guthrie morphing post-punk guitar textures into an eerie amniotic disco-dance over which his partner Elizabeth Fraser . mouthed semi-intelligible lyrics, as if possessed by volatile spirits. But although the ecstatic visionaries were Fraser and Guthrie, the earthy mystique owed much to their bassists: first Will Heggie (effectively lead instrument on Wax And Wane) and, from 1983, Simon Raymonde, who

underpins the still-breathtaking The Spangle Maker. A 10-track precis for the US, The Pink Opaque's distillation of the '82-85 period (including rarity Millimillenary, Raymonde's debut) represents old school Cocteau gold.

. Keith Cameron



Billie Holiday

Banned From New York City

Rare, post-bust Holiday at her best.

Targeted by racist coppers and busted for drugs in 1947, Lady Day had her New York cabaret card pulled, preventing her from playing Big Apple clubs and challenging her ability to earn a living. Nonetheless, she was at the peak of her fame and could rely on out-of-town gigs to work. This 2-CD set collects engagements recorded between 1948 and 1957 - much of it unreleased - and it is not hyperbole to note that this is one of the most extraordinary vintage jazz releases of 2015. Unsurprisingly, her voice shows a bit of wear, but there are many (including yours truly) who find her older, lived-in instrument more resonant and a literal wonder the sound of a woman who's had her heart broken so many times, it's amazing it's still beating. Two years after the last track here, it would be stilled forever

Michael Simmons

Taste

I'll Remember

POLYDOR/UNIVERSAL MUSIC CATALOGUE CD/D

4CDs of previously unreleased live tracks, demos and alternative versions by Rory Gallagher's influential trio.



Brian May favours Vox AC30s because of Rory Gal-lagher, and the first song Ed

Sheeran learned on guitar was Gallagher's A Million Miles Away. The pioneering Irishman's inter-generational influence figures listening to Taste, the short-lived power trio he formed in Cork, Eire in 1966. Here, the first two CDs offer expanded versions of 1969's fiery blues-rock debut Taste and 1970's more eclectic, more song-based follow-up On The Boards. The former's Blister On The Moon, all angular power-chord shards, was a favourite of The Edge as a kid, while the latter's It's Happened Before, It'll Happen Again shows this formidable guitar virtuoso and gutsy, soulful vocalist was no slouch on alto sax either. Hear also CD3's What's Going On, a ferocious opener in Stockholm in 1970, an exemplar of curtain-up impact, while the Belfast 1967 demos on CD4 pack an intimate charm.

James McNair

Suede

Dog Man Star Live FDSFL CD/DL/LP

20th anniversary staging of 1994's iconic album. Comes with or without a second set of 'Greatest Bits'.



For all the supposed blouse-wearing delicacy of their early vintage, Śuede

were always ferocious onstage, even more so post-Bernard Butler when Brett Anderson forged a new glamstomp vision. Add some we'llshow-'em brio following their 2010 reformation - after a decade in which their reputation slipped dangerously low - and this current Suede are very feisty indeed. Still, the swollen majesty and tender interludes that marked their second album, Dog Man Star, are safe in these hands. We are The Pigs, The Asphalt World, This Hollywood Life, all sound powerful and glorious at this Royal Albert Hall show from December 2014. The bonus hour-long 'encore' embraced B-sides of the era, highlights from comeback album Bloodsports and some vintage hits. Given the track selection, and the raucous atmosphere, this is a perfect reintroduction for the Suede-curious.

Martin Aston

Rufus & Chaka Khan

*** Classic Album Selection

UNIVERSAL/SPECTRUM. CD/DI

First six LPs, 1973-78, in a box. No notes or booklet.



On 1974's Raas To Rufus, the self-contained funk-soul-pop band's second album, a small

badge proclaimed "featuring Chaka Khan", lasering the focus on their outstanding young singer, the first of her generation to be dubbed "the new Aretha" with little sense of exaggeration. Khan, just 18 when she joined Rufus in 1972, limbered up on Rufus (1973) before *Rags*... burst forth with hits Tell Me Something Good and You Got The Love, and other solid tracks like jazzy I Got The Right Street. But the focus on Khan wasn't thrilling everyone; three of the band left. In came Bobby Watson (bass) and Tony Maiden (guitar) and Rufusized (1974) bedded in the new members as the funk got stronger. 1975's Rufus Featuring Chaka Khan has also weathered well; by '77's Ask Rufus new schisms appear. During Street Player (1978) she's clearly put on her hat and coat for the solo career to come.

Swamp Dogg

* * * *

I'm Not Selling Out/ I'm Buying In!

ACE CD/DI

CD debut for 1981 album originally issued on Chrysalis imprint Takoma.



Jerry Williams Jr, aka Swamp Dogg, began the '80s on a creative high. recording his

most dynamic album since his 1970 debut, Total Destruction To Your Mind. Conceived bizarrely as a cookbook, but ending up as a belated Part 2 to the aforesaid debut, this is roughly divided between love songs and politically charged

comment. In the former camp, The Love We Got Ain't Worth Two Dead Flies, his pointed, genius duet with Esther Phillips – a planned album together never happened. In the latter, a revisit of *Total* Destruction's title track that, over head-turning honky tonk funk, captures Swamp's rage against the US government for turning the Statue of Liberty into a sex worker. On release, it got no promotion and sunk. It still sounds prescient and totally bonkers today

Lois Wilson



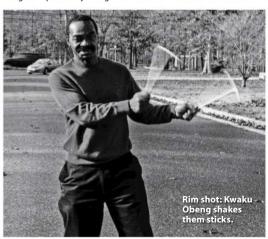
Allen Toussaint



Toussaint: The Real Thing 1970-1975

Toussaint sings Toussaint.

Toussaint is the master of understatement, always loping slightly behind the beat, stay ing cool in the humid Louisiana heat. As New Orleans' Renaissance Man – producer, arranger, songwriter and peerless pianist – his résumé is as long as the Mississloppy River (to quote his oft-times collaborator Dr. John). He's had more hits than a Crescent City levee, though never as the primary artist. (His unmistakable stamp is nevertheless on every one.) And yet his hit-less solo albums remain sublime soul music and here are three from the '70s, bundled together on two discs. Aided by The Meters, Merry Clayton and the aforementioned physician, he performs his compositions, many popularised by others including Lee Dorsey, Boz Scaggs, Little Feat and Glen Campbell, who took Toussaint's Southern Nights to the poptop. The author's version is pure poetry - magnolia-scented psych balladry, but maybe just a little too hip for the charts. Michael Simmons



Various

Rastafari, The Dreads Enter Babvlon 1955-83

SOUL JA77, CD/DL/LP

Random examples of Rasta's musical defiance.



The Rastafari faith emerged in Jamaica following the crowning of Haile Selassie

as Emperor of Ethiopia in 1930, which some interpreted as the fulfilment of biblical prophecy. Always an underground phenomenon in an island largely defined by Eurocentric ideals, the Rastafari brought tangible elements of Africa into Jamaican popular music, ultimately focusing roots reggae as a vehicle of insubordination. This doubledisc rasta compilation is heavily weighted towards the roots end of the spectrum, with a few choice inclusions from other eras. Count Ossie was a major figure in rasta reggae and his work is well represented here, though all of his contributions, plus those of Ras Michael, Mutabaruka and most of the others are freely available elsewhere, while the haphazard running order somewhat disrupts the flow. Nevertheless, there's no faulting the music, which is hard-hitting, thematically bold and unique.

David Katz

Rim Kwaku Obeng

Rim Arrives

RRE CD/DI

Rare private press cut by **luckless Uhuru Dance Band** drummer in '70s disco boom.



That Rim Kwaku Obeng even recorded a solo album was a minor miracle. The

expressively funky drummer in Ghana's Uhuru Dance Band was mercilessly abandoned by bandmates, sans passport, after flying to London for session work. After six homeless months, a chance encounter with Joan Armatrading helped him back on track. Obeng eventually washed up in San Francisco, cutting his horn-blasted Afrodisco-funk debut with session musicians and creating a glorious oddity in Brushing Means Making Love. It was matched in sheer strangeness by 1980 single International Funk, Obeng's Fela Kuti-style call-and-response vocals advising youngsters to "just say no and run!" from predatory adults, over housey pianos and squalling jazz saxophones. Its unexpected reappearance here is worth the cover price alone.

Andy Cowan

REGGAE

BY ANDREW PERRY



Bunny 'Striker' Lee & Friends

Next Cut!

PRESSURE SOUNDS, CD/2XLP

Goldmine of lost 1970s mixes, most touched by the hand of King Tubby.

PRESSURE SOUNDS here do the same job for Bunny Lee as their recent comps of gold-dust Black Ark curios did for Lee Perry gathering up alternate takes from Bunny's private tape archive in Duhaney Park, JA, plus dubplates of sound-system-only mixes, some cut straight to acetate, so just one copy ever existed. Diggory Kenrick's linernotes luridly reveal Lee's methods – how he'd deny a band the luxury of playbacks after a good take (his echoing cry of "Next cut!" before Johnny Clarke's opening Live Up Jah Man provides a fitting album title), and how mixes came about chez Tubby in real time, as the original tapes rolled. As such, there's so much life in these tunes, from crooners Linval Thompson and Cornell Campbell, as well as brass giants Vin Gordon and Tommy McCook, they scarcely feel 35-40 years old. Fans and freshers will agree: this one's the absolute bomb.

ALSO RELEASED

DJ Don Letts



Dread Meets Punk Rockers Uptown Vol 2



indefatigably enshrined himself as the Roxy decksmith who

taught punks about reggae - in truth, the key players were already well onside. What's not in dispute: his knowledge of JA music. Where '02's first set also flagged up classic Trojan cuts from the ska/rocksteady/early reggae eras, Vol 2 presents two discs of pure late-'70s roots – quite simply, a terrific comp.

Singers & Players

War Of Words



Though prosaically named, this floating aggregation cut some of the first outright classics in

On-U producer Adrian Sherwood's catalogue. This remastered album from '81 kicks off with Bim Sherman on the mike, and PiL's Keith Levene on guitar – punky reggae in action. The rest, also featuring Prince Far-I and Jah Woosh, is fully the equal of any Jamaican album from that year.

Mr Spaulding



Twelve Tribe Of Israel

HOT MILK, CD



Not one of reggae's biggest names – indeed, he sounds like a maths teacher

– Mr Spaulding, né Renford Ferguson, shot to local stardom after cutting Twelve Tribe Of Israel in '83, aged 19, in the none-more-minimalist bass/ drum/voice style of early dancehall, with a sweet, quavering voice, à la Horace Andy. The remaining disc and a half are packed with hypnotic discomixes

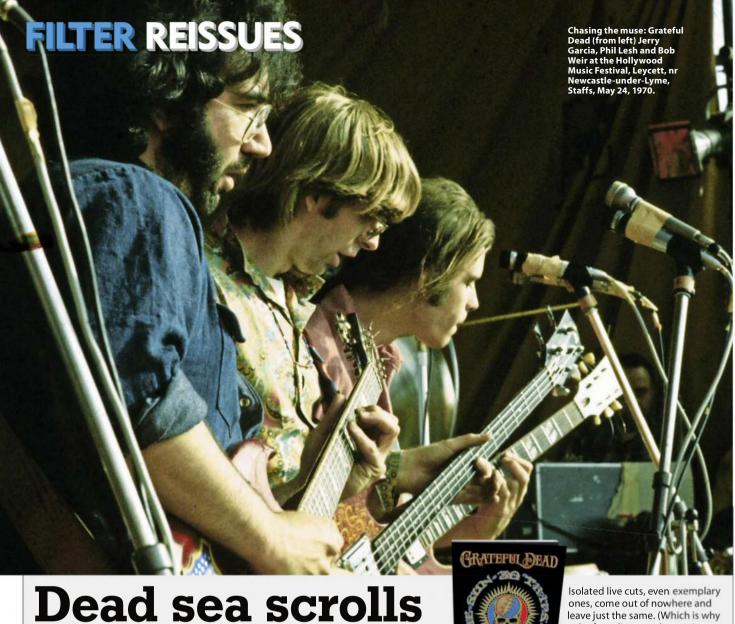
Various

This Is Trojan



Under Sanctuary's jurisdiction, then Universal's, Trojan became home to a vast catalogue of

vintage reggae, only a small fraction of which was ever released on the original label. Now with BMG, Trojan's pioneering role in bringing ska, rocksteady, 'skinhead' instrumentals and early reggae to the UK, is highlighted across 60 tracks by label stalwarts Desmond Dekker, The Maytals, Ken Boothe and many others. AP



Grateful Dead

*** 30 Trips Around The Sun

THE TRAJECTORY of the Grateful Dead's 30-year career follows the arc of many established artists' single concerts. There's the warm-up, when players size up the crowd and find their legs for the night; the heart of the gig where they deliver the most inspired performances; and finally the encore, stacked with tired hits and, if you're lucky, an occasional surprise to send you off smiling.

For the Dead, the warm-up is 1965-69, when they were creating and then stretching the boundaries of psychedelic rock'n'roll. 1970 to '77 is prime time, when Americana elements gave way to jazzy jams, which then stepped up into funk and disco. From there, it's the end, when too many shows opened with Hell In A Bucket and too many nostalgic covers littered the sets - but a surprise collaboration with Branford Marsalis could make it all worthwhile.

To subtitle 30 Trips Around The Sun - an 80-CD, 577-song behemoth comprised of complete concerts from each year after 1965 -The Definitive Live Story is misleading. Nearly all of the Dead's best live shows have been issued already. Still, that this set could be credibly

conceived at all is testament to the band's evolutionary determination (and, of course,

50th anniversary monster box focuses on the best setting

for Dead sounds: the stage. By Chris Nelson.

compulsive collecting by numerous Dead Heads).

The gold in a box like this is to be mined in the differences: mutated takes on the same song, nights when the band chose unusual routes over paths well worn. During their 1967 show in LA, Beat It On Down The Line - always a rave-up - is downright hyperactive. Small wonder. Singer and guitarist Bob Weir was less than a month out of his teens, and the band never felt comfortable with the southern end of California. Two-and-a-half years later, back home in San Francisco, they're all confidence on Otis Redding's formidable Hard To Handle. By this point, the ecstatic was a matter of command rather than capitulation.

The version of Peggy-O included here from Dijon, '74, could be the best they ever performed. Late-'70s renditions of the Scottish folk song sound vengeful. The '74 take is revelatory for the hurt it conveys. It turns up again in New York, 1993, sounding positively giddy, as if the Dead, clearly in decline, goosed themselves by turning back to folk standards.

Why not, ask the unconverted, curate a best of these moments? But the complete concert is the only format that sates a Dead listener.

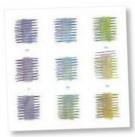
ones, come out of nowhere and leave just the same. (Which is why the four-disc sampler version of 30 Trips... is affordable, but not necessarily

> advisable.) Fans need to hear the preceding musical groundwork that makes a given song a

natural choice or a complete stunner. There's a compulsion to know where the band takes a song - or where a song takes the band - even if the trips yield little fruit.

On the 1979 show from Cape Cod, Weir starts on shaky footing, and by the opening of New Minglewood Blues he's intentionally overenunciating. But this is a different take than most Minglewoods. Guitarist Jerry Garcia pulls out his slide and drives the song over regimental beats from drummers Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann. It's as if they snatched the song out of the Mississippi hill country. Weir finds his way to a groove, and from there, the show turns. Dancing In The Streets is full of super disco breakin' and space invaders keys. It leads into a Franklin's Tower with more passageways than a limestone cavern.

There's enough on 30 Trips... to keep Heads even those who hopped off the train by 1980 - busy for months. We haven't even mentioned the appropriately extravagant packaging. Go ahead, call it indulgent; fans admit it. But if any rock'n'roll outfit deserves to be indulged like this, isn't it the Grateful Dead? Would that more bands chased the muse this long, and caught her even half as many times.



The Durutti Column

Another Setting FACTORY BENELUX, CD/DL/LF

Expanded 1983 album by Vini Reilly's Mancunian cult.

After 1980's Martin Hannettproduced debut Return Of The Durutti Column and the homedemo-based follow-up LC, which added drummer Bruce Mitchell, Another Setting saw both auxiliary gents return to the fray. In his original sleevenotes, centrifugal force Vini Reilly called his third album, "very different and very mixed", citing the brass and piano added to his archetypal spindly guitar; "...and I'm muffing notes a lot" (as if anyone else could tell). The Beggar was another change, a pale casting of rock/pop with submerged Reilly vocals – it's one of three tracks that suggest Bernard Sumner's new lead role had affected Reilly, unwittingly or not. Francesca and For A Western, however, are quintessential stunning guitar ruminations. The nonalbum single I Get Along Without You Very Well, the Hoagy Carmichael standard sung equally reticently by Factory MD Tony Wilson's ex-wife Lindsay Reade, spearheads the six bonus tracks.

Martin Aston

Aleiandro **Jodorowsky**

The Holy Mountain

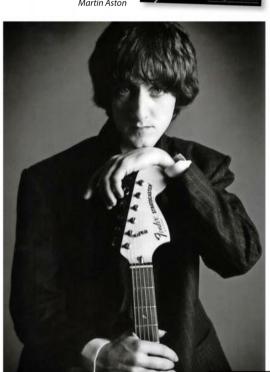
FINDERS KEEPERS LE

First vinyl issue for '73 soundtrack to the Chilean director's psychedelic masterwork.

A fruitless quest for immortality that features a Christ-like thief excreting gold and tiny birds flying from the wounds of dead children, Holy Mountain is a most unlikely Allen Klein production. After director Jodorowsky's existential 1970 spaghetti western El Topo became a box-office hit with '70s heads, The Beatles' Machiavellian manager (with help from John and Yoko) funded the 'sequel'. But following an inevitable Jodorowsky vs Klein dispute the film was withdrawn, the promised soundtrack canned. Reissued with the original composedto-scene cues, and mastered from original studio master tapes, it's an unlikely mix of acid rock, organic free jazz, electronic noise, dreamy orch pop, and heavy prog, from a stellar cast that includes Don Cherry & The Jazz Composers Orchestra, Moog maestro Walter Sear, and the Plastic Ono Elephant's Memory Band. Like the film itself, it shouldn't work but it really does.

Andrew Male





Ronnie Jones

*** Satisfy My Soul

RPM CD

Best singing US serviceman of the '60s UK soul scene?



He sang with Alexis Korner's Blues Inc, fronted the Night-Timers, the Blue Javs

and Q Set, and was at home on every type of material from Ray Charles's arrangement of The Night Time Is The Right Time through soul setlist staples like I Need Your Loving to Andrew Loog Oldham's sub-Wall of Sound productions (Anyone Who Knows What Love Is (Will Understand) and Nobody But You, both hugely powerful) and confident ballad interpretations, including Without Love (There Is Noth ing) a year before - and less bombastically - than Tom Jones's 1969 hit. That lastnamed performance closes these 16 tracks, which underline the missed opportunities that dogged Jones's career. This writer recalls supporting Jones and the Blue Jays at the Beachcomber in Nottingham and being thoroughly wowed by his voice. Satisfy My Soul is a fine reminder of a great, lost talent. Well, not entirely lost: Jones is still musically active and popular in Italy.

Geoff Brown

Carl Hall

You Don't Know About Love: The Loma/Atlantic Recordings 1967-1972

OMNIVORE CD

Classic yet obscure dynamic soul belter.



By any measure, Carl Hall was an alsoran in the '60s soul world - he never even

made the Billboard R&B chart, let alone pop. But listening to this stunning collection of Jerry Ragovoy-produced sides cut for Loma and Atlantic, appended by a whopping 13 previously unreleased tracks, vou have to wonder why. Surely, Hall's voice was extraordinarily powerful and his delivery emotive. He's a dynamic belter, but never loses his smooth touch. The material – starting with the thrilling ballad that provides the comp's title - is top-notch, especially when Hall applies his gospel-rooted vocal to covers as diverse as Jefferson Airplane's Somebody To Love, Irma Thomas's Time Is On My Side, The Beatles' The Long And Winding Road and the Leslie Bricusse/Anthony Newley stage show standard What Kind of Fool Am I?

File under 'better late than never's

Durutti Column's

centrifugal force, Vini Reilly.

Jeff Tamarkin

Faces

1970-1975: You Can Make Me Dance, Sing Or Anything

VINYL PACKAGE OF THE MONTH

feast of Faces with the four studio albums – First Step; Long Player; As Nod Is As Good As A Wink... To A Blind Horse; Ooh La La – made during the band's brief lifespan, with good outtakes on each and a bonus fifth LP. First Step set the early template, a mix of Dylan/ Band and M.G.'s understanding, hitherto tethered players set free (most evident in Ron Wood's expansive slide guitar) and a truly engaged singer. The extras find their reputation as a loose live band often repudiated by tight ensemble playing (a BBC Session of Shake, Shudder, Shiver; a live Too Much Woman with Wood and Rod Stewart in great form). Besides, Long Player outtake Whole Lotta Woman suggests a band every bit as well-lubricated in the studio as at any show. In all, what leaps out is what a perfect fit instrumentally this band was, and what a restrained, tasteful singer Stewart was. That, of course, led to a solo career and the Faces' end. GB

Jock Scot

*** My Personal Culloden

FOREVER HEAVENLY. CD/DL/LP

The singular Scottish poet's 1997 masterwork, still brilliantly out-there.

Edinburgh-raised Scot was a much-treasured aide-de-camp to The Blockheads and Clash before turning characterful west London poet and flâneur. Finally roused to record his verse aged 45, originally for the revived Postcard label before it folded, My Personal Culloden was an extraordinary creation, like the maddest, most lyrical Scotsman in the boozer unburdening about women, sex, architecture, drugs and lowliving from a bruised but flinty Caledonian heart. The deranged musical backing, courtesy of Davey Henderson of Fire Engines fame, fuels the tragedy, humour and psychedelic strangeness of tracks like Easy To Write (with its gallowslaugh funeral organ backing), a chilling riff on John Prine -There's A Hole In Daddy's Arm ("where all the money goes") and acid Just Another Fucked-Up Little Druggy. Impossible to quote in part; must be consumed whole

Pat Gilbert

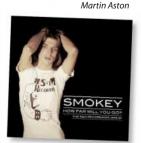
Smokey

How Far Will You Go? The S&M Recordings 1973-1981

CHAPTER MUSIC, CD/DL/LP

First reissue for LA duo's famously raunchy run of 45s.

To be gay and successful in '70s pop, it seems you needed to be married with a kid. Despite having the looks, sharp pop acumen and studio nous, singer John Condon and producer/boyfriend EJ Emmons, aka Smokey, couldn't land a deal for their unapologetic odes to the gay demimonde, and so went it alone with their S&M label. Zilch radio play meant little interest until now, when blogs have leapt all over this, not just for its permissive fun and guest list (Stooges guitarist James Williamson; Randy Rhoads) but the durability and diversity of their songs. 1974 debut Leather is classic glitter romp; DTNA more hormonal disco funk; How Far Will You Go might have soundtracked William Friedkin's Cruising. The more Smokey were ignored, the sleazier they got, hence previously unreleased (and grossly entertaining) Hot, Hard And Ready and Piss Slave.





Hello, spaceboy

The rise of David Bowie, a time of famine and feast. By Jim Irvin.

Y ome adore David Bowie unreservedly; I've always found him slippery. But I like that. Sometimes he's the quintessence of the selfaware pop genius, keeping us guessing with helpings of chalk then cheese; sometimes a chancer, dealing brilliantly in surfaces and struggling with depth. But then the odd line, the odd song, the odd album gets you right in the solar plexus, and it's hard to work out why one thing connects and another doesn't. One senses Bowie felt a similar confusion, the search for identity motivated as much by anxiety as the creative imperative.

A cracking new box set, Five Years 1969-1973 (Parlophone) (★★★★), collects his entire remarkable output from that period on 11 discs, covering six albums from Space Oddity to Pin Ups, the Live At Santa Monica show from 1972, the Ziggy Stardust movie soundtrack, plus a bonus 2003 remix of the Ziggy... album, all rounded off with Re: Call, a double helping of oddments: mono mixes, B-sides, single mixes that differed from LP versions and so on. That anxious, pellmell creativity is clear: he really stank when he missed the mark - check the awful Arnold Corns try-outs of Ziggy material - but he when he hit it, he made a generation gasp.

But it's no wonder he saw few hits David Bowie: big helpings of chalk and cheese.

between Space Oddity and Ziggy, preparing singles like All The Madmen, a test of nerve starring Brecht-Newley-Barrett, the hybrid nobody ordered, with a particularly scrappy sound, especially on mono version. Quite a lot of the early stuff is poorly produced, by modern standards, arrangements somehow both thin and cluttered with the voice way too exposed on top. One could argue he didn't actually sound 'good' until Aladdin Sane but when he sounded 'right', Gus Dudgeon's brilliant production of Oddity, for example, ears had no choice but to prick up.

Early on, Bowie overcomplicated things. But the simple idea of willing yourself to stardom via a fantasy about stardom was inspired. Ziggy was a bravura conceit disguised as a tight little rock record, its brilliance caught in a line like, "So we bitched about his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?" which contains a whole short story. Bowie's great at the arresting, conversational lyric, one both revealing and poignant. You can hear that all the way from London Boys to Where Are We Now?.

In these five years he was pouring out everything he had, pop music that was funny, sexy, chilling and other things that others weren't attempting. It hasn't all aged well, but that antic spirit – the roll-up, here-you-go-Mrs, artslab hooligan with a huge left hemisphere – makes Bowie uniquely himself while being many other beings, the

creator of a body of work no one else has, or will, ever come close to.



Ashford & Simpson

★★★ Stay Free

RRR CD

Top songwriters from the mid '60s on, Valerie S and Nick A hit the US Top 40 with this 1979 set's punchy opener Found A Cure. Nobody Knows (silly syndrums) and Stay Free also kept floors filled. *GB*



Gong

Access All Areas

EDSEL. CD + DVD

Originally available as the Gong On TV CD, then edited for the Live At Nottingham CD+DVD combo, this 1990 live set is polished and engaging. A snapshot of Daevid Allen's return to the band en route to reclaiming his legacy. PA



The Platters

Debut Album Plus
The Flying Platters

HOODOO. CD/DI

Celebrated doo wop rhythm and blues quintet who bridged the gap to rock'n'roll with ease in 1956 and '57. Their debut and second albums are combined with five vibrant bonus tracks. TB



Frank Sinatra

★★★★ At The Movies

At 'I'he Movie:

A succinct repackaging of The Voice's on-screen successes; formerly a panoramic 3-CDs, here revived over two discs of smooth jazz delight, spanning Frank's cinematic output 1943-1962. Includes The Tender Trap and From Here To Eternity. TB



The Clientele

Alone & Unreal

POINTY. CD/DL/LF

If you're a fan of Alasdair MacLean's Hampshire quartet this best-of is mere affirmation of genius. If not, welcome to an exquisitely haunted world of suburban psychedelia by one of the decade's great overlooked bands. AM



Vince Guaraldi Trio

Peanuts Greatest Hits

FANTASY. CD/DL/LP

Do the happy dance! Chart Charlie Brown's jazz roots via SF pianist Guaraldi's perfectly pitched soundtracks to the animated versions of Schultz's characters. Excellent sleevenotes by Derrick Bang. CP



David Porter

★★★★ ...Into A Real Thing

Hang On Sloopy as 12 minutes of symphonic soul, starting as a ballad? Stax writing stalwart's second solo LP, from '71, kicks off in *great* style. Good remake of I Don't Wanna Cry too; three bonuses, gentle Gotta Get Over The Hump makes its debut. *GB*



Sister Rosetta Tharpe

Gospel Train/Sister
On Tour

SOUL JAM. CD

Sister Rosetta's been rightly, if belatedly, hosanna'd as a blues, rock, gospel original. Her vital, life-giving singing on two LPs, plus extras, seals that deal. GB



FILTER REISSUES EXTRA



Alice Cooper

*** The Studio Albums 1969-1983

WARNER BROTHERS CD/DI

All 15 albums from Cooper's glory days in a neat clamshelled box. Inconsistent mastering, lack of bonus tracks and sleevenotes can't eclipse that for less than £50 you get a musical motherlode. PA



In Camera

**** **ERA**

4AD CD/DL/LP

Stark, brutal and faintly mysterious, one of 4AD's early signings who, fittingly, split before releasing a record. This anthology offers In Camera's engrossing post-punk blueprint with early cuts, demos and live tracks. PS



Procol Harum

*** A Salty Dog

Exceptional, distinctive, underrated band, this '69 LP is their best balanced. Gary Brooker's vocals; Salty Dog, Devil Came From Kansas et al; fine playing. CD of bonuses shows their full

prog, blues, heavy, soul range.

1970's Home also serviced. GB



Various ***

Dore LA Soul Sides 2

Multi-faceted songwriter/ producer Lew Bedell brings warm sonic sunshine on a sweep of the soul 'verse from his Californian label. The Superbs. Eddie Kool et al handle both heartfelt and upbeat material with a good groove. TB



Hugh Cornwell

The Fall And Rise Of

INVISIBLE HANDS. CD/L

Boiling down his first six post-Stranglers albums to these uneven 12 tracks suggests solo Hugh struggled until locating an urbane, wry pop voice (eg, Long Dead Train) in cahoots with Laurie Latham and Tony Visconti. New song Live It And Breathe It has bark and bite. KC



Ernie K-Doe

Mother-In-Law

ноороо ср

Recording since the mid '50s, New Orleans R&B showman Ernest Kador hit US Number 1 in '61 with his debut LP's title track. With 10 bonuses like A Certain Girl and I've Cried My Last Tear, both from producer Allen Toussaint, this is tops. GB



Snooks Eaglin

New Orleans Street Singer/That's All Right

SOUL JAM CD/DL

Great value CD with Snooks's 1959 NOSS masterpiece full of guitar-playing surprises and vocal delight making familiar material fresh Less varied the blues-folk stylings on That's All Right are utterly reliable. GB



Electric Flag

*** Old Glory

FLOATING WORLD. CD

A 17-song Best Of from Mike Bloomfield's briefly flowering blues-rock band with most of excellent debut LP A Long Time Comin', plus five previously unissued. Fine multiracial band. grittier than Chicago, BST, etc; pity they didn't stick with it. GB



Joy Division

Closer

RHINO LP

If you find a pristine first-press of *Closer* for £15, grab it. Failing that, this remastered 180gram painstaking replica (also out: Unknown Pleasures, Still and Substance) is a must, just as ominous, subterranean and cool as the 1980 original. AM



Little Walter

Just A Feeling

SOUL JAM CD/DL

Subtitled Chess Sides 1952-1962, a blues harmonica masterclass as Walter solos aggressively, mournfully, expansively, or fills like a horn section. On 1952's Juke and Rocker ('53), he does it all. '55's landmark My Babe, also here on a terrific set. GB

FILTERINDEX

Barlow, Lou



MFSB

*** Universal Love

BBR CD

96

Gamble & Huff's classy Philly studio magicians, MFSB's work sounded so easy and smooth, yet kicked with the best. In '75, this was the LP with Sexy, MESR TI C K-lee and relaxed My Mood. Not all perfect, mind Let's Go Disco is awful. GB



Dan Penn And Spooner Oldham

Moments From This Theatre: Live

The CD's 1998 live recordings were released in 2005, when the lauded Southern song-writers toured again. Cameras caught this very fine, relaxed gig at a church in Piccadilly. GB



Christmas Mr. Lawrence

MILAN. CD/DL

Sakamoto's score for Oshima's 1983 POW drama has been out of print for 20 years but its minor-key ambient electronics mixing with classical Japanese melodies feels eerily 'now'. AM



Ryuichi Sakamoto

Furyo/Merry



Various

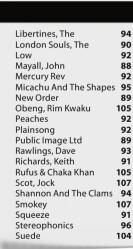
Lost West End

STAGE DOOR. CD DL

The best of the worst, over 21 West End flops: nutty power-ballads (Call Me Robin Hood!), heartworn salutations (David Essex's I'll Go No More A Roving); a delicious world of grand hubris and failed brilliance, AM



Disclosure	90
Doors, The	104
Dungen	95
Duran Duran	96
Durutti Column, The	107
Farao	93
Finn, Craig	90
Folds, Ben	93
Forster, Robert	92
Gallardo, Don	93
Get The Blessing	91
Gilmour, David	88
Godin, Nicolas	89
Grateful Dead	106
Guy, Buddy	91
Hall, Carl	107
Hauff, Helena	96
Hawley, Richard	88
HeCTA	89
Holiday, Billie	104
Holter, Julia	86
Howard, John	94
Hulburt, John	104
Iron Maiden	88
Jodorowsky, Alejandro	107
Jones, Ronnie	107
King Midas Sound	95
Kwabs	96
Lamb Of God	90
Lee, Bunny 'Striker'	105



Swamp Dogg	105
Taste	104
Toussaint, Allen	105
Uncle Acid	95
US Girls	90
Vangoffey	90
Various: Creation	102
Various: Jazz On A	
Summer's Day	104
Various: Rastafari	105
Vile, Kurt	94
Wilco	93
Wright, Lizz	94

COMING NEXT MONTH John Grant, U2, Deerhunter, The Dead Weather, Judy Collins, The Chills, Slade, Chrissie Hynde and more...



FILTER BURIED TREASURE

Still hazy

In this month's drive-in of abandoned rock dreams, ruminative outsider folk bliss from a Minneapolis powerpop savant.

Goldberg

Misty Flats

arry Thomas Goldberg wrote his first US hit when he was 16. "My first recording session was when I was 15," explains Goldberg. "I fell in love with recording and immediately decided this was what I wanted to do with my life."

Born in Minneapolis in 1951, Goldberg had spent the majority of his childhood growing up in Las Vegas. His parents separated when he was just one year old, and, from the age of five, Barry, along with his older brother, were raised in Sin City by their mum, a cocktail waitress at the Sands.

"I was always the stranger," says
Goldberg. "I never knew anybody so never
had any close friends. To cope I guess I
lived in my own world. And that's where
dreams are born. The best thing was the
different places and people I'd see. It's not
every kid who can say he's watched the
Rat Pack perform in 1950s Las Vegas."

Movies kept him company. "They nourished me," he adds, "taught me to dream, to be heroic. The actors were my fathers and heroes. And the actresses gave me dreams of love and romance."

A foggy day: Barry Thomas Goldberg in a Misty Flats cover shoot outtake, Minneapolis nature reserve, September 1974.

"I WAS DEPRESSED AS HELL AND YET STILL HAPPY." These celluloid fantasies fed his romantic pop songs, and by 16, this "confident, insecure, whimsical and realistic, unambitious and lucky" kid was back living in Minneapolis, playing in a band called The Shambles, signed to Atco, writing regional hits for a local production team Candy

Floss and, in the wake of a deal with Seymour Stein, Sire.

After penning the faux-Brit orch-psych chart hit Twenty Years Ago (In Speedy's Kitchen) for garage poppers T.C. Atlantic, Goldberg and fellow band member Gary Paulak formed The Batch, who cut a wealth of high-grade powerpop before splitting in 1974. "I was depressed as hell and yet still happy," says Goldberg of his '74 self. "I maintained an overwhelming urge to create, and a belief that art was all that truly mattered."

Backin 1967, Goldberg had become "fast friends" with Minneapolis music wunderkind Michael Yonkers. In 1971, Yonkers was working at the Acme Electronics warehouse in Minneapolis, when his back was crushed by a 2,000lb pile of computers, leaving him unable to walk. He used the settlement money to modify his basement studio and record a series of solo and collaborative LPs, including, in 1974, Barry Thomas Goldberg's Misty Flats.

"I just wanted to make an honest album describing life as I saw it," says Goldberg. "I wanted a stripped down four-piece rock'n'roll sound. I wanted it to be like Lennon's *Plastic Ono Band* LP, raw, spare and naked, as brutally honest as possible. But Michael stripped it down even further. He insisted on it being mono.

He was totally retro. It was a backlash to the bloated slickness of its time."

Recorded on Yonkers' 2-track Ampex, with just Goldberg on vocals and acoustic guitar, and Yonkers adding second acoustic and extra instrumentation, Misty Flats inhabits a diffuse, hazy space, the reflective worldview of a dreamer adrift in the exhausted America of 1974. It opens with a pair of tracks, Hollywood and Stars In The Sand, in which the celluloid ghosts of Goldberg's childhood return to inhabit this 23-year-old's blurred sunset present, "Drinking lots of beer/Smoking joints in public toilets". Pop And Ice reworks a languid Batch pop groove about teens and freak shows into something more lonesome and yearning, while China Doll's rough'n'raw melodicism eerily predates the primal scream pop hardcore of fellow Minneapolitans Hüsker Dü. The twin strumming of Goldberg and Yonkers, plus Yonkers'

THICKU IT ATO

SOUDBERS

CREDITS

Available: Reissued on Light In The Attic

sweet additions of mandolin, harmonica, and flute, create a mood of lazy bliss, a contemplative young man becalmed in the doldrums of the eternal moment; but with each successive song come flickers of doubt, the past falls away, the present clouds, to reveal an uneasy sense of things unfinished and undone. This is best exemplified by the title track, a heavenly descent into uncertainty, with the bittersweet refrain, "No idea what the future holds/Oh no, must be misty flats.'

"I wrote that last," says Goldberg. "I was looking at the bigger picture. As hard as life is, if you look close enough, you can find redemption. I named it after a Bible quote, but also, it's a bit of musical word play. You know 'flats'. That was my idea of a little joke."

Misty Flats was released along with four Michael

Yonkers LPs and sank without trace. "I really didn't have any hopes for it," admits Goldberg. "It was so different for its time. I just had no delusions at all. I knew it was an artistic expression that would most likely be lost in the noise."

Then, in 2002 Yonkers signed with Sub Pop, and he gave Goldberg's LP to their publicist, Jed Maheu, who started to spread the word. "Ifeel vindicated," says Goldberg. "In the back of my mind I believed my music would someday be discovered. You almost have to believe that to keep going. Thinking back I can't really say I was surprised. I knew someone was out there who passionately believed in it and Jed never stopped trying. If just one person who you respect believes in you, it helps... But I'm proud of it. It's a daring and challenging album."

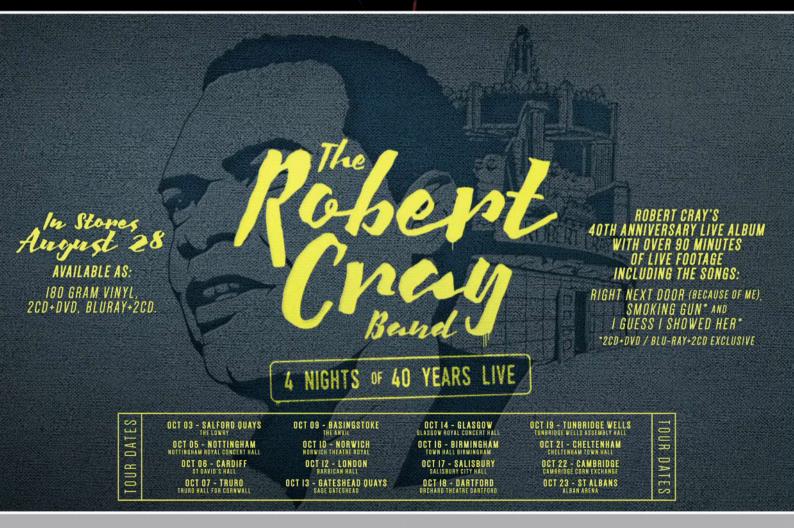
A follow-up LP, Winter/Summer was planned, but Goldberg ran out of money, and couldn't buy back the master tape. "Then in 1995, the studio owner gave it to me as a gift. It was like receiving the missing piece in the puzzle of my life."

As for now, Goldberg says, "It's funny, I'm kind of at the same place I was back then, I don't really know what's next. I'm somewhere between the high ground and the low ground, I guess I'm still in Misty Flats. Maybe we all are."

.. Andrew Male









Cocteau Twins

Dream pop godparents. By Martin Aston.

nyone debating the impact of the environment on musicians can have a field day with Cocteau Twins. Equidistant from Glasgow and Edinburgh, their home town of Grangemouth was once dubbed "a village around an oil rig", suggesting the uncanny fantasia of the trio's densely woven sound was less a mirror than an escape route, bathed in iridescent hues mixing post-punk and dream-pop – Des Punk Célestes, as 2013's French language biography of the band put it.

Even after decamping to London in 1983, the Cocteaus fashioned the most decorative, insular sound. Nothing better fitted the "sonic cathedrals" tag coined by Radio1 DJ Steve Wright's character Pretentious Music Journalist; no lyrics were less fathomable than singer Elizabeth Fraser's private language, in titles like Frou-Frou Foxes In Midsummer Fires.

BP Oil apprentice (in electronics) Robin Guthrie, DJing at Grangemouth's Hotel International club, saw Fraser dancing freely Treasure seekers: Cocteau
Twins in 1996
(from left)
Simon
Raymonde,
Liz Fraser and
Robin Guthrie;
(opposite page)
Fraser and
Guthrie in
earlier days.

"THEIR
DENSELY
WOVEN
SOUND WAS
LESS A
MIRROR AN
ESCAPE
ROUTE."

to his outré choices like The Birthday Party. He and bass-playing pal Will Heggie thought she could sing too, perhaps. She could, in luxurious notes of banshee and nightingale; Guthrie's guitar, draped in reverb, matched every step.

Taking The Birthday Party's advice to seek out 4AD, the Cocteaus remain the label's most identifiable signing. With new bassist Simon (son of eminent '60s arranger Ivor) Ray monde installed by 1984, the band's singular bubble only burst when a disintegrating relationship with 4AD saw them leave in 1990. Guthrie and Fraser's severed romance ended it for good eight years later. Guthrie and Raymonde are still active; Fraser has managed only a half-finished single (Moses, 2009) under her own name, and one concert, at 2009's Meltdown. But if anything, Cocteau Twins' ineffable starry influence, also cited by Prince and Jeff Buckley and every shoegaze, dream-pop and chillwave combo alive or dead, is more widespread than ever.



CAST YOUR VOTES!

Ihis month you chose your lop 10 Cocteau Twins LPs. Next month we want your Jack White and bands Top 10. Send your selections to www.mojo4music.com or e-mail your Top 10 to mojo@bauermedia.co.uk with the subject 'how To Buy Jack White' and we'll print the best comments.



Noon Snowbird

BELLA UNION 2014 £8.99 DOWNLOAD £7.49

You say: "Brings the Cocteaus strongly to mind." Derek Coleman, via e-mail

Simon Raymonde's 1997 solo album, Blame Someone Else, cast him as a reluctant singer-songwriter, which might explain why he subsequently concentrated on successfully running the Bella Union label, until he and then-paramour Stephanie Dosen revealed their shared affection for the silvery trails of latter-day 'pop' Cocteaus, his rooted in piano/bass plushness, hers in a shivery, high register. Confident in their roles, the pair dove-tailed perfectly on Moon, with guests Radiohead and Midlake fleshing out the sound on guitar and drums, while Dosen dished out froufrou tributes to nature's bounty, from I Heard The Owl Call My Name to Where Foxes Hide.



4 Cocteau Twins Lullabies To Violaine

4AD 2005, LATEST REISSUE 2006 IN TWO VOLUMES £8.99 (EACH) DOWNLOAD

You say: "All the EPs... an essential purchase." Michael O'Neill, via e-mail

1985's The Pink Opaque is the best single Cocteaus compilation, and the BBC Sessions sometime shake off their studio sheen to brilliant effect. But the 4-CD Lullabies To Violaine covers the whole waterfront, comprising every EP, from 1982's Lullabies to 1996's Violaine. Freed from making an album, some of their finest work was nailed; the title tracks of Aikea Guinea and Love's Easy Tears, the double A-side peak of The Spangle Maker and Pearly-Dewdrops' Drops, their sole Top 30 hit, 1985's twin EPs. Tiny Dynamine and Echoes In A Shallow Bay, released two weeks apart in matching sleeves, are also available in one package.

FILTER HOW TO BUY



Robin Guthrie Imperial

BELLA UNION 2003 £14.50 DOWNLOAD £7.90

You say: "Echo and delay to savour, from a master. Nathan Dean, via e-mail

Away from the numbers in rural Rennes, Guthrie has settled into a comfortable run of instrumental albums. in his own isolated bubble of reverbed contemplation the céleste without the punk. Likewise his soundtrack work and collaborations with Californian pianist Harold Budd, and occasional detours such as 2015's mellowrock union with Ride singer Mark Gardener. There's not much to choose between his solo records, but his first, Imperial, is the most seductively immersive, and mostly shorn of drums. These elongated tracts of exquisite tenderness are becalmed and yet dark, the sound of a man and his effects pedals secluded from the outside world.



Harold Budd, Simon Ravmonde. Robin Guthrie. **Elizabeth Fraser**

The Moon And The Melodies

4AD 1986, LATEST REISSUE 2001 £9.98 DOWNLOAD £7.49

You say: "On a more ambient tip, also brilliant." Paulo Boto, Facebook

The Cocteaus' mid-'80s break took shape with more acoustic reveries. This second, sparked by Channel 4's proposed series of cross-genre collaborations, introduced them to Eno associate Budd. The TV series never happened but the session did, a floaty luminescence embodied in titles such as Sea, Swallow Me. In an early sign of Guthrie's instrumental future, Fraser only appeared on half the eight tracks; Ooze Out And Away, Onehow was even missing Budd, who'd gone home before the Cocteaus realised they hadn't completed the LP.



Cocteau Twins Milk & Kisses

FONTANA 1996, LATEST REISSUE 2001 £24.75 DOWN! OAD £7.70

You say: "Because it has Violaine and Half-Gifts on it... probably one of the most beautiful songs you will hear by anyone." Rob Lundy, Facebook

The post-4AD era at majorlabel Fontana was... complicated. But of the two albums and two standalone EPs (one acoustic, the other a remix job; Guthrie, trying to be democratic after he left rehab, despises both), this swansong is the most durable. Guthrie slashed away like the early days on Violaine, Half-Gifts resembled a woozy merry-goround, and as ever with the Cocteaus, they saved the best until last with Seekers Who Are Lovers. Yet for all that, this was their fourth album mining the 'new pop Cocteaus' brief, and it seems obvious now that they (Fraser especially) had said everything that they needed to.



Cocteau Twins Victorialand

4AD 1986 | ATEST REISSUE 2003 **£7 99**

You say: "It's the soundtrack to a trip to heaven." Damon Presswood, Facebook

John Peel famously played Victorialand on air at 33rpm, it being a 12-inch album cut at 45rpm to preserve its delicate reverb. Both speeds work, though Fraser is still best experienced as nature intended; one piercing soprano note hit in Oomingmak compares favourably to Peruvian soprano Yma Sumac, high priestess of the high note. The Cocteaus at their most intimate, Victorialand is among Guthrie's favourites, but not Raymonde's – he was on This Mortal Coil duties when the other two decided to see what was left without all the drums and sonic cathedralism. Plenty, it proved. On sax and tabla, Richie Thomas of 4AD labelmates Dif Juz is woven seamlessly into the fabric.



Cocteau Twins

Blue Bell Knoll 4AD 1988, LATEST REISSUE 2004 (VINYL 2015) £5.99 DOWNI OAD £7.4

You say: "...but I find it difficult to understand the words." Geoff Lee, Facebook

Ensconced in their own studio for the first time, the Cocteaus' first album as a trio in four years unleashed a major creative leap: a more relaxed, subtler, grown up, poppier, and less guitar-centric Twins, halfway between Victorialand's restraint and their formative baroque architecture. Guthrie views Blue Bell Knoll as the place where Raymonde finally bedded in to everyone's satisfaction, while Fraser - who'd used singing lessons to improve her top range – also kept a lid on her more aggressive tendencies. Carolyn's Fingers rivals Pearly Dewdrops' Drops for best Cocteaus single ever, and like all their album finales, Ella Megalast Burls Forever is the crucial tour de force.



Cocteau Twins Treasure

4AD 1984, LATEST REISSUE 2003 £5.99 DOWNLOAD £7.49

You say: The impenetrable wall comes down and the tunes come through... David Hutcheon, Facebook

4AD suggested that Eno produce the Cocteaus' third album, but he deferred to Guthrie's proven know-how with reverb, which has shaped the shoegaze/dream pop oeuvre as much as Kevin Shields' more acknowledged contributions. Guthrie believes that the gated drum and DX7 synth settings date Treasure to its mid-'80s origins, which means he disagrees with many a Cocteaus fan (and Robert Smith) that *Treasure* is their finest hour. It's certainly their most consistently heavy work, and whatever Guthrie's opinion, a sterling example of finessing a tower of sound. It's also Fraser's first true foray into glossolalia and themed song titles - all first names here, such as Lorelei and Persephone.

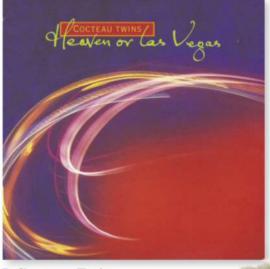


Cocteau Twins Head Over Heels

4AD 1983, LATEST REISSUE 2003 £7.99 DOWNLOAD £7.49

You say: Gothic exultations and dramas... captivating." Geraldine, via e-mail

1982 debut Garlands was the Cocteaus only 'soundalike' album - a touch too 'Siouxsie' in its stark rhythmic metre. Everything thereafter was in a field of one. For the follow-up, recorded between Will Heggie's departure and Raymonde's arrival, Fraser and Guthrie closed ranks in a declaration of independence, love (hence Head Over Heels) and bags of speed, and jumped off into the deep. Seemingly in sync, Guthrie's (self-built) FX pedal fever underpinned Fraser's newfound vocal aerobics. Between the serene opener When Mama Was Moth, which instantly extinguished all restricting goth associations, and the barnstorming finale Musette And Drums, Des Punks Célestes had arrived.



Cocteau Twins Heaven Or Las Vegas

4AD 1990, LATEST REISSUE 2004 (VINYL 2015) £5.99

You say: "Finally meshed their disparate elements together on one album." Gary Rutland, Facebook

Loved up Guthrie and Fraser raise the ante. What Blue Bell Knoll began in terms of Cocteaus pop, this next LP perfected, inspired by the birth of their daughter, Lucy Belle, and hope for a relationship under duress from Guthrie's addictions a last throw of the dice. It's Cocteau Twins at their most romantic, luscious and, yes, heavenly; Fraser even sang slivers of decipherable English – with a baby of her own, she had less need for her own babble. Trails of sadness (Cherry-Coloured Funk and Fotzepolitic) remain, but HOLV is pure bliss,

an aural capsule of ecstasy yet to be equalled.



NOWDIG THIS

The Cocteaus have not been forthcoming on screen: their official website claims they were "among the few who chose not to exploit the medium to their commercial advantage." The Tishbite DVD has every promo vid (plus

Fraser/Guthrie's reading of Tim Buckley's Song

To The Siren) with

much strained miming. 1985's BBC doc on 4AD's in house design team 23 Envelope has awkward discus sions with Guthrie and Fraser. For French readers, Jean Christophe Manuceau's Cocteaus

biography Des Punk Célestes (Camion Blanc, 2013) is available



Sound lads

Two Scouse Pauls – one former Beatle, one former MOJO editor – claim a spot in the Beatleology section. By Mat Snow.

Conversations With McCartney



Paul Du Noyer

HODDER & STOUGHTON. £20.00

aul McCartney's continued music-making has maintained a Beatley afterglow for decades now, even if only hardcore Fab Freaks (still quite an army) hail such tremendous latter-day records as Chaos And Creation In The Backyard which showcase a talent only slightly shrunk since John provided the critical movement Paul needed on his shoulder to attain utter genius. But a time will come when there will be no more living presence.

Thus a mood of pre-memorial shadows any Beatles project today, and

Still Fab: Paul McCartney waits for a ferry across the Mersey, 1980.

"INSIDE
I FEEL
ORDINARY,
AND INSIDE
IS WHERE
I COME
FROM. IT'S
WHAT'S
SPEAKING."

Paul McCartney former MOJO editor Paul Du Noyer, 12 years younger than Macca and also from Liverpool, is trusted as part of the family. A shrewd but gently enquiring rather than confrontational interviewer, he draws out the best in Macca – crystal memories and thoughtful reflection on his creativity, career, life story and deepest self.

Gathered from extensive interviews going back to 1979, Conversations With McCartney is not just judiciously selected and beautifully written ("Wings were a band who seldom felt the feathery end of the critic's quill") but deeply felt. Paul is part of us all, and his younger near-namesake gets us closer than anyone else to what he is like, this family member whom most of us have never met.

Macca credits his thumbs-aloft temperament to Liverpool's wartime spirit of the Blitz, rolling out the barrel to defy the bombs, and ever since he has drawn strength from Liverpool's extended family feeling and identity as a city unlike any other in Britain. His folksiness gets up some noses, but it's real and keeps him grounded in a way that many neither understand nor forgive: how can he claim not just the wealth and fame but the privilege of non-stardom to be cut some slack? Yet there it is. "No ordinary guy is as famous

as I am. Or has the money I've got. So, difficult to claim you're ordinary. But inside I feel ordinary, and inside is where I come from. It's what's speaking."

And like any ordinary person, he ascribes much of his success to craft acquired the hard way. The great songs of early days? Those

are the ones the nascent Beatles could remember well enough to work up: no tape recorder meant only memorable songs survived into the set.

And the disappointments? Unlike John, a fear of going too far. But Paul had his moment when he risked universal disdain by suing the other three ex-Beatles to extricate them all from Allen Klein ("I knew I was walking into that Valley of the Shadow of Death").

Conversations With McCartney does not claim to cover it all. But between the two Pauls, a genuine new star in the Fabbologist's library is born. Thumbs sky-high.

Psychedelia And **Other Colours**

Rob Chapman

FABER & FABER. £22.75



The legend of psychedelia has become burdened with cliché. "If you remember the '60s you weren't

there" goes one. But some of us remember them through watching older relatives take part, and we saw a drab place with occasional vivid splashes of colour, heightened by all the usual fascinations of childhood, but not necessarily the time of myth. Chroniclers after the fact often get bogged down in the same old references and forget that many of psych music's creators were childish observers too, few knew what they were doing, some wanted to turn us on, some simply fancied a turn on the bandwagon. Chapman, thoroughly uninterested in consensus, unpicks the many threads of the paisley kaftan, reconsidering everything LSD touched from movies, politics and chemistry to all corners of music. Along this scenic route he discusses dozens of records, both famous and obscure, interviews the participants and arrives at an exhaustive, idiosyncratic and very entertaining reappraisal of an often lazily documented period.

Love In Vain: The Story Of The **Ruts & Ruts DC**

Roland Link

CADIZ MUSIC. £25

Meticulous but emotionally charged history of The Ruts

Owen does here. There may



ew singers with only one proper album have received such a lovingly detailed epitaph as Ruts leader Malcolm

still be 120 pages left when he expires in a bathtub in July 1980, but those are chiefly filled with his survivors' heart-rending quest to rock on regardless. Love In Vain's early chapters absorbingly plot mid-'70s UK music in less black-and-white, before/after the Pistols shades than, say, Jon Savage's England's Dreaming. Owen first materialises as an Anglesev commune soul boy, but soon achieves a politically motivated punk makeover, after which he's "a regular at the Vortex, tied up in all sorts of bondage gear". Though ever an all-night drug-prowlin' wolf, his good-eggness lights

up harrowing accounts of NF/ police violence at their rastaled People Unite label HQ. Pop-TV stardom, heroin and death consume him so quickly, but the heroism of those Owen left behind, aka Ruts DC, makes for a page-turning tale of redemption.

Andrew Perry



Dylan, Cash And The Nashville Cats: A New **Music City**

Editor: Jay Orr COUNTRY MUSIC FOUNDATION

A tribute to Nashville's wrecking crew.

For many rockers, the story began in 1966 while reading the credits on Blonde On Blonde. Who the hell was Henry Strzelecki? One of several names listed who were unfamiliar to the average Bob Dylan fan, these "Nashville cats" would later pop up on records by The Byrds, Leonard Cohen, solo Beatles and more. (The Lovin' Spoonful lauded the eclectic studio pickers in a hit song of the same name.) That Southern Americans were making music with arch-leftwingers like Joan Baez and Country Joe spoke to the universal language, bridging a geographical gap that was - in other situations – often violent. This colourful

catalogue (art by The Mekons' Jon Langford) for a Country Music Hall Of Fame exhibit of the same title is educational for the unaware and deeply nostalgic for those who remember the extraordinary music. And Henry Strzelecki? He was a killer bassist and the chances are that you've listened to his playing.

Michael Simmons

Looking Through You: Rare & Unseen Photographs From The Beatles **Book Archive**

*** The Beatles OMNIBUS. £39.95

Limited edition photo album comes with a facsimile of The Beatles Book 1964 calendar.



The Beatles Book, the monthly magazine helmed by Johnny Dean aka Sean

O'Mahony - who would later go on to launch Record Collector – ran for 77 issues from August 1963 to December 1969 with a readership peaking at over 300,000. Its behind the scenes access to The Beatles was, in hindsight, quite extraordinary as in-house photographer Leslie Bryce got to exclusively map the group's progress, from backstage at the Winter Gardens in Margate to the recording of Revolution in London's EMI Studios. Simultaneously he captured the blossoming and souring of a friendship conceived under difficult circumstances as mucking around and

drinking tea in front of the lens gave way to pensive faces and tense debate. Fans of the Fabs will have seen many of the 300-plus shots before but, here together, reproduced beautifully and running in chronological order, they're intimate and totally mesmerising.

. Lois Wilson

Sun Ra: Space Is The Place

HARTE RECORDINGS £40 (US HARDBACK

Hardback coffee-table volume celebrates mid-'70s cult artefact.



This lavish book (available online to UK readers) marks the 40th anniversary of Sun Ra's

cosmic Afro-futurist film, in which the prolific jazz composer and Arkestra frontman stars as a spacetravelling Pharaoh who returns to Earth to lead his fellow black Americans into outer-space and true freedom. Part surreal sci-fi fantasy, part psychedelic jazz blaxploitation, it's as singular, spiritual and out-there as Sun Ra himself. This book includes some enlightening new interviews/essays by key participants – director, co-writer, cinematographer, producer, actors - plus Sun Ra biographer John Szwed and fan Wayne Coyne, who wrote the foreword. More than half the book's 124 pages are given to photos from the set, many previously unseen and beautifully reproduced. A real labour of love, aimed at hardcore fans, it comes with a soundtrack CD and a DVD containing both the original

and uncut film and Sun Ra home movies

Sylvie Simmons

The Road Is Long... The **Hollies Story**

Brian Southall RED PLANET, £15.99

Former journalist and EMI publicist delivers first-ever serious biog of Manchester's retort to The Beatles



Brian Southall's attempt to breathe life into The Hollies' tale, from their origins in Graham Nash and Allan Clarke's

schoolboy harmony duos, through their mid-'60s hitmaking years at EMI and beyond, is severely hampered by one major obstacle: big dramas were never the group's thing. Abbey Road engineer Ken Townsend encapsulates the tenor of much of the narrative when he states, "It's hard to recall a Hollies session as nothing unusual ever happened." But while The Hollies avoided '60s perennials such as riots, drug busts, bankruptcy and, thankfully, early deaths, matters became mildly spicier around 1967/8, when the CS&N-bound Nash turned rampantly psychedelic much to the irritation of his beer-minded bandmates, with Clarke being particularly irked. The enigmatic Clarke refused to share his "personal memories" for the book, as did guitarist Tony Hicks and drummer Bobby Elliott. A shame, as their omerta keeps the real Hollies story tantalisingly out of reach.







Crash, slash and mix

Portugal's striking medieval capital hosts a festival of contrasts, many of them from The Dustbin of Europe. By Jenny Bulley.

Nos Alive

Lisbon, Portugal

[Ts there anyone in from The Dustbin?" asks Sleaford Mod Jason Williamson in the general direction of a man with a Union Jack tea towel on his head. "How many times have you moaned today?" he wonders. "Me and Andrew, we love a good moan." But the mostly Portuguese crowd at Lisbon's Nos Alive festival aren't the sort to complain. They remain unfazed by the Mods' extravagant swearing and Anglosphere cultural references to the NHS or Angel Delight. By the Fall-like creep of Live Tonight, Andrew is smiling from hollow cheek to hollow cheek as Jason stands with his chest puffed out, one hand in the small of his back, the other reflexively cuffing at his head like a Tourettic toreador. By the time they close with nervy social media rant Tweet Tweet Tweet a festival highlight is sealed. As uniquely British as Sleaford Mods' humour is, their rage'n'rhythmic force translates as well as any of the Brit bands on the bill this weekend. After all, in Europe in 2015 we're all austerity dogs.

Set on the Tagus river where it mingles with the sea, Nos Alive is a festival of contrasts: local colour (instrumental Dead Combo mixing Fado traditions with moody post-rock; Blasted Mechanism's extra-terrestrial techno-reggae fusion) punctuates a diverse bill flown in to ratify Nos Alive's status on the European festival circuit. And if you don't like the inevitable beer sponsor there's always local cocktail caipirão, one of Portugal's prouder colonial legacies and an excitable accompaniment to Future Islands, whose Samuel Herring, brawny and scowling, looks almost Brando-esque when a tech-glitch turns the big screens on the second stage black'n'white. His guttural rasp (think Bill Hicks's Satan voice) soars to a falsetto shriek for Dove's ecstatic "woo-hoo" chorus. They close with the ticking, electro-pop euphoria of 2010's Vireo's Eye. Intoxicated – in all senses – we prepare for The Prodigy, only to find their warm-up act on the main stage is Mumford & Sons. We watch them encore with Wilco-like The Wolf from banjo-free newbie Wilder Mind, but hopes of a hitherto unimagined collaborative banger with the Prodge are soon dashed.

The Prodigy themselves go in hard (how else?) with the sinister synth rattle of Breathe from *The Fat Of The Land*, accelerating into new album track Nasty, then Omen from 2009's *Invaders Must Die*; a breathless opening volley that dismisses the intervening decades in an awesome demonstration of high-level sonic consistency. Later, in an aerated atmosphere of rave communion and

cherry liquor, we ponder the unsettling

Diverse frequencies: (right) The Prodigy get Nasty; (centre row, from left) Maxim; Sam Smith; Dead Combo; (bottom row, from left) Sleaford Mods; The Jesus And Mary Chain; Mogwai; Disclosure.

truth that 18 years on, Smack My Bitch Up has acquired the warm glow of a golden oldie.

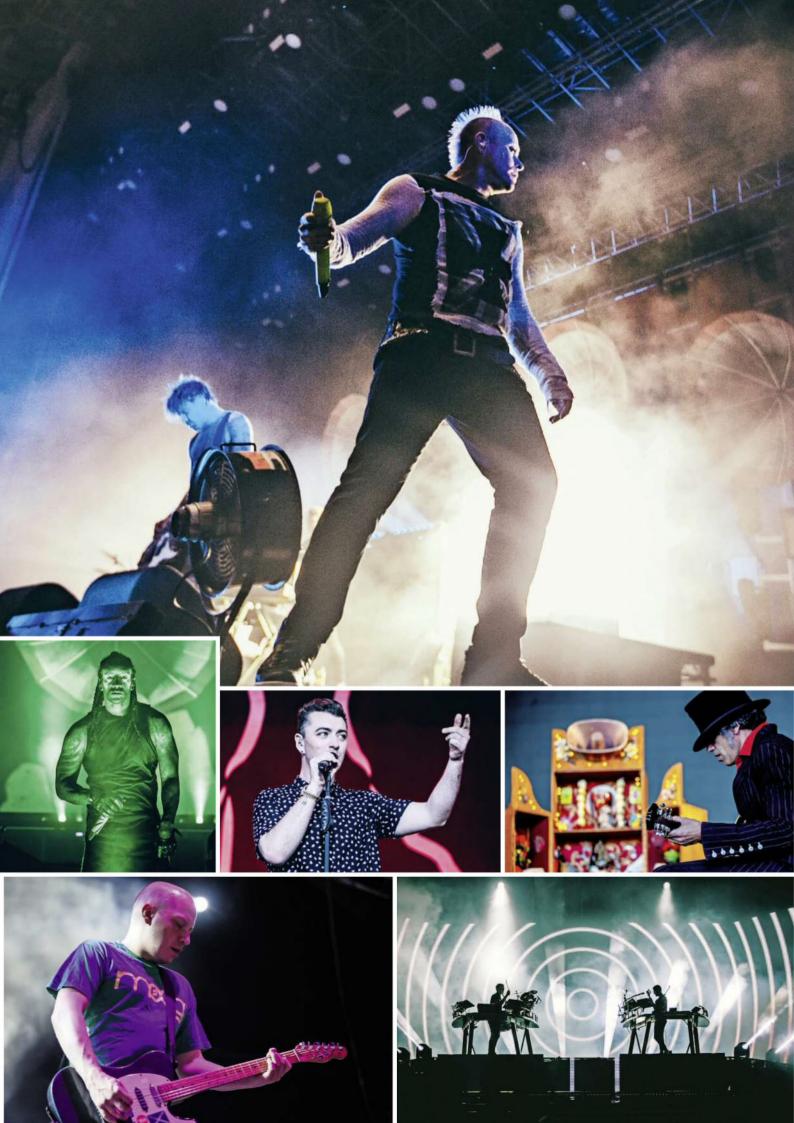
The final day on the main stage features much-garlanded pop star Sam Smith, in fine voice but with between-song patter to make a pier-end clairvoyant blush ("has anyone here ever loved someone who didn't love them back?"). He's conspicuously absent later when sibling steppers Disclosure close with Latch, the song that made Smith a star. But the Lawrence boys are as much about Blue Note cats like Gregory Porter now and forthcoming album *Caracal* promises more soul-leaning dance pop goodness.

While the major label big hitters fight it out, discerning musos are gathering at the second stage for an inscrutable Glaswegian double-bill of Mogwai and The Jesus And Mary Chain. With Mogwai's *Young Team* approaching 20 years old, Summer's pendulum chimes and sudden crashes still administer an electro jolt of emotion that takes you by surprise. Hearts are in mouths when the wobbly keyboard line swoops down in Hunted By A Freak. I seem to have something in my eye. The end of a cocktail stirrer, probably. They finish with Batcat, a storm of strobe lighting and an outbreak of air guitar from our Portuguese neighbours.

Minutes later Mogwai's Stuart Braithwaite is on our side of the barrier to watch JAMC. Stuart was nine when Psychocandy was released in 1985. Hearing it played in full now is far more fun than you suspect the Reid brothers intended at the time. Their agitation and selfdestructive tendencies mellowed by age, tonight the pair's debut album sounds forceful, drawing an ever-clearer line to the Wall Of Sound pop source of all its tropes and conceits. Jim looks lithe and nonchalant in his trademark stripy shirt, braced at the front of the stage. Behind him, the dry ice clears to reveal William's familiar thatch of hair, greyer now but still a force of nature, just like the record. Inside Me's lyric, "This takes me back again", seems suddenly poignant, like a sobbing drunk at the end of the night. "We have some more songs," Jim reassures us. And they do: Head On, Some Candy Talking, and finally unexpectedly - the death-wish dirge of Reverence, a reliably unsentimental finale.

"PSYCHO-CANDY IS FAR MORE FUN THAN YOU SUSPECT THE REID BROTHERS EVER INTENDED."







Day of wrath

Rev and Vega hold an intense, unruly mass in London. By Mike Barnes.

Suicide A Punk Mass

Barbican Hall, London

enry Rollins takes the stage and delivers a eulogy to Suicide, saying that he loved their self-titled 1977 debut album so much because "they weren't rock'n'roll". Not in the recognised sense, perhaps, but by stripping the instrumentation back to Marty Rev's rhythm machine and keyboard hooks, and Alan Vega's raw vocals with their Elvis-like tics swathed in slapback echo, they were, in their own parallel universe, totally rock'n'roll.

Rev comes on first, clad in PVC, with three female singers performing songs from his solo album *Stigmata*. Activating melodic loops, he spends the entire set pummelling his Korg Triton's keyboard Good Lord!
(above) Marty
Rev pounds the
keys while Alan
Vega keeps
shtoom; (below
left) Bobby
Gillespie (left)
and Jehnny
Beth join the
congregation;
(below right)
Henry Rollins
(far right)
eulogises Rev
and Vega.

"'I FUCKING LOVE THIS TUNE, DON'T YOU?' REV ASKS VEGA." with the palms of his hands like a child at play and the sound is so distorted that it ends up a cacophony of rushing currents.

Vega is 77 now and having suffered a heart attack and a stroke, he takes the stage looking thin and frail. "I'm fucking walking like those old ladies" he laughs, brandishing his stick, but backed by two musicians playing electronics, he howls his way through a ferocious solo cameo.

Suicide's set is titled A Punk Mass, the name they gave to their first performances back in the early '70s. Vega and Rev's approach these days is largely improvisatory, and the singer's attitude before the show was basically, if it doesn't work then fuck it. So this was never going to be a slick greatest hits set.

The two musicians fist-bump and exchange a friendly "Fuck you" at the start, before Rev switches on his relentless machine rhythms and Vega begins his vocal bloodletting. The intensity they generate is thrilling, oppressive, like nothing else, and one soon experiences the full gamut of emotions that made '70s audiences experience ecstatic release, walk out, or bottle the band off the stage. "I fucking love this tune, don't you?" Rev asks Vega, switching on a cheesy doo wop loop, and

with the addition of his own incessant keyboard racket and Vega's echoed bellowing it felt

like a nostalgic evocation of America suburban life swamped by a hellish darkness

Rev starts playing something that sounds like Frankie Teardrop, but after shouting a bit, a fatigued-looking Vega sits down on a chair, drinking water. After about 30 minutes the set putters to a halt as he leaves the stage. Rev punishes his keyboard further, finally shuts up, struts around, then exits. That should have been the end, but Vega is ushered on again and the encore veers towards bathos. Rollins comes on and sings a version of Ghost Rider, basically doing an impression of Vega 40 years ago, right down to the screams, as the man himself smiles and exclaims sporadically. And to make matters worse, Bobby Gillespie appears with Savages' Jehnny Beth, singing Dream Baby Dream and during it Vega, clearly having had enough, unsteadily leaves the stage once more. The crowd love it and they get a standing ovation.

















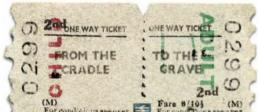


GIGSANDTOURS.COM | TICKETMASTER.CO.UK | 0844 811 0051 | 0844 826 2826 | BELLOWHEAD.CO.UK

An SJM Concerts & Metropolis Music presentation by arrangement with DMF



With Very Special Guest JOHN COOPER CLARKE



(M)
For conditions seases Fare 8 (104 (M) FRI 25 SEPTEMBER
PLYMOUTH PAVILIONS

SAT 26 SEPTEMBER GUILDFORD G LIVE

MON 28 SEPTEMBER BRIGHTON DOME

TUE 29 SEPTEMBER
MILTON KEYNES THEATRE

THU 01 OCTOBER BRISTOL COLSTON HALL FRI 02 OCTOBER SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

SAT 03 OCTOBER
BIRM OUT HAM
SOLD OUT HAM
SOLD OUT HALL

MON 05 OCTOBER HILHARMONIC HALL TUE 06 OCTOBER LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL

NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL

FRI 09 OCTOBER SOLD OUT S HALL

SAT 10 OCTOBER SOLD OUT AVILION

MON 12 OCTOBER
MANCHESTER
SOLD OF WATER HALL

TUE 13 OCTOBER BOURNEMOUTH PAVILION THEATRE

THU IS OCTOBER LONDON ROYAL ALBERT HALL FRI 16 OCTOBER CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE

SAT 17 OCTOBER EXTRA DATE ADDED LONDON INDIGO AT THE O2

MON 19 OCTOBER IPSWICH REGENT TUE 20 OCTOBER OXFORD NEW THEATRE WED 21 OCTOBER GATESHEAD THE SAGE FRI 23 OCTOBER SOLD OUT ONCERT HALL

SAT 24 OCTOBER HARROGATE INTERNATIONAL CENTRE

GIGSANDTOURS.COM / TICKETMASTER.CO.UK 0844 811 0051 / 0844 826 2826 SQUEEZEOFFICIAL.COM JOHNCOOPERCLARKE.COM



Stereophonics

"keep the village alive tour"

DECEMBER 2015

Wed.02 Bournemouth BIC

Fri.04 Manchester Arena

Sat.05 Leeds First Direct Arena

Sun.06 Newcastle Metro Radio Arena

Wed.09 Glasgow The SSE Hydro

Fri.11 Birmingham Genting Arena

Sat.12 Cardiff Motorpoint Arena

Sun.13 Cardiff Motorpoint Arena

Tue.15 Brighton Centre

Wed.16 London The O2

GIGSANDTOURS.COM TICKETMASTER.CO.UK LIVENATION.CO.UK MYTICKET.CO.UK 0844 811 0051 - 0844 826 2826



NEW ALBUM 'KEEP THE VILLAGE ALIVE' OUT SEPTEMBER 11TH

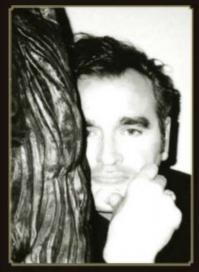
stereophonics.com

f/stereophonics E@stereophonics

TICKETS ON SALE 9AM THURSDAY 27TH AUGUST

An S.I.M. Concerts, Live Nation, Kilimaniaro & Regular Music presentation by arrangement with X-ray

MORRISSEY



TUE 15 SEPTEMBER 2015 PLYMOUTH PAVILIONS

HU SOLD OUT 15 TICKETLINE.CO.UK

ONDON

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM GIGSANDTOURS.COM 0844 811 0051 TICKETMASTER.CO.UK 0844 826 2826

SJM CONCERTS PROUDLY PRESENTS





PLUS PECÍA inspiral carpets

DECEMBER

TUE O1 ISLE OF MAN VILLA MARINA

THU 03 NEWCASTLE 02 ACADEMY

SOLD OUT GLASGOW O2 ACADEMY

SOLD OUT BRISTOL O2 ACADEMY

MON 07 PORTSMOUTH PYRAMIDS CENTRE

TUE 08 HERTFORDSHIRE THE FORUM

THU 10 SHEFFIELD 02 ACADEMY SOLD OUT MANCHESTER ACADEMY

EXTRA DATE ADDED

SOLD OUT

WREXHAM WILLIAM ASTON HALL MON 14 **TUE 15** NORWICH UEA NICK RYANS LCR

SOLD OUT NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY

FRI 18 BIRMINGHAM O2 ACADEMY

LONDON ROUNDHOUSE SOLD OUT

SOLD OUT LEEDS 02 ACADEMY

EXTRA DATE ADDED TUE

GIGSANDTOURS.COM | 0844 811 0051 SHEDSEVEN.COM FISHEDSEVEN SHEDSEVEN
AN SJM CONCERTS & DF PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH 13 ARTISTS







NORTH COUNTRY BOYS AND BUTLIN'S LIVE MUSIC WEEKENDS PRESENTS.

SHIIINE ON WEEKENDER

6-9 NOVEMBER 2015 BUTLIN'S MINEHEAD ARENA

HAPPY MONDAYS / THE WONDER STUFF INSPIRAL CARPETS / CUD / STEREO MC'S 808 STATE / PETER HOOK AND THE LIGHT THE ORB / SPACE / LO FIDELITY ALLSTARS THE FARM / THE WEDDING PRESENT

PLUS MANY MORE

LIMITED AVAILABILITY (CHALETS ONLY)
SEE BIGWEEKENDS.COM FOR FULL BREAK LINE-UP

The Way of Music presents



Butlin's Bognor Regis 9-12 October 2015

Johnny Marr Spiritualized

Echo & The Bunnymen
Public Service Broadcasting
Young Fathers / The Fall
Ghostpoet / James Holden (Live)

Plus many more

3 NIGHTS FROM ONLY £85pp SEE BIGWEEKENDS.COM FOR FULL BREAK LINE-UP



3 NIGHTS FROM ONLY £159PP SEE BIGWEEKENDS.COM FOR FULL BREAK LINE-UP



3 NIGHTS FROM ONLY £95PP SEE BIGWEEKENDS.COM FOR FULL BREAK LINE-UP





VISIT BIGWEEKENDS.COM AND ENTER CODE MOJO OR CALL 0330 100 9742

Prices shown are per person per break based on four adults sharing a Silver self-catering apartment and include all discounts and £s off. Prices and act line ups are correct as of 04.08.15 but are subject to change. From £10 per person deposit is only valid when using the auto-pay feature and applies to new bookings only when booking more than 105 days before break start date. Deposits are non refundable and your final payment will be debited 10 weeks before you arrive. All offers end Tuesday 11 August 2015. All offers are subject to promotional availability, may be withdrawn at any time and cannot be combined with any other offer or internet code except the 5% Premier Club lovalty discount. For full terms and conditions please visit butlins, com/terms. Butlin's Skvline Limited. 1 Park Lane. Hemel Hemostead. Hertfordshire. HP2 YL. Registered in England No. 04011665.





Tickets: myticket.co.uk / seetickets.com

thelemonheads net 1/thelemonheads 1/thelemonheads

A Kilimanjaro & friends presentation by arrangement with TIB

Rorderline

Orange Yard, off Manette St, London W1D 4JB

acebook.com/theborderline

Tickets from theborderlinelondon.com or 0844 847 2465 (24hr)

THE BROS LANDRETH

SARABETH & GLEN MITCHELL UK TOUR

HEARTLESS BASTARDS

CARAVAN OF THIEVES

THU 03 SEP 7PM 14+ £15 ADV

CRIME IN STEREO

SAT 05 SEP 6:30PM 14+ £6 ADV THE CHRIS SAGAN PROJECT

WED 09 SEP 7PM 14+ £12 ADV VERY HOPKIN - AN EVENING WITHOUT

MARY HOPKIN

WARNER E. HODGES

RI 11 SEP 7PM 14+ £10 ADV THE TREME

SHAKEDOWN FEATURING DAVIS ROGAN
AND THE IKO'S, DJLIL' KOKO

SAT 12 SEP 7PM 14+ £20 ADV 4TH ANNUAL EVENING WITH KIP WINGER

LISA RONSON

FRI 18 SEP 7PM 14+ £11 ADV

NEW TOWN KINGS



the christmas club

EVERY SATURDAY Classic Indie, Rock & Brit Pop

JAZZCAFE 02076888899

SEETICKETS 08700603777 **RESTAURANT**

5 PARKWAY, CAMDEN, LONDON, NW1

TICKETMASTER 08448472514

CAMDEN **DREAMING OF KATE** TRIBUTE TO KATE BUSH 31 AUG JUNGLE BROTHERS ... 4 SEP MYKAL ROSE (BLACK UHURU) 7 SEP **JOHNNY CASH** TRIBUTE SI CRANSTOUN 16 SEP **ALEXANDRA** BURKE 18 & 19 SEP **RUPA & THE** APRIL FISHES 21 SEP

THE

SIMPLY DYLAN 24 SEP **RIOT JAZZ** BRASS BAND 7 OCT BY THE RIVERS 8 OCT **RUTS DC** ... THE GRAVELTONES ... 15 OCT SAUN & STARR 23 OCT PP ARNOLD 24 OCT DUB PISTOLS 11 NOV THE BLOCKHEADS 18 & 19 DEC

Book tickets online at www.thejazzcafelondon.com



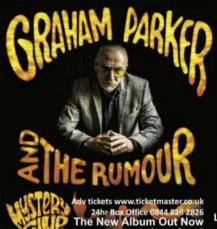


SEPTEMBER 2015 TUESDAY 22 EXETER PHOENIX WEDNESDAY 23 ST IVES FESTIVAL SATURDAY 26 GOVENTRY COPPER ROOMS MONDAY 28 YORK FIBBERS TUESDAY 29 GLASGOW ORAN-MOR

OCTOBER 2015

THURSDAY 01 LIVERPOOL EPSTEIN THEATRE FRIDAY 02 SALE WATERSIDE ARTS SATURDAY 03 KENDAL BREWERY ARTS SUNDAY 03 KENDAL BREWERY ARTS SUNDAY 04 CLITHEROE GRAND WEDNESDAY 07 DURHAM GALA THURSDAY 08 LINCOLN DRILL HALL SATURDAY 10 SHOREHAM ROPETACKLE MONDAY 12 BROM SGLO OUT TRIX TUESDAY 13 BROM SGROVE ARTRIX WEDNESDAY 14 GLOUCESTER GUILDHALL THURSDAY 15 FROME CHEESE & GRAIN MONDAY 19 MILTON KEYNES STABLES TUESDAY 20 NORWICH WATERFRONT THURSDAY 22 HERTFORD CORN EXCHANGE FRIDAY 23 NEWBURY ARLINGTON ARTS SATURDAY 24 SOUTHAMPTON TALKING HEADS MONDAY 26 LON SOLD OUT JAFE TUESDAY 27 LONDON JAZZ CAFE

Neil O'Brien Entertainments & The Gig Cartel Presents



Sun 11 Oct Bristol O₂ Academy Box Office 0844 477 2000

Mon 12 Oct Southampton The Brook Box Office 023 8055 5366

Weds 14 Oct **Holmfirth Picturedrome** Box Office 0844 478 0898

Thurs 15 Oct **Leamington Spa Assembly** Box Office 0844 478 0898

Sat 17 Oct **London Kentish Town Forum** Box Office 0844 826 2826



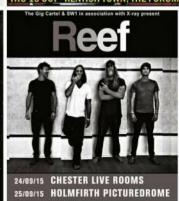




THU 15 OCT - KENTISH TOWN, THE FORUM



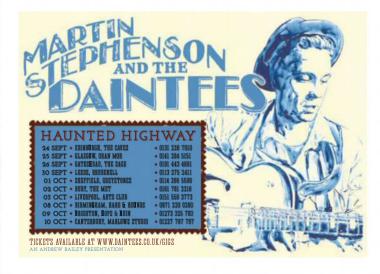
TICKETS £20 ADV - DOORS 4PM - SHOW STARTS 5PM



26/09/15 BILSTON ROBIN 08/10/15 ST IVES GUILDHALL 09/10/15 ST IVES GUILDHALL

24 HOUR BOX OFFICE 0844 478 0898







AUTUMN 2015 ACOUSTIC TOUR

FOLK ALBUM OF THE YEAR - MOJO 2014

WINNER OF THE BBC R2 HORIZON FOLK AWARD - 2015

OCTOBER

FOR TICKET INFO VISIT WWW.THE RAILSOFFICIAL.COM WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/THERAILSOFFICIAL





OCTOBER

14 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
15 BASINGSTOKE THE ANVIL
16 BEXHILL DE LA WARR PAVILION
17 BURY ST EDMUNDS THE APEX
19 GATESHEAD THE SAGE
20 MANCHESTER THE RITZ
21 LONDON THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
27 GLASGOW ABC

NEW ALBUM TErraplans OUT NOW ON NEW WEST RECORDS.

WWW.STEVEEARLE.COM

AN EDGE ST LIVE AND CMP PRODUCTION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ASGARD

GRETCHEN PETERS

20th Anniversary UK Tour - 2016

> 'One of Nashville's greatest talents of the past 2 decades'

FEBRUARY

4 Durham, Gala Theatre
5 Southport, Atkinson Theatre
6 Shrewsbury, Walker Theatre
7 Much Marcle, Hellans Manor
9 Rhyl, Pavilion Theatre
11 Bexhill, De La Warr Pavilion
12 Harpenden, Public Halls
13 Buxton, Pavilion Arts Centre
14 High Wycombe, Town Hall
16 London, Union Chapel
18 Sheffield, City Hall Ballroom
19 Bromsgrove, Artrix
20 Bingley, Arts Centre

THE HIT ALBUM BLACKBIRDS No 1 UK COUNTRY ALBUM

PROPER

www.gretchenpeters.com

THEA GILMORE

NOVEMBER 12 **WIMBORNE** TIVOLI 15 BURY MET 17 LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC HALL 18 WOLVERHAMPTON **WULFRUN HALL** 19 CAMBRIDGE JUNCTION 20 HEBDEN BRIDGE TRADES CLUB 22 **PERSHORE** NO 8 ARTS CENTRE 24 HIGH WYCOMBE **OLD TOWN HALL** SHEFFIELD CITY HALL 26 KENDAL REWERY ARTS CENTRE **SELBY** TOWN HALL

The Hit Album "Ghosts and Graffiti" Out Now

sented By Edge St Live By Arrangement with Asgard www.theagilmore.net

BONAMASSA LIVE SHOWS NEVER DISAPPOINT

~Planet Mosh 20 MARCH 2015

JOE LIVE IN CONCERT BONASSA

TICKETS ON SALE AT JBONAMASSA.COM

★・21/10 NEWCASTLE ★・27/10 CARDIFF

23/10 LIVERPOOL ★ · 28/10 BOURNEMOUTH

• 24/10 LEEDS ★• 30/10 BRIGHTON

★ • 25/10 NOTTINGHAM ★ • 31/10 BRIGHTON BAR

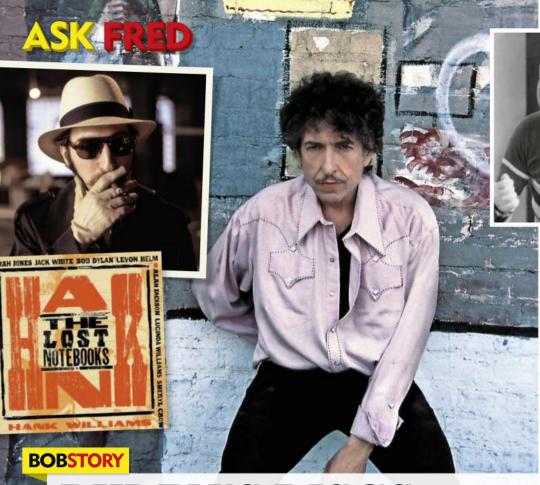
TICKETS AVAILABLE AT

JBONAMASSA.COM/TOUR-DATES

GET A FREE SONG DOWNLOAD NOW



JBONAMASSA.COM



DYLAN'S DISCS – WHAT HAPPENED?

Past, present, future, all are one in Yog Sothoth, you say? So, time for early psych, '20s comedy music and disco!

In the '70s Bob Dylan said he was going to set up his own record label. Did it launch and, if so, what was released on it? Vern Sadler, via e-mail

Fred says: In December 1973, Dylan announced that he was going to set up a label named Ashes And Sand. Leon Redbone later claimed that Dylan had approached him about signing for the label if it ever got off the ground. But nothing happened until August 1996, when Billboard announced: "The Joker and The Sphinx – Bob

Dylan is starting a label, Egyptian Records." The first release, tribute album The Songs Of Jimmie Rodgers, appeared later that year. It featured covers of the legendary Singing Brakeman's songs by Bono, Van Morrison, Jerry Garcia, Willie Nelson, John Mellencamp, Aaron Neville and others, plus Dylan himself. Since then, there's been The Lost Notebooks Of Hank Williams, another tribute involving Jack White, Norah Jones, Merle Haggard, Jakob Dylan, Sheryl Crow, Patty Loveless and more, but nothing else. As for Redbone, Dylan never came knockin' on his door with a record contract, and in May this year Redbone announced he was retiring.

DID JOHNNY ROGAN GET RED HOT?

I recall that Morrissey biographer Johnny Rogan made a recording with Smiths guitarist Craig Gannon back in the early '90s. Can you refresh my memory? Jim Watts, Market Harborough

Fred says: The track, Red Hot, dealt with Morrissey's flirtation with right-wing imagery. It appeared on a mini-album by Manchester dance outfit The Family Foundation in January 1994 and featured Rogan with Terry Christian discussing such moments as Mozzer's Union Flag draping at a Madness concert, while Craig Gannon delivered some choice licks. The

album also included the track Gunchester, a comment on Manchester's gang problem.

WAS SYLVESTER A MOVIE STAR?

Did disco queen Sylvester appear in any films? Ron Danforth, via e-mail

Fred says: Sylvester appeared in one feature film only, a minor role in the Bette Midler vehicle The Rose, playing one of the drag queens in a Los Angeles bar singing along to Bob Seger's Fire Down Below. Sylvester, the self-acclaimed "Billie Holiday's cousin, once removed", also appears in Tricia's Wedding, a Cockettes spoof on the wedding of President Nixon's daughter, viewable on YouTube, along with other clips.

WHO WENT PSYCH FIRST AND WHEN?

Who recorded the first psychedelic song? Fred Steele, via e-mail

Fred says: The first group to use the term 'psychedelic' in a song lyric was The Holy Modal Rounders, on their version of the traditional Hesitation Blues on their 1964



Label guy (clockwise from above) Egyptian wax; Leon Redbone; Dylan; Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston, 1925; Sylvester; more Egyptian wax; Holy Modal Rounders'

debut.

debut album. Initially they sounded more like an early good-time string band than the laser-laced protagonists who later appeared from the '60s' LSD cloud. But, as the late rock encyclopaedist Lillian Roxon once said of THMR, "their songs were as invariably spaced out as the Sahara desert". Rock-wise, the plaudit for first taking psych to the previously unaware must go to the Blues Magoos, whose 1966 debut was titled Psychedelic Lollipop, while '68's Basic Blues Magoos featured Subliminal Sonic Laxative and President's Council On Psychedelic Fitness. They never missed a trick, appearing on-stage in light-up suits designed by electric-dress girl Diana Dew.

ROCK DOCS UPDATE

Re the query in MOJO 258 about "ex punks or otherwise who are now part of the medical establishment" – one "otherwise" is Scott Powell, aka Santini, once of Sha Na, who pursued a successful career as an orthopaedic surgeon.

Dan Waters, via e-mail

Art Tripp, the classically trained drummer who joined Zappa's Mothers Of Invention around the time of the *Uncle Meat* album (and went on to Beefheart's Magic Band), subsequently became a chiropractor. *Michael Baseman, Kirkland, WA*

Fred says: It's all getting a bit Holby City. So let's go to the final query of the month...

ROCK KIDS – WHO OUTDID THEIR DAD?

Has any child of an established singer/ performer actually gone on to be more successful than the parent? I can only think of Rufus Wainwright. Obviously the parent in question has to have at least a modicum of success in their own right. So this discounts, say, Elvis Costello, whose father's career wasn't really obvious until after his son's took off.

Rob Byron, Newcastle

Fred says: A good question – and not as easy to answer as it might seem. So I feel inclined to invite readers to furnish a solution. The e-mail address is at the foot of the page. Let's hear from you.

HELP FRED...

Does anyone know if any of the music for the re-runs of the Harold Lloyd TV shows on British TV in the early '80s ever saw a release? And who were The Crescent City Jazz Band who were credited? I was reminded of this by watching the Boardwalk Empire TV show – I wish Harold could have been in that! Stephen Lloyd (no relation), via e-mail

CONTACTFRED

Write to: Ask Fred, MOJO, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8JG.

OR e-mail Fred Dellar direct at fred.dellar@bauermedia.co.uk

www.mojo4music.com for daily Ask Fred discussion



MOJO COMPETITION

TOUCH ME, I'M **ACOUSTIC**

Win! Two Fender Kingman ASCE acoustic-electric guitars up for grabs!

voking the good vibration days of the 1960s – and shaking up the world of acoustic guitar design – the Fender Kingman ASCE is an acoustic-electric dreadnought cutaway with Southern California style. It's an instrument for players who want the smooth feel of a "C" neck profile for easy playability, along

with the articulate tone and great projection of a solid spruce top and solid mahogany back. In 3-Color Sunburst, the Kingman ASCE looks ready to rumble with retro appointments including a 'Viking' style bridge and elegant block fingerboard inlays. When it's time to plug in, its high-quality onboard electronics deliver great tonal versatility and amplified performance. Worth £549 each, we have two to give away!

To win one, complete Thunderbolt Dellar's crossword and send the completed version to Touch Me, I'm Acoustic, MOJO, 1st Floor, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 8 IG.

The closing date is October 2. For the rules of the quiz, send an SAE to that same address.



MOTO 261

Across: 1 Billy Idol, 6 Cobham, 9 Unknown Pleasures. 10 Peter Gunn, 12 Scorpio, 13 Park, 17 Use Me, 18 Iommi, 20 Stars, 22 Aim, 23 Denis, 24 *Bleu*, 25 Easy Rider, 27 Eve, 25 Easy Rider, 27 Eve, 28 A Pagan, 29 You Win Again, 31 Miami, 32 Adu, 33 Tilt, 34 New Age, 35 Brel, 36 Earl, 38 Blue, 39 N.W.A, 40 Ambient, 42 Zak, 44 No One, 45 *Dip*, 46 T.Rex, 48 Please, 49 Ashes, 51 Jolene, 53 Sad, 54 The Life, 58 Stardust, 59 Meat, 60 Tea. 61 Oasis. 62 Cropredy, 63 Cam'ron.

Down: 1 Bruce Springsteen, 2 Like Glue, 3 Yvonne Elliman, 4/16 Don't Stop, 5 Lilac Time, 6 Chairs Missing, 7 Harrow, 8 Mosh Pit, 11 Esther Phillips, 14 Kiss Me Quick, 15 Beauty In Madness, 19 I'm Real, 20 Syd Barrett, 21 Adrenalize, 26 In My Room. 30 Unwrapped, 37 Bedsitter, 39 New Order, 41 Beenie, 43 Axel F, 47 Real, 50 Sitar, 52 Natty, 55 Eton, 56 I.R.S. 57 Easy, 59 Mac.

Winner: Ron Bourley of Shrewsbury wins an American Standard Telecaster

ACROSS

1 Love Sculpture and Rockpile man (4,7) 5 ---- Friendly (Charlatans album) (4) 7 Donovan's occult psych period (6,2,3,5)

10 Producer, his autobiography was titled Bowie, Bolan and The Brooklyn Boy (4,8)

12 Stone Roses hit that made a splash (9)

15 Stewart or Clements maybe (3) 16 Linda Ronstadt LP, replaced Fleetwood

Mac's Rumours at top of US charts (6,6)

18/30 The Damned's tidy second single (4.4.4)

19 The Sun Always Shines On TV they reckoned (1-2)

20 Californian rock group who invited

you to Meet Virginia (5)

21 Robert Plant's outfit sounds fun (4,2,3) 25 Annie Clark, once of The Polyphonic Spree (2.7)

26 Who single that sounded good

through a woofer (4) 27 ---- More (The Orb) (4)

30 See 18 across

31 New York industrial groove thrashers whose 2014 album was Ruining Lives (5)

32 Angry like a Blondie live album (5)

33 See photoclue A (6,5) 36 Site for weird scenes by The Doors (8) 39 Drink that The Pogues linked with

sodomy and the lash (3)
41 Finnish DJ, created a Sandstorm (6)

43 Singer well into Where Did Our Love Go (4)
44 What Happens ---- (Gang Of Four LP) (4)

46 CSN&Y's song about the Kent State

University shootings (4)
47 Ben from Everything But The Girl (4)

48/54 Dutch cocktail fanciers? (3,3)

49 Land celebrated in song by Simon & Garfunkel, Razorlight and others (7)

50 Bill Withers' request for work (3,2)

- A Woman (Bee Gees) (4,4)

52 Mercury --- (3)

53 Nothing you could say could tear Mary Wells away from him (2,3)

54 See 48

57 Punk Is Dead, they declared (5)

58 Just the time for Jools Holland (5) 59 Be true to yours, said The Beach Boys (6)

60 Subject of Rupert Holmes' second hit (3)

1 The Queen of Blue-Eyed Soul? (5,11) 2 Musical tale related by Squeeze in 1981

3 Could be Cole, or maybe Adderley (3)

4 Named like Johnny Cash's boy (3)

5 They made the *Spiderland* LP in 1991 (5) **6** See photoclue B (4,6)

8 Sex Pistols and Ronnie Biggs's verdict

was on the record (2,3,2,8) 9 Cathal Coughlan's art rock Mansions (6) 11 He'd been loving you too long to stop

now (4,7)

12 How The West Was --- (Led Zeppelin album) (3)

13 She issued a Warning in 1989 (5)

14 Avril Lavigne's plea for release (3,2)

17 Did this provide Queen with a pacemaker? (5,5,6)

21 Initially Canadians found amid debtors (1.1.1.)

22 Birmingham concert venue (1.1.1.)

23 He was born John Graham Mellor (3.8)

24 Amon Düül II album, big in the Himalayas? (4)

28 See photoclue C (4)

29 Steady yourself for this Al Kooper album (4,4,2)

34 Eric, a tape-recorder, supplied their backing tracks (1.1.1.)

35 See 42 down

37 Seminal Aussie rockers once headed

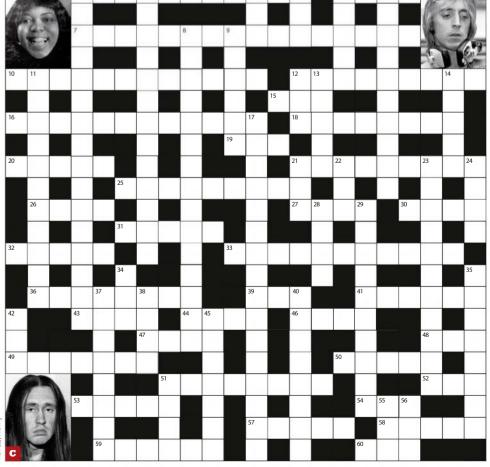
by the late Chrissy Amphlett (8)

38 Slipknot's 'stately' song (4)
40 Culture Club make their exit (4,4)
42/35d "I thought love was only true in fairy tales" (Neil Diamond/The Monkees)

45 The Bangles' everlasting flame (7)

51 Destroy Rock & Roll proclaimed this

Scottish musician and producer (4) 55 UB40 Campbell found in Bali (3) 56 Two brief words from Suggs (1,2)



FIND THE BEST PRINT AND DIGITAL MAGAZINE PACKAGE DEALS







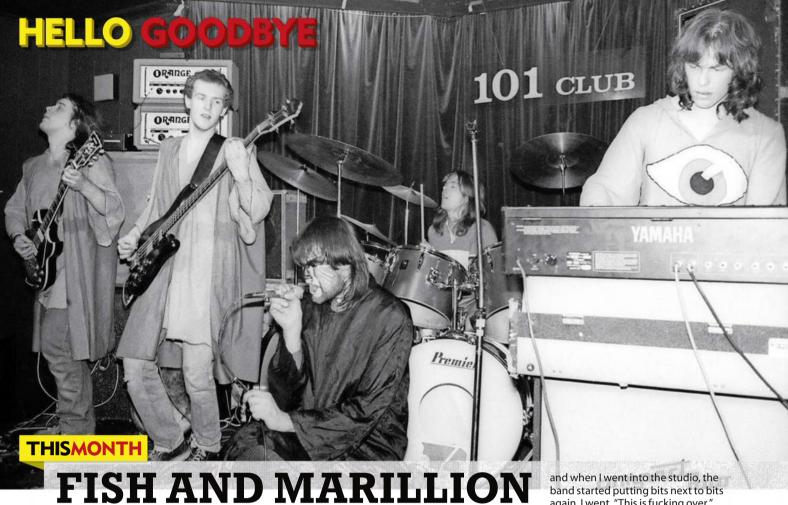












It began with cheery BS, soul connection and nail varnish. Then success, expectation and lack of communication spelled a bitter end.

HELLO JANUARY 1981

I'd been trying to find a band, and I'd got in touch with [bassist] Diz Minnitt through an advert in Musicians Only. That was for The Stone Dome Band, a kind of psychedelic prog vibe. That disintegrated before we played a gig.

It was kind of the last chance saloon when we found another advert, for Marillion. We were down to our last 10 pence coins for the phone box, and we called them and we bullshitted each other about people we knew. When we went to meet them, Diz was driving this really old blue Commer van which had 'The Stone Dome Band' painted on the side of it. It was falling apart, like a clown car, as we came into Aston Clinton [near Aylesbury].

We were staying in this place, two bedrooms upstairs, a kitchen, and when we arrived, there was [guitarist] Steve Rothery and [early drummer] Mick Pointer in the living room. I remember singing to a Genesis song on the hi-fi, and the next day we drove to the rehearsal studio, which had a real eggbox vibe, but I was impressed because John Otway and Wild Willy Barrett had recorded there! We just jammed around some stuff: we'd already exchanged cassettes. At the end of the day everybody was smiling. It was, "This is where it's gonna go."

Ultra vivid piscine: early . Marillion livé in Clanham (from left) Steve Rothery, Diz Minnitt Fish Mick Pointer, Mark Kelly; (below) Fish today; (bottom right) the band hefore his departure.



"I WROTE. 'IT'S **EITHER THE** MANAGEMENT OR ME.

Lidentified with Steve straight away. We'd both come down from up north and were, like, committed to the cause. I loved his playing and we kind of became soul mates. Whereas, how can I put it, Brian Jelliman [keyboards] had a public school kind of vibe.

The first gig was on March 14 at the Red Lion in Bicester - the first make-up I ever wore was there, it was nail varnish. You can imagine what it did to my pores. But that was the start of it.

GOODBYE SEPTEMBER 1988

We'd shifted up a gear in 1985 [after Number 1 LP Misplaced Childhood] and gone from a decidedly unhip band that everyone fucking hated, to getting Top 5 singles. Everybody's quoting me and saying I'm great... nobody in their right mind wouldn't be affected by that. I think I became distanced from the band. We'd done Clutching At Straws in 1987, and I was coming out of the cocaine and alcohol thing, the cliché of being on the road that I'd fallen into. The demands on us were for an album straight away and another hit, Kayleigh Two. It wasn't gonna happen.

We were kept continually on the road, and people were questioning, "How are we playing these big gigs and we're still on shit fucking wages?" The manager knew I wanted him out.

In 1988, we were trying to write and it was going nowhere. Bob Ezrin was to produce the next album, and the band had complained I had no lyrics. I went to see him and said, "There they are. The problem is there's no real songs." So he went to visit the band and listened and said, "These are 'bits', I can't work with this." He walked out,

band started putting bits next to bits again. I went, "This is fucking over."

That night I drank a 40-ounce bottle of Jim Beam and I was still straight as a fucking die. I went, "If I don't get out of this band I'm going to kill myself." So I had a bad sleep, woke up and hand-wrote a statement to the band which said, basically, "It's either the management or me." I photocopied them, signed them and had a taxi deliver them to all the band's addresses. I never heard back. Instead, the manager got in touch and said, "We accept your resignation." Not even a discussion. A sad end? Yes, it was shite.

The first time we kind of sat down was in 1999, and the first thing they said was, "We're sorry, we should have listened to you." But fuck it. No regrets. As told to lan Harrison

Fish plays the 30th anniversary tour of Misplaced Childhood - called Farewell To Childhood - in December.



STILL HAVEN'T FOUND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?



THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO MODERN MUSIC AND MORE.

ON SALE NOW!

KEITH RICHARDS CRESSES ED HEART

THE NEW ALBUM SEPTEMBER 18TH

Virgin

WWW KEITHBICH VBDS COV

